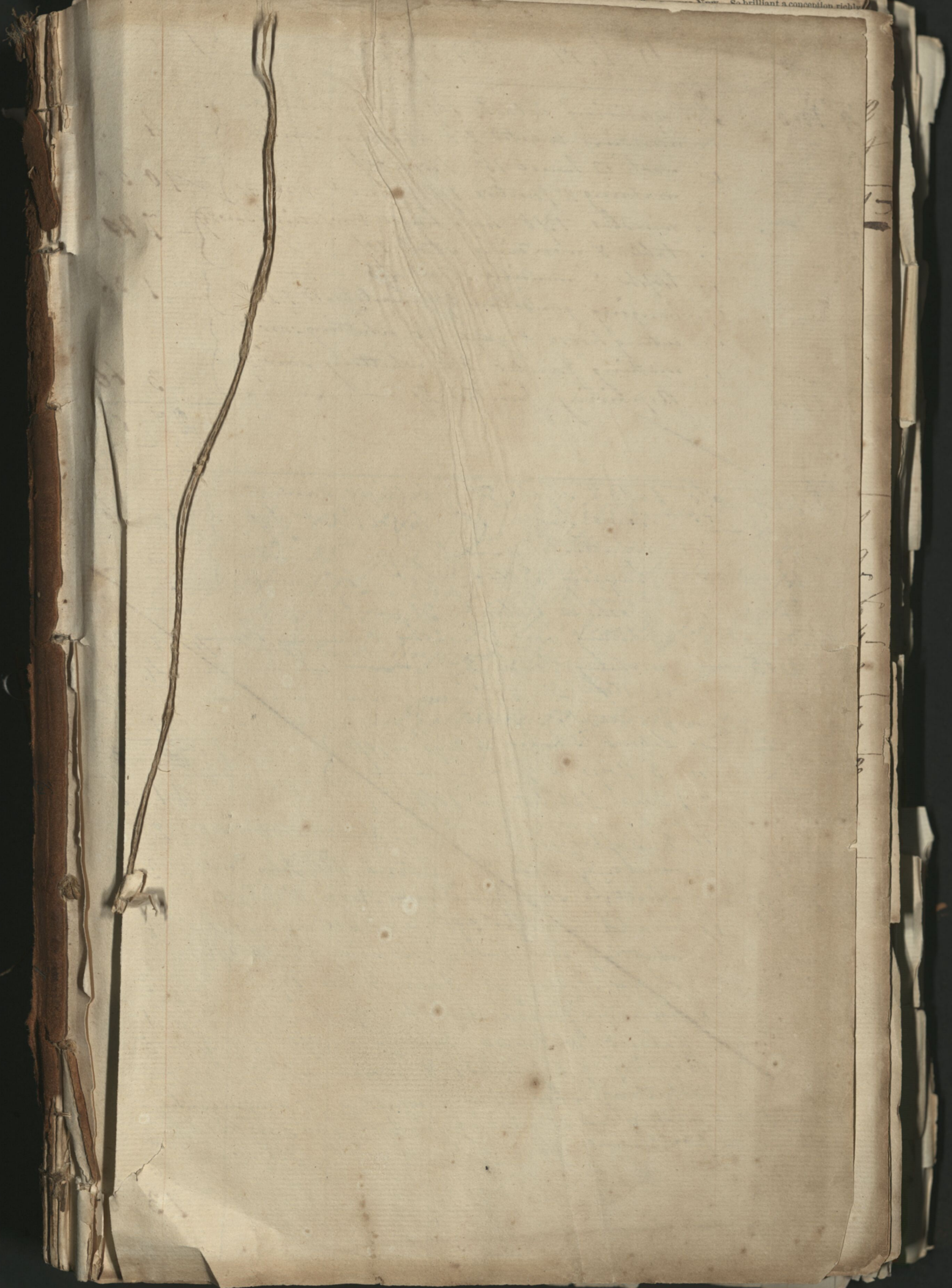


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Robert Brayton

D^r

no 4-1803	To repairing calash 1s/ work a house 6/		
	1. mending bedsted 2/6 whetting saw 2/	4	8
	1. work a house 15/ horses 22/		
	1. making 2 jointers 17/ plane & crose 9/	10	50
	1. mindlas 13/6 hoop binder & whetting saw 2/	7	94
	1. table & mending stool 10/		
	1. trough & mending stand 4/6		
	1. hanging grindstone 2/6 mould board 1/2	1	36
	1. cutting horse & gage 7/6 whetting saw 2/		
	1. making jointer 8/6 whetting saw 2/	3	66
no 10-1804	1. Repairing jointers 2/		
		27	51

no 12-1804	To 1 Bit stock 3/ whetting saw 2/		
1-1805	1. shave horse 15/ horse Cart 78/	16	34
no 6-16	1. whetting saw 2/		
29	1. laying Cellar floor 40/	7	
	1. work a Cellar 3/		50
no 12-1805	1. whetting saw 2/ sashes & mending Frame	1	84
	making Truss 27/	4	50
	crutcher 2/ 4/6		75
	putting up fence 7/	1	10
no 8-5	1. Labour a house 4 Days a 10/6		
	1. 3 Days a 9/		
	1. 1 Day Labour a 10/6	11	50
	1. 2 Sashes a 2/	2	42
no 10-11	1. whetting saw 2/ Sink D ^r John Done	3	33
no 4-3-1807	1. whetting saw 2/ Shave Horse D ^r G. Easton	3	33
	1. making steps 39/ whetting saw 2/	6	84
no 5-	1. whetting wood saw 2/ repairing jointer 1/6		58
	1. shave Horse for John Done 18/	3	
	1. window frame & sash 10/	1	66
27	Labour a house 3 Days a 10/6 - 1/2 D ^r 4/	5	92
no 12-8	Repairing 2 jointers & Crose 4/		66
	whetting saw 2/ - D ^r whetting 2/ mending sash		84
no 1-1-1808	1. whetting saw 2/ mending jointer 1/6 - saw 2/		0 92
no 3-	pair frames 4/6		0 75
		73	74

Contract

C^d
P^d

no
25-9-1805

By his Wife Rendord

35 42

By Balance to new account

7 94

27 51

no
10-1805

By Balance Due P. Settlement

7 91

By Paul Hupsey's Bill

25 9

By 32nd Sperm Candles from Paul Gaidner

16 25

no
7-13-1807

By William Macey's Bill sundry

12 25

" sprout piece of - 18 - Iron Hoops

8 44

" Phoebe Hupsey's bill

2 50

Balance to new Account

66 54

7 28

73 82

George Clark

D^r

^{no} 12-1802	To 3 Days work a house a qf	3	
	101 feet plank a 4 Cents	4	4
	7 th nails a 4 - 9 Days work a qf	14	6 6
	1 Day a 7/6 20 - 1 a qf	2	75
	making Door 5/6 cradle rockers 2/6	1	33
^{no} 1-1805	whitening saw of making front Door qf	1	84
1808	Chair Rockers 3/		50
^{no} 9	Windows frame & sashes - 20/	3	33
1810	Labour 12 his House	1	20
May 1812	Labour 6 his House	3	50
		<hr/> 36 15 <hr/>	

Is this the Real Heir to the French Throne?

sciousness returned, with a look of surprise. "But where was I? We had danced until I could dance no longer. The fair asked me to go out on the green. The moon shone like day, and we sat down under the blooming trees. Now, when I see them through that window in the Springtime, nodding in the breeze, I am reminded of the night when I first saw them."

Contract

C. J.

By 1/2 barrel Pork 21/		
1/2 barrel shagbark		8 0-
3 Gallons Rum		60
1/2 bushel salt 3/ 9 1/2 cheese 2 3/2		3 6
2 tongues 2 1/6 - 1/2 barrel beef 8-60		1 35
10 cheese - 10 Pork		7 10
1 Peck chestnuts 3/ - 20 Butter 2 26 cents		1 70
227 Foot board 2 7		5 70
1 Gall Rum 2		3 15
1/2 Quintal fish 2 21/		
1/2 Do - 1/2 Do - 1/2 Do		3 50
<hr/>		34 16
Settled June 25 - 1812 - Cash to Ballou		1 99
<hr/>		36 15

D^r

3

John Russel

£

1805 Decemb^r - To two Coopers Hoops 2 15/ - 5 -
 1809 Novemb^r - Labour & his House & making front door - 7 -

Erinice Brinker

D^r

May-1808 - To Building small house - 7 -
 Sept^r 1809 - " Labour & house - 2 66
 May 1810 - " 14 Days Labour fencing & 9/ - 21 -
 Oct^r - " making Gisset Door - 6/ - 1 -
 " Cash - 1 58

£ 33 24

1810

Oct^r 17

John Bone

£⁶

To Whetting saw 1/0
 Novemb^r - Making jointer & repairing 2^d 2/

In an... this the Real Heir to the French Throne? ...om, nor were these papers ever ...ed. After the birth of a daughter ... wrote as follows ... but where was I? We ... asked me to go out on the green. The ... shone like day, and we sat down under the ... blooms. Now, when I see them through that ... window in the Springtime, nodding in the breezes.

Contra

C

no
1806 By Paul Hufnagel mill black smithing - 2 84

1806

Contra

C

Decemb^r
18-1811 By Lur Bile Dry Goods - 33 24

Contrae

C

4

Israel Brayton

D^{re}

1806 in Schooner Sallys Bill	\$ 10 75
^{rec} 12 - 1808 Do Labour on house	200
	210 75

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Is this the Real Heir to the French Throne?

After the execution of Louis XVI. in January, 1793, his son, the Dauphin, who was then a bright, intelligent boy of eight years of age, was recognized by the European courts and by the Vendean chiefs as King of France under the title of Louis XVII. The royal family were then imprisoned in an old fortress in Paris called the Temple; but in the following July the young Prince was torn from the arms of his mother and carried to a remote part of the building, where he was placed under the control of a shoemaker named SIMON. He was treated by his jailer with unvarying cruelty and neglect. From July, 1793, until the end of the Reign of Terror in 1794 he was kept in solitary confinement in a cell, from which the light and air were shut out. His clothing was unchanged for over a year and his bed was not made up for months. He was fed scantily and given stagnant water to drink.

After SIMON had been guillotined in 1794 the rigor of the Dauphin's imprisonment was somewhat relaxed. In May, 1795, a physician who was called in pronounced him to be dying of scrofula; and it is said that he died on June 12. On the day following his death we are told that his body was identified and certified to by four members of the Committee of Safety and some twenty of the prison officials, and four distinguished physicians held an autopsy on the body before its interment in the cemetery of St. Marguerite.

A case is now occupying the attention of the Court of Appeal in Paris, in which JULES FAVRE appears for the claimants; and this case depends entirely upon the question whether the Dauphin really died in the Temple or not. M. FAVRE contends that in accordance with a plot of BARRAS, the President of the Directory, and some of the members of the convention, such as CAMBACERES, FOUCHE and MATHIEU, LOUIS XVII. was rescued from the prison by substituting the body of another child, and that he lived until 1845, and was known by the name of CHARLES WILLIAM NAUNDORFF. The present case is an appeal from the decision of the tribunal of the Seine in 1851, against the claim of NAUNDORFF on the grounds that from August 10, 1792, until 1795, the Temple was so strictly watched that the alleged substitution could not have taken place; that the autopsy was attended by so wide a publicity as to leave no room for doubt; that NAUNDORFF's ignorance of the French language up to 1832 sufficed to refute his alleged origin; and that had the story of the escape been true, some of the participants in it would have revealed the secret after the Restoration in 1814. The appellants are NAUNDORFF's son, Count ALBERT DE BOURBON, and his oldest daughter, AMELIA. The Count is forty-five, and has the genuine BOURBON look. His sister, who is now fifty-two, is said to bear a striking resemblance to MARIE ANTOINETTE.

NAUNDORFF's story was that after the escape from the Temple he was kept for years in seclusion by his friends, at one time in a chateau and afterward in prison, and that afterward he travelled in England and in Italy. There seems to be no doubt that he was in Berlin when about twenty-five years of age, where he followed the occupation of a watchmaker, and that when summoned before the police authorities he declared himself to be the Dauphin. The Prussian authorities sent him to Spandau, where he lived in obscurity, still pursuing the same occupation, and here in 1818 he married a merchant's daughter named FREDERIKA HEINERT. After the Restoration in France he wrote to the Duchess D'ANGOULEME, daughter of Louis XVI., recalling to her mind the incidents of the flight of that monarch and his family to Varennes in 1791. This letter was never answered. In 1817 he intrusted a French officer with a mission to the King of France, to whom certain papers were to be delivered. The officer was never

seen, nor were these papers ever recovered. After the birth of a daughter in 1819, NAUNDORFF wrote as follows to the Duchess D'ANGOULEME, his supposed sister:

"I do not dare to give her your name, for I would recall to me a past too cruel. It would preserve in memory the details of the unhappy journey to Varennes. Who would have thought so many years afterward I should give my first child the name of AMELIA borne by during that journey?"

The Duchess did not reply. NAUNDORFF wrote to the Prussian Minister of the Interior, signing his letter "CHARLES LOUIS, Duke of Normandy," and saying: "I enclose you leave this letter unanswered, I shall find some way of approaching the King, for the truth has nothing to fear."

From Spandau NAUNDORFF was sent to Brandenburg, where he was imprisoned on a charge of being engaged in coining counterfeit money, and there his jailer became convinced that he was the true Dauphin. After this he was sent to Crossen, in Silesia, by the Prussian authorities. The police magistrate at Crossen, Herr PEZOLD, became an ardent friend and advocate of the exile. In his behalf PEZOLD wrote letters to LOUIS XVIII., CHARLES X., and the Duchess D'ANGOULEME, and petitioned the Prussian Government to restore NAUNDORFF's confiscated papers. This was not done, and when PEZOLD died in 1832 the Government seized all of NAUNDORFF's papers in his possession.

In 1833 the claimant came to Paris, where he sought to obtain some recognition of his identity. His efforts were unsuccessful, the Duchess D'ANGOULEME and most of the Bourbons refusing to see or talk with him. It is now urged in his behalf that all of those who could be termed judges of the truth of his story, after having seen him pronounced in his favor. Among these were Madame DE RAMBAUD, who had been in the Dauphin's service from his birth until the arrest of the royal family in August, 1792; M. and Madame MARCO DE ST. HILAIRE; M. DE BRÉMOND, secretary of Louis XVI.; M. JOLY, last Minister of Justice of Louis XVI.; M. DE MONCIEL, another of the King's Cabinet; Dr. CARO, the Duchess D'ANGOULEME's physician; BULOT, the old lamp lighter of the Temple; M. MOREL DE ST. DIDIER, who had been told by M. DE LA ROCHE AYMON of the escape from the Temple, the latter having obtained the information at the Prussian court; M. DE LINDENAU, Minister of the Interior in Saxony; the Archbishop of Tours, and others. These witnesses in the alleged Prince's behalf founded their faith on his resemblance to the royal boy they had known, and on the minute historical circumstances recalled by him in conversation.

NAUNDORFF was expelled from France in 1836, after having cited the Duke and Duchess D'ANGOULEME to appear before the Tribunal of the Seine. Nine years later he died at Delft, and his death was there entered on the civil register as that of "CHARLES LOUIS, Duke of Normandy, son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette." He left a book on "The Misfortunes of the Dauphin," containing the particulars of the escape from the Temple.

M. JULES FAVRE is assisted on the present trial by M. GRUAU DE LA BARRE, who has been for years a devoted believer in the NAUNDORFF claim, and by a Rotterdam advocate named VAN BUREN. It is urged by these gentlemen that had NAUNDORFF been an ordinary impostor he would have been summarily prosecuted and disposed of by the Prussian Government instead of being carefully watched for years by its orders.

The case is certainly one of rare interest, and one which can hardly be settled by this trial. Very probably the archives of Prussia might shed such light upon the whole story as would explain the mystery and tell who NAUNDORFF really was.

Adair asked me to go out on the green. The moon shone like day, and we sat down under the white blooms. Now, when I see them through that window in the Springtime, nodding in the breezes.

SOMETHING NEW.—So brilliant a conception richly deserves the success that is now attending it. No common mind conceived it. Inspiration alone could have given birth to so sublime an idea. There is nothing hackneyed about this item, which opens up an immense field to the newspaper world. The gifted author has laid his scene in New Bedford, where there dwells a man who claims to own the oldest umbrella. This ancient article is stated to have weathered the storms of one hundred and fifteen years, and during that period it has never been lost, borrowed or stolen. The oldest inhabitant, the centenarian tobacco-chewer, the large gooseberry and the calf with five legs, pale their ineffectual fires before this glorious conception. In addition to the fund of reflection to which it must inevitably give rise, it has a charming air of mystery about it, for the cunning rogue does not say whether the umbrella has ever been in use or not, and, for all we know to the contrary, it may have been looked on in some old neglected chest

gentlemen were invited. The ladies are showing an interest in town meeting at last. There were almost as many women there Thursday evening as there were men. Albert S. Chadwick has this week placed an order with Leroy W. Vose for a complete electric lighting and electric milking plant to be installed at Franklin Valley Farm. Ames' Dairy is open and doing business. Albee

ON THE 1 BY A COLT'S BRASS AND OF SUCH IS THE

of during ANNI

er. buried the two e of one is the

ton— one. next stone. el Foote, the

wooden awning. A lone widow, residing on Court street, complains that they have run a sligh road right over her house and that the horses are kicking her lightning rod all pieces.

When I bubble, I could not help saying: "Just me a poor girl!" Well, all that I had here in addition to what I paid for my meals only cost me seventy cents, that being just what I paid for my room for two days.

And blot the out with tears.

And the dear treasure was lost. First reported about 72 miles east of the

Are ours for aye; so, heart that breaks, Thou can't lose naught once prized and kn

1873.

Isaac Bert Brayton Dr

1806 - Schooner S
12-1808 - So Labour

of Bitstock 4/6 - whitening Sars 2	13 53
of washmachine 7/6 - whitening Sars 2	2 67
plain 9/ - Croose 3/	
of Sars 2/ - Repairing 3 pointers 7/	3 50
of pointers 1/6 - whitening Sars 2/	
of Sars 2/ - whitening Sars 2/	1 25
of washmachine	8
of Sars 2/ 30 - Labour 2 his Callar 4/	1
of plain 4/6 - James Collier 18/	3
of Honeling plain 3/ - New One 18/	3 50
of Horpes 4/6 - making pointers 6/	2 50
	38 95

of Ballance Boat Down	10 50
of Bitstock 4/6 - Smooth plain 4/6	1 50
of Croose 7/6 - Repairing Honeling plain 5/	3 - 8
of whitening Sars 30 - Repairing 3 pointers 7/	72
of Repairing Table for Wife 1/	33
of Labour 2 his House 7/6	1 25
of whitening Sars 30 - 2 windows frames 2/6	2 30
of 32 Squares Saffus 2 7/6 - 2 frames 2 9/ - 12 Saffus 1/	6 08
of 9 Days Labour 2 his House Self 2 Day 6/ 15/	22 50
of repairing Honeling plain 1 Croose 1/6	50
of whitening Sars 1/6	
of whitening Sars 1/6 - Labour 2 his House 40	70
	48 50

To Ballance Boat Down	16 35
of whitening Sars 30 - 2 pointers for Brake House 3/	80
of whitening Sars 1/6 - 40	40
	7 55

April 1818 -
March 27, 1819 -

TITLES OF THE EAST.

The following list of names and titles frequently occurring in connection with the affairs of the East, together with their etymological import, will not be deemed uninteresting to the reader.

Mohammed, Ahmed—From *Hamad*; praised, highly celebrated, illustrious, glorious.

Moslem, Musselman, Islam, Islamism—All from the same root, *Islam*; signifying to yield up, dedicate, consecrate entirely to the service of religion.

Koran—From *Kara*, to read; the reading, legend or that which ought to be read.

Caliph—A successor; from the Hebrew *Chalif* to be changed, to succeed, to pass.

THEIR HOME AS SEEN BY A PAIR OF NEW YORK EYES.

Howard Glendon of the New York Evening Mail has been visiting the Young Working Woman's Home in this city and sends the following impressions to yesterday's Mail:

The house is in Beach street, not far from the United States Hotel. The association has taken two large buildings connected with each other. There are two entrances, the general entrance by which access is attained at reasonable hours, and the entrance to the restaurant, which is open only at meal time. A very neat, pleasant looking girl answered my ring at the door-bell and directed the driver to put my trunk in the rather narrow hall. These houses were originally built for the purpose of housing the young women who were employed in the city.

ANNIVERSARY

ANNIVERSARY we are going to have a JUBILEE during which we will run a series of remarkable sales—prizing goods of our regular high quality, ridiculously low—so that you will profit with us at our Birthday Party.

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Successfully Accomplished.

The New York Herald's Wireless Telegraph System in Perfect Operation.

The Marconi System Between Nantucket and South Shoals Lightship Working Splendidly.

We left readers of THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR last week with a detailed statement of the installation of the New York Herald's Marconi system of wireless telegraphy at Siasconset, an idea of the working of the system, supplemented with the statement reprinted from that paper that the plant would be in operation at a very early day.

At that time we reported the agents of the Marconi Company as having departed for South Shoals lightship to set up the instruments and necessary gear on that vessel.

With what anxiety the result of their labors was awaited in the little cottage on Bunker Hill, in 'Sconset, which will be the dispatching and receiving station, none but those directly interested can know. And when the call bell commenced to jingle on Saturday afternoon, the tape was watched with the keenest interest, and the operators were alert to translate the dots and dashes into intelligent sentences. But the little taper kept up a monotonous click, click, and told nothing that chief operator Mitchell and his men could render into good English. Little did that band of Morse key experts realize that there was nothing doing for their immediate benefit at the lightship, and that the taper was only operating on its own hook through atmospheric conditions, and joking at their expense. But such was the fact.

And while the anxious little company watched and waited, Mr. Bradford, Marconi's representative, was having troubles of his own out on the lightship. But resourceful and tactful, he surmounted them. His crew of riggers were seaisick, and wished to go home, but he insisted that when the spar was raised, they should stay.

"For what God gives he never takes," And the dear treasures once our own Are ours for aye; so, heart that breaks, Thou can't lose naught once prized and known.

SOMETHING NEW.—So brilliant a conception richly deserves the success that is now attending it. No common mind conceived it. Inspiration alone could have given birth to so sublime an idea. There is nothing lacking about this item, which opens up an immense field to the newspaper world. The gifted author has laid his scene in New Bedford, where there dwells a man who claims to own the oldest umbrella. This ancient article is stated to have weathered the storms of one hundred and fifteen years, and during that period it has never been lost, borrowed or stolen. The oldest inhabitant, the centenarian tobacco-chewer, the large gooseberry and the calf with its ineffectual fires before this glorification. In addition to the fund of reflection must inevitably give rise, it has a charm-mystery about it, for the cunning rogue almost as many women there. There were day evening as there were men.

Albert S. Chadwick has this week placed a copy of the "Electric" in the hands of a gentleman who was invited. The ladies are showing an interest in town meeting at last. There were almost as many women there. There were day evening as there were men.

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And while the anxious little company watched and waited, Mr. Bradfield, Marconi's representative, was having troubles of his own out on the lightship. But resourceful and tactful, he surmounted them. His crew of riggers were seasick, and wished to go home, but he insisted that when the spar was set and rigged and his instruments installed in the chart-room set apart for the purpose, and everything in shipshape order, then, and not till then, would the tug be called alongside and take them to their firesides. It had its effect; and when Sunday morning came, everything was sufficiently in order to clear away for land. Leaving his assistant, Mr. Lockyer, and two *Herald* operators on the ship, Mr. Bradfield and his men boarded the tug and bore away for Nantucket, reaching the bar late in the afternoon and landing soon after.

Our representative was one of the first to greet him, and ascertained that THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR's statement in its issue of the 3d inst., to the effect that communication would be set up from land, was correct. Mr. Bradfield had not adjusted his land instruments for receiving or sending messages. He had left instructions with those on the ship to "stand by" at 9 o'clock on Monday morning. At once the work of adjustment was taken up, and preparations made for opening up communication. All hands were keenly alive as the hour drew near. Then came the signal, clear and sharp, three dots and a dash, followed in quick succession in repetition. All

thus decreasing the energy of the electric waves sent out, but securing better results with the adjustment as it stood on the ship's apparatus. He was, in fact, employing the old system as his bench-mark, and must work from that for the desired results.

Given two stations with exactly similar conditions of apparatus, the matter of "tuning" would be a simple matter; but from shore to ship, where there is wide variation of equipment as to height, etc., the operation is a delicate one, requiring both time and patience, and it may be several weeks before it can be satisfactorily harnessed.

All this time chief operator Mitchell, under instructions from Commander Kelley, was laying his plans for correlating the story from the *Herald's* correspondent on the *Lucania* when she should "pick up" the lightship, and distributed his men for the prompt handling of messages to the *Herald*, and for sending to the *Lucania* the latest news bulletins. And, too, he was gathering and filing in their order private messages for parties on board, as well as official instructions.

The work of sending and receiving messages at the lightship occupied over three hours. As above stated, the first signal was caught at 6 o'clock, but it was about 7 o'clock when the exchange messages began. The messages from the lightship to the *Lucania* could be read distinctly at the 'Sconset station, but none of the words of congratulation and good cheer from the liner were known until at 12.10 this morning the signal for shore was caught up. It was 2.45 a. m. when good nights were exchanged—nearly nine hours having elapsed since the *Lucania* was first reported about 72 miles east of the lightship. This is accounted for by the fact of lack of proper adjustment of apparatus. But a large amount of congratulatory telegrams are said to have been received.

There was a subdued excitement all day on Friday, as the men at the instruments awaited for the signal of the *Lucania's* approach. Carefully guarded were the operators from outside prying eyes, and every detail was in readiness for the reception of news of the great liner's approach. Would she be on time? Was there any danger of failure? Could it be possible that fogs had delayed her? All these were momentous questions with the corps of *Herald* workers. It was stoutly maintained by the veteran Bradfield that no news of her coming would be had before the late afternoon or early evening, for he had voyaged on the big ship and had her running time figured to a close limit. Would he prove a true prophet? Let us see.

It was exactly 6 o'clock in the evening when the operating room door swung open and the operator announced the fact to Commander Kelley and THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR representative, who had been anxiously awaiting something to turn up, that the lightship had caught a signal from

laborers was awaited in the little cottage on Bunker Hill, in 'Sconset, which will be the dispatching and receiving station, none but those directly interested can know. And when the call bell commenced to jingle on Saturday afternoon, the tape was watched with the keenest interest, and the operators were alert to translate the dots and dashes into intelligent sentences. But the little tapper kept up a monotonous click, click, and told nothing that chief operator Mitchell and his men could render into good English. Little did that band of Morse key experts realize that there was nothing doing for their immediate benefit at the lightship, and that the tapper was only operating on its own hook through atmospheric conditions, and joking at their expense. But such was the fact.

And while the anxious little company watched and waited, Mr. Bradfield, Marconi's representative, was having troubles of his own out on the lightship. But resourceful and tactful, he surmounted them. His crew of riggers were seasick, and wished to go home, but he insisted that when the spar was set and rigged and his instruments installed in the chart-room set apart for the purpose, and everything in shipshape order, then, and not till then, would the tug be called alongside and take them to their firesides. It had its effect; and when Sunday morning came, everything was sufficiently in order to clear away for land. Leaving his assistant, Mr. Lockyer, and two *Herald* operators on the ship, Mr. Bradfield and his men boarded the tug and bore away for Nantucket, reaching the bar late in the afternoon and landing soon after.

Our representative was one of the first to greet him, and ascertained that THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR's statement in its issue of the 3d inst., to the effect that communication would be set up from land, was correct. Mr. Bradfield had not adjusted his land instruments for receiving or sending messages. He had left instructions with those on the ship to "stand by" at 9 o'clock on Monday morning. At once the work of adjustment was taken up, and preparations made for opening up communication. All hands were keenly alive as the hour drew near. Then came the signal, clear and sharp, three dots and a dash, followed in quick succession in repetition. All eyes were on the tapper and tape, and trained ears listened at the receiver. What a picture were those faces, every nerve strained in anxious expectation. Hark! A change lights every face! "We've got her!" shouted the happy Bradfield, and his assistant, Mr. George, caught the signal at the same moment.

Signals were quickly exchanged, and the chief sent out a few instructions. Then at 10 o'clock came an interchange of congratulations. The first message came out of space and was handed Commander Kelley, the *Herald's* representative in charge of the work. Then Mr. Bradfield asked the ship: "How are you all? What's doing?" And the response was: "Convalescent, thanks. Foghorn going since last night." This was given the writer, and it will find a place in the archives of the Historical Association.

Can it be wondered at that the uninitiated looked in undisguised wonderment at the instrument representing the weary hours and years of scientific research, labor and experiment on the part of Signor Marconi, who has made it possible to communicate through space! Mystifying it certainly is. Real it certainly is. Wonderful it surely is.

How the faces beamed with satisfaction and pleasure. Commander Kelley wore an 18-karat smile; and Mr. Bradfield, and Mr. Mitchell, and Mr. George were none the less brilliant—in fact, it seemed to be contagious all down the line. And why not?

Carefully was the fact of success guarded. But good news travels fast, and on Tuesday it was noised about the village that there was something doing up at the wireless station. Naturally, queries came thick, for there had been intense interest manifested, which seemed to intensify as Rumor told her story. The officials were non-committal. The people wished to see, and every courtesy was extended visitors to the station, where the experts good-naturedly did their stunt of explanation for each successive batch of callers.

But there was yet work to do, and the interruptions were becoming serious, for the time when the Cunarder *Lucania* was due off the lightship was not many hours distant. It thus became necessary to close the station to visitors, and a modest sign at the gateway had its effect.

The reader may ask, what work was there to be done, for communication was established. True. And the explanation of the work—most important work—the writer will endeavor to make plain to readers, avoiding the technical terms. THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR in a previous article has referred to the "tuning" of the apparatus, whereby one station may be made safe from its messages being pilfered by other stations. Here, then, was the work Mr. Bradfield had before him. He had started his transmitter with the tuning system in use, but took away the Leyden jars and connected his aerial wire and ground to the poles of the huge coil, lengthening the spark,

All this time chief operator Mitchell, under instructions from Commander Kelley, was laying his plans for corraling the story from the *Herald's* correspondent on the *Lucania* when she should "pick up" the lightship, and distributed his men for the prompt handling of messages to the *Herald*, and for sending to the *Lucania* the latest news bulletins. And, too, he was gathering and filing in their order private messages for parties on board, as well as official instructions.

The work of sending and receiving messages at the lightship occupied over three hours. As above stated, the first signal was caught at 6 o'clock, but it was about 7 o'clock when the exchange messages began. The messages from the lightship to the *Lucania* could be read distinctly at the 'Sconset station, but none of the words of congratulation and good cheer from the liner were known until at 12.10 this morning the signal for shore was caught up. It was 2.45 a. m. when good nights were exchanged—nearly nine hours having elapsed since the *Lucania* was first reported about 72 miles east of the lightship. This is accounted for by the fact of lack of proper adjustment of apparatus. But a large amount of congratulatory telegrams are said to have been received.

There was a subdued excitement all day on Friday, as the men at the instruments awaited for the signal of the *Lucania's* approach. Carefully guarded were the operators from outside prying eyes, and every detail was in readiness for the reception of news of the great liner's approach. Would she be on time? Was there any danger of failure? Could it be possible that fogs had delayed her? All these were momentous questions with the corps of *Herald* workers. It was stoutly maintained by the veteran Bradfield that no news of her coming would be had before the late afternoon or early evening, for he had voyaged on the big ship and had her running time figured to a close limit. Would he prove a true prophet? Let us see.

It was exactly 6 o'clock in the evening when the operating room door swung open and the operator announced the fact to Commander Kelley and THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR representative, who had been anxiously awaiting something to turn up, that the lightship had caught a signal from the *Lucania*. It was a grateful release from the suspense when it was ascertained that the *Lucania* had picked up the lightship and was in communication with her. The cheer ready to burst from every lip was subdued only by strong effort. But the victory was won. The long hours of anxious waiting were over. There was activity all about the little cottage on Bunker Hill. It was a supremely happy moment for Commander Kelley and for Mr. Bradfield, representing the employer and the contractor. No time could be wasted in congratulatory salutations, for there was important work at hand.

The only thing known at that hour was a simple dot on the tape of the lightship's receiver, betokening the approach of the expected *Lucania*. It was, however, sufficient for the people on shore to know the big passenger boat was within sixty or eighty miles of the lightship at that moment, and that only an hour or so would elapse before her signals would be wafted from mid-ocean into the *Herald's* office in Siasconset. The moments seemed hours, but the happy climax came at last. Click, click, click—c-l-i-c-k went the tapper in rapid repetition, and the message from 70 miles out in the Atlantic came drifting in from the South Shoals lightship, and was made into shape for immediate transmission to Nantucket by telephone, and thence cabled to Woods Hole, and from there wired to the *Herald* office.

If there are those who have had misgivings regarding the effect of fogs and winds upon the wireless system, surely the success achieved this week under the most trying of these conditions must certainly dispel their fears, for the messages have come in on both receiver and tape absolutely perfect, and the New York *Herald* and Signor Marconi have accomplished what they had promised, on which success THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR sincerely congratulates them and their able representatives on Nantucket.

NOTES.

A handsome sign in black and gilt will soon grace the front of the 'Sconset station.

Mr. Fund and Mr. Tierney will be the operators on duty in 'Sconset for a time, when the latter will exchange with one of the lightship's operators.

Mr. Bradfield will soon commence work of installing a set of apparatus on the relief lightship, that there may be no interruption of communication when the regular boat is hauled off for repairs.

Each station will be equipped with a duplicate set of apparatus, as a precautionary measure.

One of the features of this great enterprise, as laid out the *Lucania* should be "picked up" by the lightship and the story of her voyage wired in by their correspondent, Mr. Snyder, on board, a special edition of the *Herald* or *Telegram* would be issued and sent on board the big liner at quarantine, that her passengers should be able to read the story of their voyage before they reached the Cunard pier at New York—a valuable souvenir of the first permanent Marconi system in the United States.

The first practical message came in to the 'Sconset station on Wednesday evening, when the German liner *Lahn*, bound west, signalled by the international code, asking to be reported. On Thursday a passing tramp steamer also requested to be reported.

It was a hard day for the Marconi experts, who were on duty about nineteen hours.

Burdock Blood Bitters gives a man a clear head, an active brain, a strong, vigorous body—makes him fit for the battle of life.

BIRTHS

December, 31, 1924—Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Walter and Angela Cann.

1925

January

- 3—Leon Frank, son of Leon F. and Dorothy E. Moynihan.
- 8—Myron Charles, son of Myron S. and Bertha M. Taylor.
- 14—Gladys Pearl, daughter of Charles C. and Mary Chase
- 23—Myles M., son of Manuel and Mary E. Ray.
- 24—Mary, daughter of John and Katherine Pines.
- 24—Robert Alan, son of Montcalm E. and Dorothy Reed.
- 30—Marilyn Dorothy, daughter of Olaf and Dagny Anderson.
- 30—, son of Manuel and Annie Gomes.

February

- 1—, daughter of Joseph and Paulina Perry
- 16—Katherine Virginia, daughter of Herbert and Sadie Terry.
- 3—Thomas B., son of Thomas and Mary McGrath.

Continued on Third Page.

- 3—Ester May, daughter of Stanley N. and Pearl G. Reed.
- 13—Wilma Anna, daughter of John and Alma Egle.
- 15—Luanna Ruth, daughter of Ernest and Ruth Crowell.
- 29—Alice Margaret, daughter of Arthur G. and Mary I. Roza.
- 30—Franklin Scott, son of Charles and Mary Folks.

May

- 4—Elizabeth Joslin, daughter of James L. and and Leora Holm.
- 5—Marguerite G., daughter of Matthew C. and Lillian C. Tierney.
- 7—James Everett, son of James E. and Della S. Chapel.
- 9—Janet Louise, daughter of Bert and Alice Lamens.
- 10—Priscilla Sara, daughter of Harry A. and Susan E. Larrabee.
- 19—Cynthia Patton, daughter of Hezekiah and Eva Quinn.
- 23—Anna M., daughter of Patrick and Anna Newport.

June

- 2—James Howard, son of Arthur L. and Annie Olderich.
- 8—Cecilia Gladys, daughter of Joseph and Mary Lobo.
- 13—Josephine Frances, daughter of Burton and Helen Swallow.
- 28—Phyllis Wentworth, daughter of Clifford W. and Marian A. Allen.

July

- 5—Robert Morris, son of Earl S. and Lelia C. Ray.
- 11—Ralph William, son of Ralph W. and Sarah DeGraw.
- 16—Philip F., son of Philip F. and Anna Raftery.
- 18—Gilbert Clifton, son of Frank O. and Gertrude C. Holdgate.
- 26—Henry Chase, son of Raymond W. and Elsie Stafford.
- 28—Charles Earl, son of Charles G. and Rose H. Snow.

August

- 11—Allen Willard, son of Allson W. and Lola R. Field.
- 12—Francis, son of John F. and Mary G. Gomes.
- 15—Donald Sprague, son of Robert G. and Helen McCreary.
- 20—Margaret Elizabeth, daughter of Howard W. and Althea Hull.
- 21—Pauline Emily, daughter of Richard J. and May A. Porter.
- 28—Alvaro, son of Alvaro and Eleanor Moniz.

September

- 4—John C., son of John C. and Emma L. Beamish.
- 6—Anita, daughter of Earl A. and Margaret Mayo.
- 12—Richard Norman, son of John L. and Lois E. Vincent.
- 15—Arthur Allan, son of Thomas M. and Mary I. Norcross.
- 22—Richard, son of Manuel R. and Miranda D. Nicholas.
- 29—Evelyn Doris, daughter of Eugene N. and Edwardine Larsen.
- 29—Charles Errol, son of Charles D. and Mary V. Welton.

October

- 5—William Robert, son of William L. and Louise W. Dixon.
- 8—Richard James, son of Edward H. and Lillian Whelden.
- 11—Mingo, son of Antonio and Matilda Rosa.
- 13—Samuel William, son of Vincent DeP. and Lisabel Keavy.
- 17—Everett Vincent, son of Everett V. and Grace Lamb.
- 15—, son of Joseph and Edith C. Perry.
- 20—Mary Louise, daughter of Alfred B. and Florence E. Coffin.
- 21—Mabel Elizabeth, daughter of John R. and Mary Hillier.
- 24—Robert Knight, son of Harding and Gladys Smith.
- 24—Olivia, daughter of John M. and Carlotta DeLuz.

November

- 6—John B., son of John and Susan Burton.
- 6—Mary Moore, daughter of Joseph M. and Mary F. Oliver.
- 6—, daughter of Alvaro C. and Nellie M. Monteiro.
- 10—Walter Viera, son of Joseph and Mary Roderick.
- 14—, son of Albert F. and Frances Egan.
- 26—Emily Mabel, daughter of Harold and Gladys Parkinson.

December

- 6—George J., son of George J. and Abbie Baptiste.
- 14—John Morris, son of Antonio and Louisa Santos.
- 27—, daughter of Preston N. and Gladys Swain.
- 31—, daughter of Manuel and Mary Vinho.

MARRIAGES RECORDED IN 1925.

January

- 19—George Robert Bromley and Helen Frances Chase, both of Nantucket.
- 28—Howard Willets Hull and Althea Katherine Sparrow, both of Nantucket.

February

RER AND MIRROR, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 16, 1926

September

- 10—George A. Studley, Jr. and Helen Mae Thurston, both of Nantucket.
- 12—Henry B. Patton and Nina (Justice) Hart, both of Philadelphia, Pa.
- 16—James Allen Backus, Jr. and Harriette Mary Withers, both of Nantucket.
- 21—Merwin Webster Blount and Alice Louise Dennis, both of Nantucket.
- 23—Lester Colton Ayers and Ida Louise Lewis, both of Nantucket.

October

- 12—John Viera Marcelino and Mary Medina Foster, both of Nantucket.
- 17—Elbert Louis Remsburg, of Mt. Pleasant, Md., and Lena May Orpin, of Nantucket.
- 24—Kenneth Nelson Pease and Mae O'Connor Flood, both of Nantucket.
- 31—Howard U. Chase and Elizabeth Grace Roderick, both of Nantucket.

November

- 3—Earl Terry Lowell and Harriett Maria Folger, both of Nantucket.
- 7—Joseph Stephen Simpkin and Hazel Ellen Salisbury, both of Nantucket.
- 25—Elwyn Ruthven Francis and Florence Dunham Barrett, both of Nantucket.
- 25—Joseph Mendes Barros and Angelina Sylvia, both of Nantucket.

December

- 6—Arthur G. Welch, of Nantucket and Anna M. McCaffrey of Roxbury, Mass. At Boston, Mass.
- 21—Marinus Scheele and Lydia Burdick, both of Nantucket.

DEATHS RECORDED IN 1925

- January 23, 1915—*Benjamin Sharp, 56, 2, 22.

January

- 2—Ellen Roberts, 49, 3, 28.
- 6—Beatrice Urbano, 35, 0, 0.
- 6—Mary C. Collins, 73, 6, 0.
- 6—*Mary Augusta Wilson, 72, 1, 5.
- 7—Mary Coffin Morris, 80, 8, 7.
- 12—*Sarah F. Day, 65, 6, 12.
- 13—Patrick Newport, 31, 9, 28.
- 16—Myron C. Taylor, 0, 0, 8.

February

- 1—Sarah E. Pratt, 65, 6, 22.
- 2—Hannah M. Christian, 81, 6, 9.
- 16—*William Seabury Coffin, 87, 5, 22.
- 18—Leon F. Moynihan, 0, 1, 15.
- 21—Susie A. Robinson, 72, 11, 23.

March

- 4—Annie Keane Warren, 65, 8, 8.
- 18—Mary Elizabeth Snow, 66, 3, 5.
- 20—Mary Elizabeth Barrett, 83, 2, 19.
- 20—*Edmund W. Folger, 58, 11, 0.
- 22—*David Joy Starbuck, 87, 9, 28.
- 25—Joseph C. Sylvia, 75, 0, 0.
- 28—Nelson A. Creasey, 70, 9, 21.
- 30—Charles Myron Coffin, 46, 11, 4.
- 30—†Frank A C. Greene, 59, 2, 5.

April

- 2—Daniel J. Renaud, 40, 9, 1.
- 3—*Mary C. Collins, 76, 9, 19.
- 7—John H. Johnson, 48, 0, 0.
- 11—Rosa J. Sylvia, 65, 0, 0.
- 14—Stillman C. Cash, 67, 2, 14.
- 16—Harriett A. Field, 81, 6, 23.
- 19—†Mary Alice Wilder, 81, 7, 0.
- 25—*John F. Roberts, 38, 7, 19.
- 30—Sarah Elizabeth Williams, 71, 9, 0.

May

- 3—Horace Reed Coleman, 73, 3, 27.
- 4—Mary Elizabeth King, 80, 0, 19.
- 4—Mary H. Worth, 74, 10, 17.
- 11—William H. Norcross, 72 4, 23.
- 14—*Annie Sylvia Williams, 69, 10, 13.
- 21—Leona Fish, 15, 11, 22.

June

- 1—Elbridge S. Nickerson, 30, 4, 20.
- 2—†Ella Maria Crocker, 70, 6, 14.
- 6—Virginia E. Rezendes, 19, 9, 23.
- 11—†Harold Adelbert Murphy, 2, 6, 27.
- 15—*Anna Louise Janes, 76, 6, 8.

July

- 14—†Paul Bucher, 48, 7, 28.
- 20—Charles S. Norcross, 74, 5, 4.
- 25—Etta Jewett, 66, 11, 25.
- 28—*Craig.

August

- 3—†Robert M. Powers, 69, 11, 8.
- 3—*Caroline F. Austin, 88, 9, 17.
- 10—Frederick W. Marvin, 78, 6, 0.
- 18—Louisa F. Sylvia, 55, 0, 0.
- 30—*Frederick G. Hallett, 76, 10, 17.
- 31—Eugenia Monteiro Chor, 59, 0, 14.

September

- 3—†Lucy Derby Fuller, 74, 0, 19.
- 6—Joseph C. Brock, 77, 5, 2.
- 9—Harriett L. Riddell, 92, 1, 8.
- 11—Miles Edward Hamblin, 0, 0, 1½.
- 16—Sidney V. Fisher, 70, 1, 1.
- 23—*Rufus Coffin, 69, 10, 11.
- 29—Phebe Coffin Edwards, 88, 4, 25.

October

- 3—Lydia Cate, 86, 4, 23.
- 6—*Evelyn Long, 20, 5, 25.
- 10—*Mary J Austin, 82, 4, 5.
- 12—Susan J. Young, 78, 5, 17.
- 18—Annie Isabel Sylvia, 75, 0, 0.

November

- 6—John B. Folger, 89, 2, 19.
- 9—*Annie M. Imbert, 80, 4, 25.
- 15—*Albert Baker Ewer, 53, 7, 24.
- 15—William S. Lewis, 19, 1, 11.
- 19—†Peter Kearney, 22, 7, 28.
- 21—†Annie C. Wood, 81, 9, 17.
- 21—Henry C. Coffin, 79, 7, 3.
- 22—*Annie B. Tingier, 60, 3, 29.
- 27—Richard Ernest Nicholas, 0, 2, 5.
- 29—Emma Coffin, 65, 2, 14.

December

**Births, Marriages and Deaths
Recorded in 1925.**

Continued from First Page.

23—Leona May, daughter of John E. and Leona M. Moore.
25—William H., son of William H. and Doris Prentice.
28—Gladys Muriel, daughter of Ernest B. and Cecilia M. Murley.

March

18—Ellsworth F., son of Ellsworth F. and Elsie M. Crowell.

April

2—Walter, son of Thorlief N. and Freida F. Nilson.
2—Isabel, daughter of Joseph B. and Isabel Andrade.
3—Ethel May, daughter of Stanley N. and Pearl G. Reed.
13—Wilma Anna, daughter of John and Alma Egle.
15—Luanna Ruth, daughter of Ernest and Ruth Crowell.
29—Alice Margaret, daughter of Arthur G. and Mary I. Roza.
30—Franklin Scott, son of Charles and Mary Folks.

May

4—Elizabeth Joslin, daughter of James L. and Leora Holm.
5—Marguerite G., daughter of Matthew C. and Lillian C. Tierney.
7—James Everett, son of James E. and Della S. Chapel.
9—Janet Louise, daughter of Bert and Alice Lamens.
10—Priscilla Sara, daughter of Harry A. and Susan E. Larrabee.
19—Cynthia Patton, daughter of Hezekiah and Eva Quinn.
23—Anna M., daughter of Patrick and Anna Newport.

June

2—James Howard, son of Arthur L. and Annie Oldrich.
8—Cecilia Gladys, daughter of Joseph and Mary Lobo.
13—Josephine Frances, daughter of Burton and Helen Swallow.
28—Phyllis Wentworth, daughter of Clifford W. and Marian A. Allen.

July

5—Robert Morris, son of Earl S. and Lelia C. Ray.
11—Ralph William, son of Ralph W. and Sarah DeGraw.
16—Philip F., son of Philip F. and Anna Raftery.
18—Gilbert Clifton, son of Frank O. and Gertrude C. Holdgate.
26—Henry Chase, son of Raymond W. and Elsie Stafford.
28—Charles Earl, son of Charles G. and Rose H. Snow.

August

11—Allen Willard, son of Allison W. and Lola R. Field.
12—Francis, son of John F. and Mary G. Gomes.
15—Donald Sprague, son of Robert G. and Helen McCreary.
20—Margaret Elizabeth, daughter of Howard W. and Althea Hull.
21—Pauline Emily, daughter of Richard J. and May A. Porter.
28—Alvaro, son of Alvaro and Eleanor Moniz.

September

4—John C., son of John C. and Emma L. Beamish.
6—Anita, daughter of Earl A. and Margaret Mayo.
12—Richard Norman, son of John L. and Lois E. Vincent.
15—Arthur Allan, son of Thomas M. and Mary I. Norcross.
22—Richard, son of Manuel R. and Miranda D. Nicholas.
29—Evelyn Doris, daughter of Eugene N. and Edwardine Larsen.
29—Charles Errol, son of Charles D. and Mary V. Welton.

October

5—William Robert, son of William L. and Louise W. Dixon.
8—Richard James, son of Edward H. and Lillian Whelden.
11—Mingo, son of Antonio and Matilda Rosa.
13—Samuel William, son of Vincent DeP. and Lisabel Keavy.
17—Everett Vincent, son of Everett V. and Grace Lamb.
15—son of Joseph and Edith C. Perry.
20—Mary Louise, daughter of Alfred B. and Florence E. Coffin.
21—Mabel Elizabeth, daughter of John R. and Mary Hillier.
24—Robert Knight, son of Harding and Gladys Smith.
24—Olivia, daughter of John M. and Carlotta DeLuz.

November

6—John B., son of John and Susan Burton.
6—Mary Moore, daughter of Joseph M. and Mary F. Oliver.
6—daughter of Alvaro C. and Nellie M. Monteiro.
10—Walter Viera, son of Joseph and Mary Roderick.
14—son of Albert F. and Frances Egan.
26—Emily Mabel, daughter of Harold and Gladys Parkinson.

December

6—George J., son of George J. and Abbie Baptiste.
14—John Morris, son of Antonio and Louisa Santos.
27—daughter of Preston N. and Gladys Swain.
31—daughter of Manuel and Mary Vinho.

MARRIAGES RECORDED IN 1925.

January

19—George Robert Bromley and Helen Frances Chase, both of Nantucket.
28—Howard Willets Hull and Althea Katherine Sparrow, both of Nantucket.

February

September

10—George A. Studley, Jr. and Helen Mae Thurston, both of Nantucket.
12—Henry B. Patton and Nina (Justice) Hart, both of Philadelphia, Pa.
16—James Allen Backus, Jr. and Harriette Mary Withers, both of Nantucket.
21—Merwin Webster Blount and Alice Louise Dennis, both of Nantucket.
23—Lester Colton Ayers and Ida Louise Lewis, both of Nantucket.

October

12—John Viera Marcelino and Mary Medina Foster, both of Nantucket.
17—Elbert Louis Remsburg, of Mt. Pleasant, Md., and Lena May Orpin, of Nantucket.
24—Kenneth Nelson Pease and Mae O'Connor Flood, both of Nantucket.
31—Howard U. Chase and Elizabeth Grace Roderick, both of Nantucket.

November

3—Earl Terry Lowell and Harriett Maria Folger, both of Nantucket.
7—Joseph Stephen Simpkin and Hazel Ellen Salisbury, both of Nantucket.
25—Elwyn Ruthven Francis and Florence Dunham Barrett, both of Nantucket.
25—Joseph Mendes Barros and Angelina Sylvia, both of Nantucket.

December

6—Arthur G. Welch, of Nantucket and Anna M. McCaffrey of Roxbury, Mass. At Boston, Mass.
21—Marinus Scheele and Lydia Burdick, both of Nantucket.

DEATHS RECORDED IN 1925

January 23, 1915—Benjamin Sharp, 56, 2, 22.

January

2—Ellen Roberts, 49, 3, 28.
6—Beatrice Urbano, 35, 0, 0.
6—Mary C. Collins, 73, 6, 0.
6—Mary Augusta Wilson, 72, 1, 5.
7—Mary Coffin Morris, 80, 8, 7.
12—Sarah F. Day, 65, 6, 12.
13—Patrick Newport, 31, 9, 28.
16—Myron C. Taylor, 0, 0, 8.

February

1—Sarah E. Pratt, 65, 6, 22.
2—Hannah M. Christian, 81, 6, 9.
16—William Seabury Coffin, 87, 5, 22.
18—Leon F. Moynihan, 0, 1, 15.
21—Susie A. Robinson, 72, 11, 23.

March

4—Annie Keane Warren, 65, 8, 8.
18—Mary Elizabeth Snow, 66, 3, 5.
20—Mary Elizabeth Barrett, 83, 2, 19.
20—Edmund W. Folger, 58, 11, 0.
22—David Joy Starbuck, 87, 9, 28.
25—Joseph C. Sylvia, 75, 0, 0.
28—Nelson A. Creasey, 70, 9, 21.
30—Charles Myron Coffin, 46, 11, 4.
30—Frank A. C. Greene, 59, 2, 5.

April

2—Daniel J. Renaud, 40, 9, 1.
3—Mary C. Collins, 76, 9, 19.
7—John H. Johnson, 48, 0, 0.
11—Rosa J. Sylvia, 65, 0, 0.
14—Stillman C. Cash, 67, 2, 14.
16—Harriett A. Field, 81, 6, 23.
19—Mary Alice Wilder, 81, 7, 0.
25—John F. Roberts, 38, 7, 19.
30—Sarah Elizabeth Williams, 71, 9, 0.

May

3—Horace Reed Coleman, 73, 3, 27.
4—Mary Elizabeth King, 80, 0, 19.
4—Mary H. Worth, 74, 10, 17.
11—William H. Norcross, 72, 4, 23.
14—Annie Sylvia Williams, 69, 10, 13.
21—Leona Fish, 15, 11, 22.

June

1—Elbridge S. Nickerson, 30, 4, 20.
2—Ella Maria Crocker, 70, 6, 14.
6—Virginia E. Rezendes, 19, 9, 23.
11—Harold Adelbert Murphy, 2, 6, 27.
15—Anna Louise Janes, 76, 6, 8.

July

14—Paul Bucher, 48, 7, 28.
20—Charles S. Norcross, 74, 5, 4.
25—Etta Jewett, 66, 11, 25.
28—Craig.

August

3—Robert M. Powers, 69, 11, 8.
3—Caroline F. Austin, 88, 9, 17.
10—Frederick W. Marvin, 78, 6, 0.
18—Louisa F. Sylvia, 55, 0, 0.
30—Frederick G. Hallett, 76, 10, 17.
31—Eugenia Monteiro Chor, 59, 0, 14.

September

3—Lucy Derby Fuller, 74, 0, 19.
6—Joseph C. Brock, 77, 5, 2.
9—Harriett L. Riddell, 92, 1, 8.
11—Miles Edward Hamblin, 0, 0, 1/2.
16—Sidney V. Fisher, 70, 1, 1.
23—Rufus Coffin, 69, 10, 11.
29—Phebe Coffin Edwards, 88, 4, 25.

October

3—Lydia Cate, 86, 4, 23.
6—Evelyn Long, 20, 5, 25.
10—Mary J. Austin, 82, 4, 5.
12—Susan J. Young, 78, 5, 17.
18—Annie Isabel Sylvia, 75, 0, 0.

November

6—John B. Folger, 89, 2, 19.
9—Annie M. Imbert, 80, 4, 25.
15—Albert Baker Ewer, 53, 7, 24.
15—William S. Lewis, 19, 1, 11.
19—Peter Kearney, 22, 7, 28.
21—Annie C. Wood, 81, 9, 17.
21—Henry C. Coffin, 79, 7, 3.
22—Annie B. Tingier, 60, 3, 29.
27—Richard Ernest Nicholas, 0, 2, 5.
29—Emma Coffin, 65, 2, 14.

December

2—Isabel, daughter of Joseph and Isabel Andrade.
 3—Ethel May, daughter of Stanley N. and Pearl G. Reed.
 13—Wilma Anna, daughter of John and Alma Egle.
 15—Luanna Ruth, daughter of Ernest and Ruth Crowell.
 29—Alice Margaret, daughter of Arthur G. and Mary I. Roza.
 30—Franklin Scott, son of Charles and Mary Folks.

May

4—Elizabeth Joslin, daughter of James L. and Leora Holm.
 5—Marguerite G., daughter of Matthew C. and Lillian C. Tierney.
 7—James Everett, son of James E. and Della S. Chapel.
 9—Janet Louise, daughter of Bert and Alice Lamens.
 10—Priscilla Sara, daughter of Harry A. and Susan E. Larrabee.
 19—Cynthia Patton, daughter of Hezekiah and Eva Quinn.
 23—Anna M., daughter of Patrick and Anna Newport.

June

2—James Howard, son of Arthur L. and Annie Olderich.
 8—Cecilia Gladys, daughter of Joseph and Mary Lobo.
 13—Josephine Frances, daughter of Burton and Helen Swallow.
 28—Phyllis Wentworth, daughter of Clifford W. and Marian A. Allen.

July

5—Robert Morris, son of Earl S. and Lelia C. Ray.
 11—Ralph William, son of Ralph W. and Sarah DeGraw.
 16—Philip F., son of Philip F. and Anna Raftery.
 18—Gilbert Clifton, son of Frank O. and Gertrude C. Holdgate.
 26—Henry Chase, son of Raymond W. and Elsie Stafford.
 28—Charles Earl, son of Charles G. and Rose H. Snow.

August

11—Allen Willard, son of Allison W. and Lola R. Field.
 12—Francis, son of John F. and Mary G. Gomes.
 15—Donald Sprague, son of Robert G. and Helen McCreary.
 20—Margaret Elizabeth, daughter of Howard W. and Althea Hull.
 21—Pauline Emily, daughter of Richard J. and May A. Porter.
 28—Alvaro, son of Alvaro and Elcanor Moniz.

September

4—John C., son of John C. and Emma L. Beamish.
 6—Anita, daughter of Earl A. and Margaret Mayo.
 12—Richard Norman, son of John L. and Lois E. Vincent.
 15—Arthur Allan, son of Thomas M. and Mary I. Norcross.
 22—Richard, son of Manuel R. and Miranda D. Nicholas.
 29—Evelyn Doris, daughter of Eugene N. and Edwaine Larsen.
 29—Charles Errol, son of Charles D. and Mary V. Welton.

October

5—William Robert, son of William L. and Louise W. Dixon.
 8—Richard James, son of Edward H. and Lillian Whelden.
 11—Mingo, son of Antonio and Matilda Rosa.
 13—Samuel William, son of Vincent DeP. and Lisabel Keavy.
 17—Everett Vincent, son of Everett V. and Grace Lamb.
 15—son of Joseph and Edith C. Perry.
 20—Mary Louise, daughter of Alfred B. and Florence E. Coffin.
 21—Mabel Elizabeth, daughter of John R. and Mary Hillier.
 24—Robert Knight, son of Harding and Gladys Smith.
 24—Olivia, daughter of John M. and Carlotta DeLuz.

November

6—John B., son of John and Susan Burton.
 6—Mary Moore, daughter of Joseph M. and Mary F. Oliver.
 6—daughter of Alvaro C. and Nellie M. Monteiro.
 10—Walter Viera, son of Joseph and Mary Roderick.
 14—son of Albert F. and Frances Egan.
 26—Emily Mabel, daughter of Harold and Gladys Parkinson.

December

6—George J., son of George J. and Abbie Baptiste.
 14—John Morris, son of Antonio and Louisa Santos.
 27—daughter of Preston N. and Gladys Swain.
 31—daughter of Manuel and Mary Vinho.

MARRIAGES RECORDED IN 1925.

January

19—George Robert Bromley and Helen Frances Chase, both of Nantucket.
 28—Howard Willets Hull and Althea Katherine Sparrow, both of Nantucket.

February

18—Charles Don Welton and Mary Vernon Folger, both of Nantucket.

March

8—Oscar Ceely and Trina Lamens, both of Nantucket.
 15—Clifford Wentworth Allen and Marion Amelia Barrett, both of Nantucket.

April

2—Edward Oberempt Gardner and Helen Lucy (Harris) Powers, both of Nantucket.
 8—Leon Macy Royal, of Nantucket, and Myrtis Eleanor Jewett, of Plymouth, Mass. At Plymouth, Mass.
 11—Manuel Vinho and Mary Ferreira, both of Nantucket.
 18—Alvaro Monteiro and Nellie Viera, both of Nantucket.
 20—John Alexander Blaser and Helen Frances Folger, both of Nantucket.

May

2—Joseph J. Sylva, Jr., and Florinda Margaret Murray, both of Nantucket.

June

3—Francis Conway, of Nantucket, and Catherine McDougall, of Newton, Mass. At Newton, Mass.
 15—William O'Donnell, Jr. and Clara A. Grimes, both of Nantucket.
 20—John Jackson Gardner, of Nantucket and Katherine May Kimberly, of Goshen, Conn. At Goshen, Conn.
 30—Arthur Herzog and Madeline Claus, both of Brooklyn, N. Y.

July

7—Don Day Swain, of Aberdeen, So. Dakota, and Louise Holly Thomas, of Nantucket.
 7—Richard Calvin Holcomb and Augusta Alice Gennett, both of Richmond, Ind.
 11—William Franklin Burdick, of Nantucket and Florence Augusta Nickles, of Lowell, Mass. At Lowell.
 21—George William Jones and Rozelle Brayton Coleman, both of Nantucket.

August

5—Ernest Rufus King, of Nantucket and Gertrude Cecilia Cunningham, of Springfield, Mass. At Springfield, Mass.
 8—William T. Ryan and Lena Kemp, both of New York, N. Y.
 22—Paul Francis Holland, of Jackson Heights, N. Y. and Mary (Stolk) Banker, of Cranford, N. J.
 25—Frank Worth and Elizabeth (Bailey) Hayes, both of Nantucket.
 31—Michael Joseph Larkin, of Nantucket, and Helen Bartley, of Barrowsville, Mass. At Taunton.

17—Elbert Louis Remsburg, of Mt. Pleasant, Md., and Lena May Orpin, of Nantucket.
 24—Kenneth Nelson Pease and Mae O'Connor Flood, both of Nantucket.
 31—Howard U. Chase and Elizabeth Grace Roderick, both of Nantucket.

November

3—Earl Terry Lowell and Harriett Maria Folger, both of Nantucket.
 7—Joseph Stephen Simpkin and Hazel Ellen Salisbury, both of Nantucket.
 25—Elwyn Ruthven Francis and Florence Dunham Barrett, both of Nantucket.
 25—Joseph Mendes Barros and Angelina Sylvia, both of Nantucket.

December

6—Arthur G. Welch, of Nantucket and Anna M. McCaffrey of Roxbury, Mass. At Boston, Mass.
 21—Marinus Scheele and Lydia Burdick, both of Nantucket.

DEATHS RECORDED IN 1925

January 23, 1915—Benjamin Sharp, 56, 2, 22.

January

2—Ellen Roberts, 49, 3, 28.
 6—Beatrice Urbano, 35, 0, 0.
 6—Mary C. Collins, 73, 6, 0.
 6—Mary Augusta Wilson, 72, 1, 5.
 7—Mary Coffin Morris, 80, 8, 7.
 12—Sarah F. Day, 65, 6, 12.
 13—Patrick Newport, 31, 9, 28.
 16—Myron C. Taylor, 0, 0, 8.

February

1—Sarah E. Pratt, 65, 6, 22.
 2—Hannah M. Christian, 81, 6, 9.
 16—William Seabury Coffin, 87, 5, 22.
 18—Leon F. Moynihan, 0, 1, 15.
 21—Susie A. Robinson, 72, 11, 23.

March

4—Annie Keane Warren, 65, 8, 8.
 18—Mary Elizabeth Snow, 66, 3, 5.
 20—Mary Elizabeth Barrett, 83, 2, 19.
 20—Edmund W. Folger, 58, 11, 0.
 22—David Joy Starbuck, 87, 9, 28.
 25—Joseph C. Sylvia, 75, 0, 0.
 28—Nelson A. Creasey, 70, 9, 21.
 30—Charles Myron Coffin, 46, 11, 4.
 30—Frank A C. Greene, 59, 2, 5.

April

2—Daniel J. Renaud, 40, 9, 1.
 3—Mary C. Collins, 76, 9, 19.
 7—John H. Johnson, 48, 0, 0.
 11—Rosa J. Sylvia, 65, 0, 0.
 14—Stillman C. Cash, 67, 2, 14.
 16—Harriett A. Field, 81, 6, 23.
 19—Mary Alice Wilder, 81, 7, 0.
 25—John F. Roberts, 38, 7, 19.
 30—Sarah Elizabeth Williams, 71, 9, 0.

May

3—Horace Reed Coleman, 73, 3, 27.
 4—Mary Elizabeth King, 80, 0, 19.
 4—Mary H. Worth, 74, 10, 17.
 11—William H. Norcross, 72, 4, 23.
 14—Annie Sylvia Williams, 69, 10, 13.
 21—Leona Fish, 15, 11, 22.

June

1—Elbridge S. Nickerson, 30, 4, 20.
 2—Ella Maria Crocker, 70, 6, 14.
 6—Virginia E. Rezendes, 19, 9, 23.
 11—Harold Adelbert Murphy, 2, 6, 27.
 15—Anna Louise Janes, 76, 6, 8.

July

14—Paul Bucher, 48, 7, 28.
 20—Charles S. Norcross, 74, 5, 4.
 25—Etta Jewett, 66, 11, 25.
 28—Craig.

August

3—Robert M. Powers, 69, 11, 8.
 3—Caroline F. Austin, 88, 9, 17.
 10—Frederick W. Marvin, 78, 6, 0.
 18—Louisa F. Sylvia, 55, 0, 0.
 30—Frederick G. Hallett, 76, 10, 17.
 31—Eugenia Monteiro Chor, 59, 0, 14.

September

3—Lucy Derby Fuller, 74, 0, 19.
 6—Joseph C. Brock, 77, 5, 2.
 9—Harriett L. Riddell, 92, 1, 8.
 11—Miles Edward Hamblin, 0, 0, 1/2.
 16—Sidney V. Fisher, 70, 1, 1.
 23—Rufus Coffin, 69, 10, 11.
 29—Phebe Coffin Edwards, 88, 4, 25.

October

3—Lydia Cate, 86, 4, 23.
 6—Evelyn Long, 20, 5, 25.
 10—Mary J. Austin, 82, 4, 5.
 12—Susan J. Young, 78, 5, 17.
 18—Annie Isabel Sylvia, 75, 0, 0.

November

6—John B. Folger, 89, 2, 19.
 9—Annie M. Imbert, 80, 4, 25.
 15—Albert Baker Ewer, 53, 7, 24.
 15—William S. Lewis, 19, 1, 11.
 19—Peter Kearney, 22, 7, 28.
 21—Annie C. Wood, 81, 9, 17.
 21—Henry C. Coffin, 79, 7, 3.
 22—Annie B. Tingier, 60, 3, 29.
 27—Richard Ernest Nicholas, 0, 2, 5.
 29—Emma Coffin, 65, 2, 14.

December

8—Joseph R. Lewis, 75, 8, 14.
 18—Florence Alice Bernard, 0, 2, 9.
 22—Mary C. Phipps, 78, 9, 2.
 22—Florence B. Phelan, 53, 6, 15.
 *Died abroad. Interment at Nantucket.
 †Died at Nantucket. Interment abroad.
 ‡Died abroad. Interment abroad.

Below is a table of the deaths recorded in Nantucket during the last three years, classified by decades:

	1923	1924	1925
Under 10 years	6	7	7
From 10 to 20	0	0	3
From 20 to 30	1	4	2
From 30 to 40	2	3	4
From 40 to 50	3	4	5
From 50 to 60	3	9	7
From 60 to 70	13	13	12
From 70 to 80	29	16	23
From 80 to 90	17	13	15
Over 90 years	4	1	1

The records of births, marriages and deaths in Nantucket each year affords some interesting comparisons. We append below a compilation of figures covering the last 35 years:

	Births	Marriages	Deaths
1891	48	17	82
1892	46	29	127
1893	49	23	92
1894	51	20	96
1895	41	28	82
1896	53	18	101
1897	39	22	73
1898	42	16	60
1899	34	17	81
1900	40	21	76
1901	43	22	83
1902	22	21	75
1903	43	11	74
1904	43	23	95
1905	51	22	88
1906	37	24	90
1907	45	12	95
1908	33	26	79
1909	48	35	89
1910	25	38	81
1911	66	26	71
1912	46	22	79
1913	44	34	96
1914	62	21	88
1915	47	38	88
1916	63	39	78
1917	63	30	84
1918	54	22	110
1919	51	25	80
1920	53	24	80
1921	48	41	86
1922	46	38	75
1923	68	31	78
1924	68	37	70
1925	72	39	79

BIRTHS RECORDED IN 1923

DATE	NAME OF CHILD	SEX	NAMES OF PARENTS
Jan. 3	Mildred Josephine Morris	F	Albert H. and Sarah E.
Jan. 4	Otis Stansworth Nickerson	M	Willard E. and Susie Mae
Jan. 13	Catherine Louise Fortin	F	Fedine and Mary T.
Jan. 15	John Perry	M	Jack and Pauline
Feb. 7	Edith Louise Bernard	F	Wilfred and Clara
Feb. 15	George Esau	M	Weston E. and Harriett Ida
Mch. 4	David Hamblin Wood	M	Allan D. and Virginia
Mch. 6	George Alexis Bernard	M	Alexis and Sygia
Mch. 10	Ruth Audrey Gelinas	F	Arthur C. and Gertrude
Mch. 17	Charles Parker Cahoon	M	Munroe P. and Wilhelmina
Mch. 19	Catherine Frances Cahoon	F	David and Marion
Mch. 20	Francis Warren Pease	M	Elmer F. and Laura
Mch. 21	James Walsh	M	James A. and Ruth M.
Mch. 25	Helen Louise Winslow	F	William H. and Helena A.
Mch. 27	Madeline Gardner	F	Frank and Anna G.
April 6	Mary Gomes	F	Manuel T. and Annie
April 7	Anna Murray Van Hove	F	Harry O. and Marie E.
April 8	Anna Gloria Quinn	F	Hezekiah and Eva
April 9	James Maurice Killen	M	Maurice C. and Wanetta C.
April 9	Joseph Leander Richards	M	Joseph L. and Gertrude M.
April 21	Phyllis Louise Bishop	F	Ralph H. and Dorothy L.
April 22	Amy Araujo Dupont	F	Manuel and Amelia
May 5	Jane Tomlinson	F	Gilbert E. and Dorothy C.
May 10	Dorothy Lemieux	F	Joseph and Charlotte
May 14	Mary Marks	F	Antone and Mary S.
May 22	Antone Lobo	M	Joseph and Mary
May 24	Mary Mendes	F	Manuel and Isabel
May 24	Beatrice Urbano	F	Joseph and Beatrice
June 2	Clifton Norman Cady	M	Harry B. and Elsie G.
June 4	John Viera	M	John and Rosa
June 7	Edna Coombs	F	Otis A. and Myrtle H.
June 14	Marscia Payley Sickels	F	John E. and Eleanor
June 15	Thomas Lee LaFleur	M	Joseph and Emeline
June 24	Mary Josephine Fisher	F	Charles F. and Mary J.
June 30	Eva Deluz	F	Miguel and Charlotte
July 1	Arline Patricia McGrath	F	Thomas and Alice
July 10	William F. Reith	M	William F. and Gladys B.
July 11	Theodore Rose	M	Theodore and Lillian
July 11	Adeline Donellis	F	John, Jr. and Mary
July 14	Mary Susan Chapel	F	James E. and Della S.
July 17	Helen Edith Larsen	F	Eugene N. and Edwardine
July 22	Mary Tipper	F	Harry and Grace
Aug. 10	Edward Wayman Coffin	M	Edward B. and Irene M.
Aug. 10	Raymond Smith	M	Raymond and Josephine A
Aug. 11	Edward Vascar Sylvia	M	Edward and Mary
Aug. 12	Anne Hillier	F	John R. and Mary A.
Aug. 13	Mary Ellen Coykendahl	F	Samuel and Mary
Aug. 17	Joseph Antone Viera	M	Joseph A. and Elizabeth E.
Aug. 21	Mary Pearl Taylor	F	Myron S. and Bertha M.
Aug. 26	Charleen Ivanova Prentice	F	Ivan A. and Evelyn E.
Sept. 3	Paul Warren Sanborn	M	Edgar F. and Lillian
Sept. 13	Earl Joseph Mayo	M	Earl A. and Margaret
Sept. 23	Barbara Gertrude Holmes	F	Walter I. and Gertrude
Sept. 30	Ernest Murphy	M	Ernest R. and Cecilia M.
Oct. 1	Julia Moran	F	John and Margaret
Oct. 4	Walter Starbuck Swain	M	Elmore and Marion H.
Oct. 9	Richard Garland Collis	M	William J. and Lucy
Oct. 24	Gertrude Myra Chase	F	Gordon M. and Agnes
Oct. 27	Napoleon Roderick	M	Joseph S. and Mary
Oct. 30	Edward Bruce Hayes	M	Edward B. and Elizabeth V
Nov. 8	Alda Marie Raftery	F	Philip F. and Anna
Nov. 15	James Frederick Egan	M	Albert F. and Frances M.
Dec. 5	Wallace Francis Pineo	M	Howard A. and Edith
Dec. 9	Paul S. Keavy	M	Vincent deP. and Lisabeth
Dec. 9	David Gerhard Conway	M	John P. and Bertha
Dec. 9	Leif Henrik Nilson	M	Thorlief and Frida F.
Dec. 19	Ruth Miriam Griek	F	William and Madeline E.

MARRIAGES RECORDED IN 1923

DATE	NAMES OF GROOM AND BRIDE	RESIDENCE
Jan. 13	Everett Vincent Lamb Gertrude Francis Holdgate	Nantucket Nantucket
Jan. 21	Howard A. Pineo Edith Dunham	Nantucket Nantucket
Jan. 24	Edward Frank Coffin Maria Otilda Pflaum	Nantucket New York

X. Ludwig (at New York.) Nantucket.

DEATHS RECORDED IN 1923

DATE	NAME	Y	M	D
January 4	*Sarah C. Tobey	82	6	3
January 6	Charles Frederick Folger	82	8	28
January 10	*James H. Cary	70	0	0
January 11	*George Upton Hallett	63	0	0
February 6	Lydia C. Cash	88	2	26
February 18	Charles H. Davis	91	8	10
February 18	Annie E. Hodge	75	6	9
February 21	Susan B. Smalley	77	5	14
February 26	Ida May Tripp	35	9	0
March 5	Edward F. Holmes	71	5	14
March 6	John M. Lewin	26	9	3
March 7	*Maria L. Macy	71	9	28
March 8	Susan C. Folger	75	5	12
March 10	Helen Louise Palmer	70	5	12
March 17	Ellen Hatch	91	6	23
March 17	*Nelson May	82	3	3
March 22	†William P. Parker	65	2	11
April 3	Lydia H. Raymond	77	0	0
April 10	Benjamin F. Worth	74	4	1
April 20	*Elizabeth Boone	78	7	27
April 20	*Ella C. Robinson	70	0	0
April 23	*Charles S. Jones	78	0	0
April 26	Roland B. Hussey	71	6	25
April 26	John Viera	3	4	20
April 27	Charles W. Sylvia	63	0	0
April 28	Grafton Gardner	83	3	20
April 28	James A. Holmes	82	3	13
May 7	†Ada D. Leonard	77	9	17
May 22	Catherine T. Nevins	70	0	14
May 27	Ernest H. Jernegan	69	1	7
May 27	*Charlotte E. Coffin	71	5	26
June 2	Lydia Bunker Cook	65	1	11
June 4	Catherine Starbuck Allen	82	1	1
June 7	Harriett B. Benneck	70	4	26
June 9	†William M. Joscelyn	82	11	15
June 13	Mary A. Crocker	83	9	27
June 16	Maud E. Maglathlin	47	5	11
June 20	William G. Robinson	79	10	5
June 21	*Gertrude Mitchell King	65	1	1
June 29	William W. McCleave	79	11	2
July 11	David W. Lewis	61	10	29
July 13	Mary Jane Smith	82	6	18
July 13	Vincent Daniel Fee	8	1	19
July 13	*James J. Delany	81	8	23
July 14	John R. Eagle	0	9	4
July 20	†Louise Zorub	48	0	0
July 26	*Delia N. Hammond	84	0	0
August 1	William A. Barrett	79	6	0
August 11	*Charlotte A. Ramsdell	71	0	0
August 15	Howard Cushman	90	6	20
August 15	*John R. Mooney	37	6	9
August 22	†J. Edgar Thomson Rutter	69	2	24
August 28	*Sarah C. Clark	88	6	30
August 29	Llewellyn E. Crowell	60	4	9
September 3	Robert Wade	50	2	11
September 4	†George W. Flagg	75	2	0
September 4	Ella M. Taber	64	2	14
September 13	Garrett Marvin Huyser	0	2	25
September 18	*John B. Riddell	61	5	25
September 18	Earl Joseph Mayo	0	0	5
September 22	*Badoura Elizabeth Robinson	89	9	9
September 22	*Mary A. Parker	72	10	19
September 24	John E. Thomas	69	4	7
September 27	Hannah G. Sheffield	78	3	0
October 6	Edward G. Swain	78	5	4
October 14	*George E. Williams	62	8	22
October 14	*Susan A. Mowry	71	5	27
October 20	*Susan Austin	52	2	4
October 20	Caroline H. Gruber	82	1	22
November 3	Eunice Gardner Brooks	74	6	0
November 6	*Isaac Augustus Macy	73	8	2
November 9	*Robert W. Coleman	84	10	15
November 8	Sarah J. Mendell	57	6	24
November 18	*George W. Swain	90	9	6
November 28	Ellen C. Sylvaro	78	11	21
December 3	Ellen Sylvia	82	0	0
December 19	Cora Ella Ross	8	6	22
December 20	Joseph Jason Sylvia, Jr.	46	6	6

*Died abroad. Interment at Nantucket. †Died at Nantucket. Interment abroad.
‡Died abroad. Interment abroad.

†Died at Nantucket. Interment abroad.

	Elizabeth Temple Webb	Nantucket
April 14	Raymond Smith	Nantucket
	Josephine Aletha Pitman	Nantucket
April 19	Herbert Terry (at Cambridge, Mass.)	Nantucket
	Sadie M. MacDougall	Cambridge, Mass.
May 8	Thorleif Nicholay Nilsen	New London, Conn.
	Frida Frances Krogswold	New London, Conn.
June 2	Harrie Austin Turner	Nantucket
	Laura Caswell (Baker) Crowell	Nantucket
June 4	William Reith	Nantucket
	Gladys Barnard Holdgate	Nantucket
June 4	Charles Gerald Snow	Nantucket
	Rose Hannah Collins	Nantucket
June 9	James Leslie Holm (at Boston)	Nantucket
	Leora Wood Bennett	Nantucket
June 14	Levi Wilton Strong	Rochester, N. Y.
	Mary Foster Defriez	Nantucket
June 27	Vernon Louis Shallcross	Louisville, Ky.
	Catherine Cotton Morgan	New York, N. Y.
June 29	Haslehurst Emerson Armstrong	Nantucket
	Marion Bruley (at Danvers, Mass.)	Danvers, Mass.
July 7	Ralph Lewis Tompkins	New York, N. Y.
	Florence Porter McKean	Troy, N. Y.
July 8	Huntly DeWitt Taylor	Chelsea, Mass.
	Bertha Coffin	Nantucket
Aug. 18	Eugene Joseph Ruley	Nantucket
	Charlotte Hamblen Gibbs	Nantucket
Aug. 28	Jean Richard Lorraine	Nantucket
	Rosmary Norcross	Chatham, Mass.
Aug. 31	Arthur Collins	Nantucket
	Barbara Ellen Williams	Nantucket
Sept. 16	Antone Joseph Souza	Nantucket
	Katherine Mildred Kelley	Nantucket
Sept. 22	Elbert Windom McCanless	Nantucket
	Elzira Araujo	Nantucket
Sept. 22	Allson Wilfred Field	Nantucket
	Lola Rogers Coffin	Nantucket
Sept. 24	Manuel Reis (at Fall River, Mass.)	Nantucket
	Mary Ellen Ward	Fall River, Mass.
Sept. 29	Harry Baker Turner (at Fitchburg)	Nantucket
	Grace Freeland Gordon	Nantucket
Oct. 6	Clair E. Rutledge (at Danvers, Mass.)	Nantucket
	Anna Jean Bernard	Oak Bluffs, Mass.
Oct. 23	Earl Eastman Thurston	Nantucket
	Ellen Mary Harding (at Portland, Me.)	Pine Point, Me.
Oct. 26	Manuel Conceicao Souza	Nantucket
	Alice (Johnson) Rollins	Nantucket
Oct. 27	Reginald Fillmore Hussey (Fairhaven Mass.)	Nantucket
	Louise Stoddard Rounselle	Fairhaven, Mass.
Dec. 6	Herbert Stanley Priaux (New Bedford, Mass.)	New Bedford, Mass.
	Frances Louise Hussey	Nantucket
Dec. 12	Harold Parkinson	Nantucket
	Gladys Emily Copeland	Nantucket
1922		
July 15	Richard M. Everett	Boston, Mass.
	Madeleine W. Hubbard	Deerfield, Mass.

brought a screw-driver to that house and claimed his theatre chair, declaring that he had bought it; he was only an old-fashioned American.

The real "old time New Yorker" will be found in his recently purchased homes in Santa Barbara, Cal. New York has changed.

H. Manning Carpenter.
New York City, January 7.

Prominent among the winter sports about now is trying to round up the people who owe you for last year's bills.

Keep Well

Avoid Sickness
TAKE
BRANDRETH
Est. 1752 **PILLS**

OR

at Bed Time
will cleanse the system, purify
the blood and keep you well.
For Constipation
Indigestion, Biliousness, etc.
Entirely Vegetable.

The First Fine Baby Carriage.

Baby carriages are so elaborate in workmanship, varied in design and luxurious in appointments nowadays that one is apt to forget that a single generation ago babies, whether rich or poor, had to depend upon their nurses' arms, their own uncertain legs, or a wagon so crude that a tenement baby or mother would despise it at the present time.

The first handsome baby carriage ever seen in this country—the father of all the luxurious baby carriages of to-day—was built forty-seven years ago, and was put together with such mechanical skill that although it has been used for many other babies since the one for whom it was built outgrew it, it is in a good state of preservation today. It was constructed in 1849-50 by Andrew Coleman, who was at that time one of the members of the North American Phalanx, a colony of active-minded people who were carrying on a social experiment at a place in Monmouth county, New Jersey, five miles from the village of Red Bank. The Coleman baby, who was born in July, 1849, was the first child born at the Phalanx, and his father determined that he should have a carriage such as no baby ever possessed before. It took nearly a year to make the carriage, and the baby *knew all about it and could talk before it was ready.*

When it was ready it was a wonder of workmanship, and every part of it was the work of Mr. Coleman's own hands. Except for certain peculiarities it was a duplicate in miniature of some of the fashionable carriages of that day. Its wheels were built and tired as a regular wheelwright would have built them, its axles and springs were of tempered steel, and its ornamental metal work was much of it of cast brass. The hub bands were of solid silver, and the brass work was all silver plated. The wood work was bright with varnish, and the body was upholstered with silk velvet plush.

Mr. Coleman was one of the earliest followers of Daguerre in making pictures with the camera, and when the wagon was complete he seated his son Frank in it and made a picture of them.

Mr. Coleman was a native of Nantucket, and his wife came from New Bedford. Every summer it was Mrs. Coleman's custom to spend a number of weeks in these two places and other parts of New England. For seven years in succession after the boy Frank was born she made these trips, always taking him and his carriage along. The trips were made on the old Sound boats from New York and by rail, boat or stage coach beyond that, and wherever she went the handsome baby carriage was a subject of comment. The carriage was well known in those days in Boston, New Bedford, Fall River, Nantucket, and many smaller towns in Massachusetts. In a few years the exhibition of it bore fruit, and some better styles of wagon than the old one began to be offered. All of these were at first drawn by a handle, and it was not for a long time that the happy thought came to some one to make the perambulator by putting the handle on the rear, as it is at present.

There was another part to the Coleman baby carriage which was never finished. This was a regular buggy-style clash top. The wood and metal work were made for it, and the sockets for its attachment are upon the carriage, but the top was never covered or attached. One novel feature of this wagon that attracted much attention was in the connections of the two axles. Each axle was provided with a fifth wheel, and turned at its centre. The axles were connected together with cross rods which made them turn in opposite directions, so that the wheels on each side ran in the same track whether the wagon was going in a straight line or in a curve. This was a great advantage in some respects, but it had a feature that condemned it. If the carriage stood by a curb, and were turned to get away, the hind wheels immediately turned toward the curb and tried to climb upon it. Somebody afterward patented the arrangement, however, for hook and ladder trucks.—*N. Y. Sun, 5th inst.*

Dean's Rheumatic Pills abolutely cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Entirely vegetable. Safe.

SOME QUAINIT EPITAPHS.

FOUND HERE AND THERE IN THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

From The London Funeral Directors' Journal.

The following in Penrith Churchyard is refreshing in these days of deceit, on account of its candor

"Here lies the man Richard and Mary his wife; Their surname was Pritchard, and they lived without strife.

The reason was plain—they abounded in riches; They had no care nor pain, and the wife wore the breeches."

The owner of this inscription, now resting in Hebburn Churchyard, was probably a democrat and had some little opinion of himself:

"This humble monument will show,
Here lies an honest man;
You Kings, whose heads are now as low,
Rise higher if you can!"

John Dale was a courageous man. This is the epitaph over his remains in Bakewell Churchyard, Derbyshire:

"Know posterity that on the 8th of April, in the year of grace 1737, the rambling remains of John Dale were, in the 86th year of his pilgrimage, laid upon his two wives:

This thing in life might raise some jealousy;
Here all three lie together lovingly."
One epitaph in Ilfracombe Churchyard shows faith:

"Weep not for me, my friends so dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
My debt is paid, my grave is free,
And in due course you'll come to me."

Not far from this we have an example of quiet self-glorification:

"Here lies a kind and loving wife
A tender nursing mother—
A neighbor free from brawl and strife,
A pattern for all others."

Evidently marriage was not a failure in this case.

What follows was formerly on a tombstone in St. Thomas's Churchyard, Salisbury:

"Here lies three babes dead as nits,
God took them off in agile fits;
They was too good to live wth we,
So he took 'em off to live wth 'ee."

Who dares utter the foul slander that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman? Let him or her cast an eye over the following, and then sit silent forever. It is on a gravestone in Stonehaven Churchyard:

"The place whaur Betty Cooper lies
Is here or here about;
The place whaur Betty Cooper lies
There's neen can fin' it oot;
The place whaur Betty Cooper lies
There's neen on earth can tell,
Till at the resurrection day,
When Betty tells hersel."

A Peculiar Tombstone Inscription.

At the entrance of the church of San Salvador in the city of Oviedo, Spain, is a remarkable tomb erected by a prince named Silo, with a very curious Latin inscription, which may be read 270 ways by beginning with the capital S in the center:

SILO PRINCEPS FECIT.

T I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I T
I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I
C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C
E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E
F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F
S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S
P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P
E C N I R P O L I S I L O P R I N C E
P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P
S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S
F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F
E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E
C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C
I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I
T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T

In addition to this inscription on the tomb are inscribed these letters:

H. S. E. S. S. T. T. L.

which are the initials of the following Latin words:

Hic situs est Silo. sit tibi terra levis.
(Here rests Silo. May the earth lie lightly on him.)
—New York Sun.

SPOKEN BY MARCONI SYSTEM.

Steamship *Lucania* Reported by Wireless Telegraphy From the Station on Nantucket.

New York, Aug. 16.—The Cunard line steamship *Lucania*, which sailed from Liverpool for New York on Aug. 10, was spoken through the medium of wireless telegraphy by the Nantucket lightship, shortly after 6 p.m. today.

The shore station, to which the wireless message was sent from the lightship, is located at Siasconset, a favorite summer resort, on the island of Nantucket. On the highest part of the village, known as Bunker Hill, a pole has been erected, rising 165 ft. in the air. At its upper end is a spar, which carries a vertical wire of the Marconi system, 180 ft. above the ground.

The instruments which complete the installation are located in a cottage 100 ft. distant from the base of the mast, and between it and the sea an uninterrupted moorland stretches for a mile or more. Forty sea miles away, bearing about south, the Nantucket lightship is moored as a safeguard to vessels crossing the dangerous shoals, and is a point of departure and arrival for vessels crossing the northern Atlantic or coasting along the western seaboard.

On board this vessel a spar has been fitted to the original mast and from the tip of this, 106 ft. above the sea, a wire is suspended similar to that on shore. It is between these two points with no connection that the message telling of the sighting of the *Lucania* passed.

ITALIAN SUSPECTS ARRESTED

AMENDING A QUOTATION.

From To-Day.

"It is easier," the curate read, "for a needle to go through the eye of the camel." He saw the vicar's stony stare fixed on him, and realized that he was making a mistake. He blushed, coughed slightly and corrected himself: "It is easier for a camel to go through the knee of an idol." Then he went on quite happily.

1896.

An Editor's Life.

A Western editor gives the following figures from a statistical memorandum of his life in newspaper work:

Been asked to drink	11,362
Drank	11,362
Requested to retract	416
Did	416
Invited to parties and receptions by people wishing puffs	3,338
Took the hint	33
Didn't take the hint	3,305
Threatened to be whipped	170
Been whipped	0
Whipped the other fellow	4
Didn't come to time	166
Been offered whiskys for going after them	5,910
Went after them	5,910
Been asked for news	200,000
Told	0
Didn't know	200,000
Lied about it	99,974
Been to church	2
Changed politics	32
Expected to change still	50
Gave to charity	\$5.00
Gave for a terrier dog	\$25.00
Cash on hand	\$1.00

Wit in Epigram.

[The following "humor with a sting" in verse was compiled for "Current Literature" by Fanny Mack Lothrop.]

Rochester's Epitaph on Charles II.

Here lies the mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relied on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

The Suicide.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave lives on.

Books Valued for their Binding.

Pollio, who values nothing that's within,
Buys books like beavers—only for their skin.

Success, Not Virtue, Safe.

Treason does never prosper: What's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

To a Liar.

Lie on! while my revenge shall be,
To speak the very truth of thee.

The Beacon Erected.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.

On a Fine Library.

With eyes of wonder, the gay shelves behold:
Poets, all rags alive, now clad in gold.
In life and death, one common fate they share,
And on their backs still all their riches wear.

The World.

The world's a printing-house; our words are thoughts.
Our deeds are characters, of several sizes;
Each soul's a compositor, of whose faults
The levites are correctors; heav'n revises;
Death is the common press, from whence being driven,
We're gather'd, sheet by sheet, and bound for heav'n.

STRAYED AND STOLEN.

* "I say, captain," said a young Englishman on board an American clipper, "that flag of yours has not floated in every breeze and over every sea for a thousand years, has it?" "No, it ain't," replied the captain, "but it has licked one that has."
—*Youth's Companion.*

* The infant of the household was in its cradle. The head of the house was at home, peevish and fault-finding. At length he became unendurable. "You've done nothing but make mistakes to-night," he growled. "Yes," she answered meekly; "I began by putting the wrong baby to bed."
—*Answers.*

* The very positive man had alluded to somebody as "a crank," when his patient audience of one interrupted him with the inquiry: "What is your idea of a crank, anyhow?" "A crank! why, a crank, sir, is somebody who insists on trying to convince me, instead of letting me convince him."
—*Washington Star.*

Inquirer and

NUCKET, MASS., SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER

Written For The Inquirer and Mirror. Sons and Daughters of Nantucket.

If there was any one feature more conspicuous than any other at the sixth annual reunion of this popular and prosperous organization at the Hotel Brunswick on Friday evening of last week, it was the pardonable pride felt by all present in everything pertaining to the isle of their birth, as evidenced by their appreciation of every telling point in praise of Nantucket and its people.

In point of attendance, enthusiasm and general interest, it easily led all previous occasions of the kind, without in the least reflecting upon any of its predecessors. It is certain that the success of these annual reunions has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the founders of the association, and we are still growing.

One hundred and fifty-five Nantucketers, descendants of Nantucketers, and husbands and wives of Nantucketers were seated in the big banquet hall of the Brunswick, a gain of twenty-one over last year, and more than double that of the first reunion. A recapitulation of the figures of attendance may be interesting at this time, as showing the steady growth of the association. In 1894, the first year, there were present 71 persons. In 1895, 109; 1896, 125; 1897, 120; 1898, 134; 1899, 155. A very large number, probably one-third of the total, were present on this occasion for the first time, and about half a dozen who now live in Nantucket, and several from Providence, New York and Brooklyn were noted among the guests.

The association has usually held its receptions in the regular ladies' parlor of the hotel, but on this occasion we were assigned to the "Venetian Room" and a large reception room adjoining—more convenient to the dining room and removed from the rest of the hotel. Shortly after three o'clock, the first members and guests began to arrive, and by four o'clock it was evident that all previous records in point of attendance would be broken. A new catalogue had been prepared by Mr. Fuller, who had charge of the identification system, and a copy was handed to each new arrival with the dinner ticket. A reception committee, comprising Messrs. Alexander Starbuck (chairman), Daniel B. Moulton, Henry B. Worth, Eugene Russell, George H. Cary, John W. Macy, Mrs. Alice C. Sawyer, Mrs. Stella C. Nunn, and the Misses Alice M. Banker and Anna G. Fish contributed to the sociability of the occasion by introducing those who

Boys' Reefers

We have the best line in town for boys from 10 to 16 years at

Alex. M. Myrick's

Next West of Post Office.

When you do not obtain as

Modern

Steam and Warm Air Heating, Plumbing and Lighting

as you ought to have,

Drop a Postal to

Wood, Brightman & Co.

New Bedford, Mass.

Mrs. Alice C. Sawyer, Miss Eva Channing, Miss Annie Coffin; treasurer, Herbert L. Grew; secretary, Madeleine Fish.

For the executive committee the chairman reported that the result of the "referendum" in regard to the matter of annual dues, showed, somewhat to the committee's surprise, that a larger number favored the present amount of one dollar or more than anything smaller. The committee then recommended the adoption of the following amendment to the by-laws, and their report was accepted, and they were instructed by vote to take such measures as were necessary to put the new plan into effect before the next annual meeting:

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"All members of the organization now in good standing to become life members without further payment for dues. All new members to pay an entrance fee of one dollar, which shall constitute them life members without further dues. The price of dinner tickets to members not to exceed \$1.75; to non-members not to exceed \$2."

This the committee believes will provide sufficient funds for the running expenses of the association above the cost of the dinner, and will obviate the necessity of collecting any amount from absentees. The committee then offered a suggestion, which was supported by Mr. Fuller, to make some change in the present plan of holding the reunions. Believing the prime object of the meetings, social intercourse, might be better advanced by a more informal affair, Mr. Fuller suggested hiring the State suite at the Vendome, and instead of sitting down to a formal dinner, to have a collation with ample service, a brief business meeting and entertainment in the assembly room of the suite, the remainder of the time to be devoted to sociability. Considerable opposition to the plan developed, however, both ex-presidents of the association speaking against it, and it was voted to make no change at present.

At quarter past six the company filed into the dining room to a march rendered by Dyer's orchestra, of Dorchester, which discoursed popular music throughout the dinner, and every seat was soon taken. For the first time in the history of the organization, there was no clergyman present, and at the suggestion of the president the divine blessing was invoked in silence after the custom of the Friends, all present remaining for a few moments with bowed heads. Following is the

MENU.

BLUEPOINTS

Cream of Celery, aux Croutons
Consomme Vermicelli

Fried Smelts, Tartar Sauce
Cucumbers Pommes Italian

Tenderloin of Beef Larded, Mushroom Sauce
Roast Young Turkey, Giblet Sauce
Browned Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower
Banana Fritters, Glace, au Cognac

PUNCH A LA CARDINAL

Chicken Salad Lobster Salad

Hazelnut Charlottes Wine Jelly
Assorted Cake Harlequin Ice Cream

Fruit

Edam and Cream Cheese

Coffee

TITLES OF THE EAST.

The following list of names and titles frequently occurring in connection with the affairs of the East, together with their etymological import, will not be deemed uninteresting to the reader.

Mohammed, Ahmed—From *Hamad*; praised, highly celebrated, illustrious, glorious.

Moslem, Muselman, Islam, Islamism—All from the same root, *Aslam*; signifying to yield up, dedicate, consecrate entirely to the service of religion.

Koran—From *Kara*, to read; the reading, legend or that which ought to be read.

Caliph—A successor; from the Hebrew *Chalaph*; to be changed, to succeed, to pass round in a revolution.

Sultan—Original from the Chaldaic *Sultan*; signifying authority, dominion, principality.

Vizier—An assistant.

Hadj—Pilgrimage; *Hudji*, one who makes the pilgrimage to Mecca.

Saracen—Etymology doubtful; supposed to be from *Sarak*, to steal; a plunderer, a robber.

Hejira or Hejra—The Flight; applied emphatically to Mohammed's flight from Mecca to Medina.

Mufti—The principal head of the Mahomedan religion and the resolver of all doubtful points of the law. An officer of great dignity in the Turkish empire.

Imam—A kind of priest attached to the mosque, whose duty it is occasionally to expound a passage of the koran. They, at the same time, usually follow some more lucrative employment.

Moollah—The Moollahs form what is called the Ulema, or body of doctors in theology and jurisprudence, who are entrusted with the guardianship of the laws of the empire, and from whose number the mufti is chosen.

Emir—Lineal descendants of the prophet himself, distinguished by wearing turbans of deep sea-green, the color peculiar to all the race of Mohammed. They have special immunities on the score of their descent, and one of them carries the green standard of the prophet when the grand seignior appears in any public solemnity.

Pasha—The title given to the provincial governors. A pasha is to a province or pashalik, what the sultan is to the empire, except that the judicial power is in the hands of the cadis, the provincial magistrates. The tails of a pasha are the standards which he is allowed to carry; one of three tails is one of three standards, which number gives the power of life and death.

Reis Effendi—This officer may be termed the high chancellor of the Ottoman empire. He is at the head of a class of attorneys which at this time contains the best informed men of the nation.

Seraglio—This word is derived from *Serai*, a term of Persian origin, signifying a palace. It is therefore improperly used as synonymous with harem, the apartments of the women. The seraglio is, in strictness of speech, the place where the court of the grand seignior is held; but it so happens that at Constantinople this building includes the imperial harem within its walls.

Crescent—The national ensign of the Turks, surmounting the domes and minarets attached to their mosques, as the cross does the churches of the Roman Catholics in Christian countries. This peculiar and universal use of the crescent is said to have owed its origin to the fact, that at the time of Mohammed's flight from Mecca to Medina the Moon was new. Hence the half moon is commemorative of that event.

Sublime Porte—This title, which is frequently applied to the court, cabinet, or executive department of the Ottoman empire, is derived, as the words import, from a lofty, arched gateway of splendid construction, forming the principal entrance to the seraglio, or palace. It is a phrase equivalent to "Court of St. James," "Court of St. Cloud," &c.

THE NEW SONG.

I cannot sing the song of old;
Too many memories round me throng
Of those who vanished from the fold
When life was fresh and hope was strong.

For some have gone beyond the sea;
Some wander far through native land;
And, putting off mortality,
Others in God's great presence stand.

Those may return from o'er the wave,
From wanderings over mount and glen,
And bring the music that we crave,
The songs of loving hearts again.

These never wholly pass away;
They come when'er the heart is lone,
And we can almost hear them say,
How deep the love not yet outgrown.

"For what God gives he never takes,"
And the dear treasures once our own
Are ours for aye; so, heart that breaks,
Thou can't lose naught once prized and known.

THEIR HOME AS SEEN BY A PAIR OF NEW YORK EYES.

Howard Glyndon of the New York Evening Mail has been visiting the Young Working Woman's Home in this city and sends the following impressions to yesterday's Mail:

The house is in Beach street, not far from the United States Hotel. The association has taken two large buildings connected with each other. There are two entrances, the general entrance by which access is attained at reasonable hours, and the entrance to the restaurant, which is open only at meal time. A very neat, pleasant looking girl answered my ring at the door-bell and directed the driver to put my trunk in the rather narrow hall. These houses were originally private dwelling-houses, and no changes of structure have been made since they were devoted to the present purpose. She then showed me into the reception room, and in a few moments one of the higher authorities appeared—a very Bostonish looking woman in a yellow linen dress, with short hair. She was pleasant and practical. To her I preferred my request for lodging, and there was no difficulty, excepting that at first I found it not so easy to get a room to myself, and this I think the most important defect of the Home. There are no rooms for one person alone. All the rooms have two or three beds in them, and are intended for two, three, or four persons, as the case may be. Those intended for four persons have usually two single beds and one double one, and are large enough to prevent much inconvenience. It must be borne in mind that they are intended for women who are out of the house all the day, and I suppose that rooms for one person alone could not be afforded at the cheap rate which is one of the great benefits of this plan. Still, I would like to see this left as a matter of choice to the residents in a woman's hotel.

Many of the boarders were away, taking their summer vacations, and I obtained a large apartment, in which four of the absentees generally roomed. It was somewhat dingy, but perfectly clean and comfortable. So was the whole house. The furniture was of maple wood, and had seen long use. There was enough of it, and the carpet was a good one; in short, the surroundings were those of a respectable boarding-house in New York city, frequented by people who would be considered by many as much above these girls in social status. I once lived in a New York boarding house, thought to be a very desirable place, where the appliances of my room were not near so nice as in this working woman's home, and where I paid about four times as much as I did here for lodging and board. The beds were especially nice and clean, each having springs and two perfectly fresh mattresses, one of hair, the other of shucks. Up stairs there was a bath-room, and a place from which to draw water, as well as other arrangements, all as clean and in as good order as possible—the whole lighted with gas. I could not help smiling a little at the somewhat precise formula painted upon the door of my room, by which regular residents were informed they must make their own beds and keep their rooms neat; that each must bring water for her own use; that nothing but water must be put in the slop jars; that all rubbish must be emptied into a box which I found in a corner of the room, and positively nothing thrown from the windows. They were, however, just exactly the rules I should be likely to enforce under similar circumstances, and which I have found predominating all over New England to such an extent that I wonder any one need be told of them. Bath-rooms are to be used before eight o'clock in the morning, or between eight and ten in the evening. Every girl of them must send her clothes to the laundry on Monday morning—for they do the washing of the boarders in the house, which is a great convenience, and is cheaper than they could possibly get it done outside. They are not allowed to receive company in their own rooms unless by special permission, and all are expected to resort to the parlor for this purpose.

There are prayers in the sitting-room every evening at half-past nine, and the boarders are expected to attend church at least once every Sunday, unless some good reason is given for not doing so, and a more frequent attendance is recommended. The hour for closing is ten o'clock, and any resident who is out fifteen minutes later than that time is expected to give some good excuse, which is referred to the committee, and if not satisfactory she forfeits her place in the Home.

In regard to meals, I think the arrangement unexceptionable. There is a restaurant attached to the boarding-house, where the regular boarders eat, and which, I believe, is open to respectable working women who do not room in the house. On the blinds of the windows are the words, "Young Woman's Restaurant." They profess to furnish meals at cost, and the prices carry out the assertions. My breakfast one morning only cost me eight cents, yet I had all I wanted. My meals in the house for two days cost me altogether sixty cents, although the cookery was good, and there was a greater variety than is seen in most of the ordinary private boarding-houses. They furnish meat only twice a day. The hours for meals are regular. Breakfast from 6½ to 7½ o'clock, dinner from 12 to 2 o'clock, tea from 6 to 7½ o'clock. The restaurant is not very large, being originally designed to accommodate only the inmates of the Home, I believe. During the different times that I eat in it from fifteen to twenty women were in it. I can't say that they were all young women. Judging from their dresses and faces, they were taken from nearly all classes of women who go out daily to work for their own support. There were a number of shop girls and seamstresses, and I think one or two teachers, probably of music. There was a good deal in the way of flimsy dresses, made up in the style of the day, and some show of tawdry jewellery, flowers, and ribbons; but there were also some who were too poor to afford to be otherwise than cheaply dressed, who had sufficient courage to appear in plain prints without ornaments. Others, evidently in better circumstances, were dressed in very good taste, and there were many who were very ladylike in appearance and manners. Most of the faces were plain, nearly all were more or less careworn, two or three were pretty but pale; and taking them altogether, I don't believe such a peculiar assemblage of women could be found anywhere but in Boston.

In the room that I occupied were various little evidences of refined taste. Glancing hastily over the contents of a book-rack I saw such titles as "The Marble Faun," "Memorable Women," Shakespeare, Whittier, Longfellow, and others of the same class. There was a bracket with a vase on it. Illuminated texts of scripture were upon the walls, together with several pictures. One was of Rev. Mr. Hepworth, another of Dan. Godfrey of the Grenadier Guards, with his own name and that of the young lady to whom it was given in his own writing. When I stumbled across this reminiscence of the Jubilee, I could not help saying: "Just like a Boston girl!" Well, all that I had here in addition to what I paid for my meals only cost me seventy cents, that being just what I paid for my room for two days.

SOMETHING NEW.—So brilliant a conception richly deserves the success that is now attending it. No common mind conceived it. Inspiration alone could have given birth to so sublime an idea. There is nothing hackneyed about this item, which opens up an immense field to the newspaper world. The gifted author has laid his scene in New Bedford, where there dwells a man who claims to own the oldest umbrella. This ancient article is stated to have weathered the storms of one hundred and fifteen years, and during that period it has never been lost, borrowed or stolen. The oldest inhabitant, the centenarian tobacco-chewer, the large gooseberry and the calf with five legs, pale their ineffectual fires before this glorious conception. In addition to the fund of reflection to which it must inevitably give rise, it has a charming air of mystery about it, for the cunning rogue does not say whether the umbrella has ever been in use or not, and for all we know to the contrary, it may have been locked up in some old neglected chest all this time. The sly dog! An umbrella over a century old that has never been lost, borrowed or stolen! The daring of the assertion is only equalled by the brilliancy of the thought. What next?

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

To the Editors of The Boston Journal:

From a "Book of Epitaphs, Quaint, Curious and Elegant," recently published in England, I select a few which may be new and interesting to some of your readers.

The necessity of rhyme is well illustrated by the following touching epitaph:

Under this stone, aged three-score and ten,
Lie the remains of William Wood-Hen.
N. B. For, Hen, read Cock. Cock wouldn't come
in rhyme.

Epitaph:
Here lies John Bunn,
Who was kill'd by a gun.
His name wasn't Bunn, but his real name was Wood,
But Wood wouldn't rhyme with gun, so I thought
Bunn would.

Another:
This little hero that lies here
Was conquer'd by the diarrhoea.

In a churchyard near Newmarket lie buried the two wives of Tom Sexton. On the tombstone of one is the following:

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton—
She was a wife that never vexed one.
I can't say so much for the one at the next stone.

In Westminster Abbey. On Samuel Foote, the comedian:

Here lies one Foote, whose death may thousands save
For death has now one foot within the grave.

Here is a curious specimen, found in the Old Grey Friars, Edinburgh:

Here sung in grave my wife doth lie,
Now she is at rest, and so am I.

The following is a beautiful instance of conjugal affection:

Here lies my dear wife, a sad slattern and shrew;
If I said I regretted her, I should lie too.

On a lawyer, in a churchyard in Norfolk:

God works a wonder now and then,
He, though a lawyer, was an honest man.

In St. Michael's churchyard, Coventry. On a wife:

She was ———
But words are wanting
To say what.

Look what a wife should be,
And she was that.

On a talkative old maid, (1750):

Beneath this silent stone is laid
A noisy, antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talk'd till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath.

On Mr. Box:

Here lies one Box within another—
The one of wood was very good.
We cannot say so much for t'other.

[I will select but one more from the very large collection before me, and would specially commend this for the imitation of all your readers who may desire a similar eulogy:

An honest fellow here is laid,
His debts in full he always paid,
And, what's more strange, the neighbors tell us,
He brought back borrowed umbrellas.

EMMA L.—"Coiffure" is pronounced *kwoif-fure*. "Fantasia" *fan-tay-zia*; "trousseau" *true so*.

SNOW FLAKES OF WIT. They have some snow in Utica, N. Y., as appears by the following "Brevities" from the *Herald* of that village:

"They wear snow plows for overshoes over in the eighth ward.

Nearly all the signs on Genesee street were dug out before night yesterday.

Nearly all of the corner loafers have climbed to the top of the snow and resumed business.

Utica has more snow than Watertown and Ogdensburg together, and it is better snow too. There is more of it to the pound.

The man who drove off the snow into the street railway track yesterday was not much hurt, but his sleigh was badly broken by the fall.

A man on Corn Hill, obliged by the deep snow to go home by way of the chimney, got into hot water by getting into the wrong house.

If you see a dog's tail on the snow, don't pick it up. The probability is that there will be a dog under the drift; and he may object to your familiarity.

A merchant on Blandina street, who worked all yesterday forenoon cleaning his sidewalk, was disgusted when he found that he had only got down to the wooden awning.

A lone widow, residing on Court street, complains that they have run a sleigh road right over her house and that the horses are kicking her lightning rod all pieces."

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The Rev. Stephen Bachelder was born in England, in the year 1561, and received orders in the established church, but, becoming dissatisfied with some of its ceremonies, and refusing to continue his conformity, he was deprived of permission to perform her services. He then went to Holland, where he resided some years. He sailed from London on the ninth of March, 1632, and arrived at Lynn on the sixth of June, after a tedious passage of eighty-eight days, having in his company six persons, his relatives and friends, who had belonged to his church in Holland. With them and the few who united with them, he constituted a little church at Lynn, without any of the ceremonies usual on such occasions. This was the first church established at Lynn. He continued his ministrations there about three years. He was admitted freeman in 1635 and removed from Lynn to Ipswich in 1636, and had a grant of fifty acres of land. In the cold winter of 1637 he went afoot with some of his friends to Yarmouth, intending to plant a town and establish a church, but they afterwards gave up the undertaking. He then went to Newbury, where the town made him a grant of land in 1638. The same year the General Court granted him permission to settle a town at Hampton. On the fifth of July, 1639, he and Christopher Hussey sold their houses and lands in Newbury for "six score pounds" and removed to Hampton. There a town was planted, and a church was gathered of which Mr. Bachelder became the pastor. The town granted him three hundred acres of land and he presented them with a bell for the meeting house in 1640. Here he was accused of some irregularities of conduct, and lost his house and much of his property by fire. In 1647 he was at Portsmouth, where he resided three years. In 1650, being then eighty-nine years of age, and his second wife, Helena, being dead, he married his third wife, Mary. This proved an unhappy marriage. In 1651 Mr. Bachelder left this country and returned to England, where, at the age of ninety years or more he is said to have married a fourth wife. Mr. Bachelder died at Hackney near London, in 1660, in the hundredth year of his age. He had four sons and three daughters. Theodate married Christopher Hussey, and removed to Hampton. Deborah married John Wing, of Lynn, and removed to Sandwich, the other daughter married John Sanborn. Francis and Stephen Jr., remained in London. Henry went to Reading, Nathaniel removed to Hampton, where, in 1656, he married Deborah Smith, by whom he had nine children. After her death he married widow Mary Wyman of Woburn, by whom he had eight more children. Rev. Mr. Bachelder was 71 years of age when he came over from England, and his life seems to have been full of changes, trials and vicissitudes, and he must have had an iron constitution to have lived through them all, till nearly 100 years of age. I saw it stated many years ago in a sketch of the life of Hon. Daniel Webster, in a Boston newspaper, that Mr. Webster derived his dark complexion from his maternal ancestor, Rev. Stephen Bachelder.

Christopher Hussey was born at Dorking, in Surrey, England, in 1598. He went to Holland where he became enamored of Theodate, daughter of Rev. Stephen Bachelder, who had resided there several years, but her father would not consent to their union, unless Mr. Hussey would remove to New England, whither he was intending to go. They were married, and Mr. Hussey with his wife and mother, widow Mary Hussey, came to Lynn, Mass., in 1630, and there the same year, his son Stephen was born. Mr. Bachelder came over in 1632 and came to Lynn and constituted a church, beginning services on the eighth of June. He baptized four children born before his arrival, two of whom, Thomas Newhall and Stephen Hussey were born the same week. Thomas, the first white child born in Lynn, was first presented; but Mr. Bachelder put him aside, saying, "I will baptize my own child first," meaning his daughter's child. He removed to Newbury in 1636, and was chosen representative in 1637. In 1638, he became one of the first settlers of Hampton, and was chosen a counsellor of the Province; was interested in the settlement of the town of Haverhill, and representative in 1658-9, and 60. His wife died in the month of October, 1646. His children were Stephen, born 1630, John, baptized at Lynn 1636, Joseph, Huldah, Mary, baptized at Newbury, 2d of April, 1637, and Theodate, baptized 23d of August, 1640. After 1658 he married widow Ann Mingay who died 24th of June, 1680. He was one of the nine original purchasers of nine-tenths of Nantucket, of Thomas Mayhew, 2d of July, 1659, and his name occurs in a purchase from two Indian Sachems of Nantucket in 1660. I have no knowledge of his ever having resided on Nantucket. He is thought, but not justly, say Hon. James Savage, to have been the ancestor of all the thousands in our land bearing his name. He was a mariner, and was commander of a vessel when he was cast away and lost on the Coast of Florida, in 1685, being then 87 years old. This fact has been doubted, but I have it on the authority of Alonzo Lewis, the historian of Lynn, also on the authority of Joseph Marshall, the school master of Nantucket, his great-grandson, and I believe it. His son Stephen came to Nantucket and married 8th of October, 1676, Martha Bunker, daughter of George, he being 46, and she 26 years of age. They both lived to be nearly 88 years of age. John married Rebecca Perkins, daughter of Isaac, of Hampton, they had two sons and fourteen daughters, and moved to Newcastle, Delaware, at

r 1688. He became a minister. He came to Nantucket on a religious visit, & he died in 1703. Mary Hussey, daughter of John and Abigail, married 12th of May, 1687, Moses Swett, three of whose daughters married Nantucket men and have many descendants here. Another of John's four daughters married a Stanyan, from whom descended the Newbegins families of Nantucket. Of Joseph Hussey, son of Capt. Christopher, I have no account. Huldah Hussey married John Smith and lived to be 97 years old. Mary Hussey, daughter of Capt. Christopher, married Henry Dow, and was the ancestor of our Nantucket Dow families. Of Theodata, the youngest daughter of Christopher Hussey, I have no further record, probably she died young. I was not aware till I saw the article on this family, in your paper, that John G. Whittier was a descendant of Christopher Hussey. Much of the above article on the Bachelor and Hussey families is from Lewis' History of Lynn, from which I have often quoted verbatim, but I have searched various other authorities, to confirm or refute his statements.

WILLIAM C. FOLGER.

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A Remedy for Hay Fever.

Professor Binz, of Bonn, writing on the subject of hay fever, first calls attention to the discovery, made by Helmholtz as far back as 1868, of the existence of uncommon low organisms in the nasal secretions in this complaint, and of the possibility of arresting their action by the local employment of quinine. Helmholtz, having been made aware of the poisonous action of quinine upon infusoria, determined to make an experiment with that substance on the vibronic bodies he had discovered in the nasal secretions of persons suffering from hay fever, and for that purpose he employed a neutral and weak solution of quinine, which he poured into both nostrils with a pipette while the patient was in a recumbent position, with the head low.

The result was most satisfactory, and the cure which took place in the case of Professor Helmholtz, has likewise followed in two other patients who made a trial of the remedy. Dr. Frickhofer, of Schwalbach, and Professor Busch, of Bonn, have also succeeded in curing the affection by the same method. Professor Binz suggests that a tepid solution of quinine should be used, and that instead of a pipette, Weber's simple but effective nose-douche should be employed for applying the quinine solution, care being taken that the quinine is free from adulteration. A correspondent asks: Can any method be better than the mere snuffing up of the powder? This is done without trouble, and the solution soon disperses itself. Whether one trial is enough in all cases seems to be uncertain.

HOW TO GROW THE OLEANDER.

The Oleander is a very ornamental plant when properly grown, but we seldom see fine specimens. There is scarcely one of my readers who has not seen dozens of tall, straggly plants. I propose to give a few directions by which fine plants may be grown.

Take a healthy cutting, place it in a bottle of water, and let it remain there till roots appear; then pot it, shifting it into larger sized pots as its roots require room. Do not try to have it branch until it blooms. It will then have a long, straight stalk—a good foundation for the plant you desire. After blooming, three shoots will start; allow these to grow, as these are the flower shoots, but after these have bloomed, cut back all the shoots to within four or five inches of the former branching place. Do this each time the plant blooms.

Two years ago we had a plant given us which was four years old and several feet high. In the autumn my husband remorselessly cut it down to within five inches of the first branching, but after starting the following spring it grew rapidly. The Oleander has many good qualities. It will bloom well for its owner all summer, and then after cutting down in the fall, may be put in a dry cellar for the winter, doing better during the following summer for its long rest. While growing it requires an abundance of water. It would be a good plan to allow it to stand in pans constantly full of water till after blooming, when water should be gradually withheld till cut in, and then it should be put in the cellar and no more water given it till the following spring. It is well to re-pot the plants every three years (just before starting them in the spring). If you do not wish them in larger pots, pare the ball of roots with a sharp knife on the sides and bottom, re-pot in strong, rich loam, and set in a shaded place, and in a few weeks the root will form anew.—KITTY CLOVER, in *Floral Cabinet*.

THISTLE TEA FOR NEURALGIA.—A gentleman of Norfolk, Va., who had been tortured for some time with neuralgia, hearing of a noted physician in Germany who invariably cured that disease, visited him for treatment. He was permanently cured after a short sojourn, and the doctor freely gave him the simple remedy used, which was nothing but a poultice of tea made from our common field thistle. The leaves are macerated and used on the parts affected, as a poultice, while a small quantity of the leaves are boiled down, in the proportion of a quart to a pint, and a small wine glass of the decoction drank before each meal.

THE WONDERFUL VIRTUES OF INK.—No fluid, water perhaps excepted, has so benefited the world as ink. It has been the medium through which the great thoughts of all the ages have been preserved and disseminated, the discovery by which the art preservative of all arts was made a possibility. And yet, much as has been written on the subject, and long as it has been experimented with, it has remained for the present day to develop some of its most remarkable qualities. One night last week a Louisville gentleman, who had retired to rest after a light supper of soft-crabs and cucumbers, awoke in the night with certain pains which excited his fears of an attack of cholera. No time was to be lost in warding off the fell destroyer. He sprang from his spring mattress, and seizing a bottle of camphor, took a swallow, and then vigorously rubbed the afflicted portion of his person with the restorative, continuing the application after he had returned to bed. He experienced prompt relief, but, as his fright left him, it occurred to him that his camphor had lost its customary odor. Again he rose, and this time turned on the gas. A single glance at his night-shirt told the tale. Instead of camphor he had used a bottle of superior writing-fluid.

Another discovery of the virtues of ink was made at Washington during a recent heavy thunder-storm. An elderly lady, a devout Catholic, became so alarmed at the severity of the electric discharges, that she closed the windows and curtains of her bed-room, and having made the room as dark as possible, procured from the cupboard a bottle of holy-water, with which in one hand and prayer-beads in the other, she sprinkled the room thoroughly. As was to be expected, the storm soon ceased, and with a feeling of relief the curtains were raised, the shutters were thrown open, and the good lady discovered the carpet and furniture and counterpane and walls sprinkled with violet ink of delicate hue. Every effort was made to remove the spots and prevent the joke from leaking out, but in vain; the printer heard of it, and the good old lady is now visiting a friend in the country.—*Hartford Courant*.

A BRIC-A-BRAC DEALER.—Some years since I was the amused listener to a conversation, let me rather say a lesson, given to two English ladies by an Israelite dealer, if memory fail me not, at Wiesbaden. "What is 'Frankenthal'?" said the younger, taking up a cup marked with the C and F interlaced, surmounted by a crown. "It is, Madam," said the dealer, "the name of the fabric of the Elector of Palatine, more ancient than Sevres; indeed Sevres copied from Frankenthal; the Germans, to render them only justice, produced admirable specimens of rare ceramic art." The ladies listened as if the man was speaking Chinese. "Frankenthal," they had never heard the name; Sevres and Dresden were about the limit of their knowledge as to porcelain. "And how do you know one class of china from another?" said the elder. "By the mark, but far more so by the eye and practical experience," he replied. "All fine, rare specimens are for the most part marked, but even marks from the same fabrics vary according to the era of their production and value. Frankenthal, as I have shown you, bears the cipher and crown, old Dresden crossed swords, the Marcolini period headed with a star," (and modern also, I observed to myself.) "Viennese is known by a French horn, Venice a beehive, Berlin a sceptre, Mayence a wheel; A. for Antoinette, surmounted by a crown, called *porcelaine de la Reine*. In fact, during the eighteenth century all the States of Europe rivaled one another in the production of the most chaste works of art. Fine pieces of Chelsea were represented by a small gold anchor, while Watteau adorned with his inimitable pencil specimens of Dresden. No wonder, therefore, they were, and are, priceless. In those days the art of painting on china was exquisite, as witness some of the works of Sevres, Buen Retiro, and Dresden; and as elegant as much of it is in the present day. The past was a reality, the present is a fiction, and first-rate works are daily becoming more rare and expensive." "Then what does your shop contain, Meinher, for which you ask so much?" added the lady. "I thought I knew something of old china, it appears that I know little or nothing." "Excuse me, madam, less than nothing; less than I knew when first I invested my whole capital, not twenty pounds, in a Sevres vase that I sold for a hundred, and which was the foundation, at least of a competence, to a man in my position. You ask me how I gained knowledge of the art? By reading, attending sales, watching and marking the opinions of others; losing to-day by knowing too little, and believing I knew more than my neighbor; gaining the next, having found out my error by practice and care. The eye can only be educated through the mind. The articles I have for sale are neither the worst and certainly not the finest specimens of ceramic art. Some are equal to the past, most superior to the present. Yet, be assured, years of experience, practice, and theory are not sufficient to obtain that perfect knowledge necessary to select the good from the bad, and you may die ere you obtain it. Although there are men who have risen from the most humble position in life to far superior practical knowledge than those of a higher class who fancy they know more. Do you visit Paris, madam? If so, attend the sales in the Rue Drouot; I fancy they are almost daily in the season. If a known dealer bids a hundred francs for a work of art, you may safely bid ten more; though, forsooth, there are some persons who know where to place their purchases at any price, in these days of Manchester millionaires."

I confess having felt so interested in the remarks of this dealer, that, having secured a few moderate articles, I subsequently paid him many visits and gained from his knowledge and kindness some valuable information. If memory fails me not, he stated that he formerly kept a small grocer's shop; but, having become by chance the owner of an elegant and well-shaped majolica vase—or jar—the ceramic passion touched his heart, and the produce of the sale of his humble shop was soon converted into bric-a-brac.—*London Society*.

Can anyone tell just why it is
That whenever a shy horse prances,
Some woman, or hen is sure to cross
The road, as the team advances?
—*Boston Advertiser*.

UNITARIAN VIEWS OF JESUS.

Jesus is divine, because the child of God, bearing his likeness, gifted with the divine Spirit.

But Jesus is divine-human; i.e., placed under human conditions and limitations, touched therefore with all human infirmities.

Jesus is not God, any more than a son is the father, or than a deputy is the sheriff.

Jesus manifests God just so far as he embodied divine qualities. But the infinite cannot reside entire in the finite.

Jesus had wisdom, but not infinite. He did "not know the day nor the hour," etc. There is no reason to suppose he knew modern science.

Jesus had power, but not infinite. There were things he said he could not do, things not his to give.

Jesus had goodness, preëminent among men; but not infinite, for he would not let it be ascribed to him in an absolute sense.

Jesus was tempted: God cannot be. Temptation implies the possibility of yielding, is, in fact a yielding to sinful thoughts, a powerlessness to keep them out of mind. If it be said he was "tempted, yet without sin," it must mean only that the sinful thought did not pass into sinful act.

Jesus had an independent will,—contrary to God's will, at times, which it would have been sweet to him to follow. He saw its insubordinate and sinful tendency, and had to overcome it, as we do ours. "Thy will," he said in the prayer, "not mine, be done." If he was wholly divine and perfect, why not follow his own will? If he was God, how could he say, "not my will be done"?

Jesus saves us, not as he brings us to himself, but as he draws us under the influence of God. We need God to strengthen, illumine, and adopt us, as he did Jesus. And Jesus' life shows us how this is possible.

Deity and Divinity.—There are degrees of divinity (divineness). We may say more divine (God-like) or less. But there are no degrees of Deity. He is infinite, perfect, absolute. God is God, and there is none other in that rank but him; none standing beside him in majesty, might, or glory.—Rev. J. C. Learned, in Unity.

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Our Coal Oil.

One of the greatest of our national industries is the production of petroleum, crude and refined. We have already exported \$300,000,000 worth of it, according to Professor Owen's figures in *Fraser's Magazine*, and the taxes levied on it during the war yielded the Government \$10,000,000.

The greasy stuff lards the lean earth in many lands. It is found in small quantities in England. It has made some sandy barrens in Austria far more valuable than the finest farming land. Hindostan yields nearly 1,000,000 barrels of it every year. China contains deposits of it, but imports vast quantities from the United States. British capital is boring oil wells in Japan and New Zealand. In the New World it is found in Peru and Ecuador, Nova Scotia and Canada, and it abounds in the United States. It was first obtained from surface wells in the "frosty Caucasus," which thus belies its name by yielding the raw material of fire, light and heat. In the future, Russia will probably rival us in the production of petroleum, as she does now in that of grain.

The precious material was a sore grievance to its first discoverers in this country. It oozed into their salt wells and spoiled the salt. Many such wells, abandoned on this account, have since been re-opened for the sake of the oil. The first mention of petroleum in Pennsylvania, according to the report of the geological survey of that state, was in a letter of the commandant at Fort Duquesne, the intended goal of Braddock's fatal march, and the site of Pittsburgh, to the Marquis de Montcalm, in 1750. In that year, the commandant saw the Seneca Indians perform some rites at what is now Oil Creek, where they made a fire from the oil which had oozed out of the ground. Just a century from that time, the first refinery was erected in Pennsylvania by Samuel Kier. The early settlers found on the shore of the Alleghany River, near Pittsburgh, a broad ledge of sandstone, across which a film of oil sluggishly poured into the water. Job speaks of a rock that "poured out rivers of oil." This one was called "Slippery Rock," and has given its name to one of the richest districts in the great interior basin where oil wells abound.

In 1858, two New Yorkers leased 100 acres of land containing a natural oil-spring in Venango County, Pa., and began boring for oil. August 28, 1859, their drill struck the stratum now known as "oil-sand rock" at a depth of seventy-one feet below the surface, and the pump brought twenty-five barrels of petroleum per day to the upper air. The well was sunk to the second stratum (200 feet) and yielded more. In February, 1861, the third stratum was reached, when the oil rose spontaneously to the surface and overflowed. Soon afterwards another well, 1400 feet deep, poured forth a flood of petroleum that filled 3500 barrels a day. Then came the mad rush of speculation. Farmers who had painfully extracted a scanty subsistence from a sterile soil saw themselves enriched in an instant. They woke up and found themselves wealthy. A fourth stratum of oil-sand rock was found. Hundreds of wells went down. A forest of derricks studded the country. The business was enormously profitable at first and is now very remunerative, although crude oil which rose from ten cents a barrel in 1861 to \$14 in 1864, now sells for only about \$1.17. But science has already multiplied many fold the uses of petroleum,

and is still constantly inventing new ones.

For a long while the origin of the oil was one of nature's secrets. Theories of various degrees of probability were advanced. One sagacious person declared that a vast school of whales had been caught in shallow water in pre-historic times; that earth had gradually formed above them, and that the diggers had found the oil that had lain within these carcasses! A more reasonable theory was that the oil was contained in coal, and that the pressure of superincumbent earth and rock had squeezed it out of the coalshales into the sandy beds below. The discovery of impervious belts of solid rock between the coal and oil put an end to this idea. Petroleum is the product of seaweeds,—“the fat weed that rots itself at ease on Lethæ's wharf,” as Shakspeare has it. The great oil field is triangular, with the Alleghanies at its base and Pittsburgh for its apex. This was once an arm of the sea, swarming with marine vegetable life.

The plants with which it was filled were rich in unctuous juices, which have since lain in the oil beds beneath the earth that has replaced the water. “Through these changes,” says Professor Owen, “the ‘weeds’ have come at last to cure a rheumatism and help heal a gash; to light the feet of the night wanderer and guide the hand of the pale student penning his thoughts in the long dark hours; to clothe the fair maiden in hues rivaling those of lily and rose; to stimulate the inventive faculty and add wealth to the communities of men of foremost race; and among them to supply, also, tools to a cozening tempter and to put a power into the hands of maddened denizens of breadless hovels to spread the flames of destruction through the palaces of kings.” The last allusion is more intelligible when we remember that the petroleum of Pennsylvania burned the palaces of Paris.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Selections.

THE REVIVAL THAT IS NEEDED.—Rev. Dr. Cuyler, in the *Independent*, pointedly says: The revival we need is not only a revival of sounder scriptural preaching, but a revival of true Christian living. We have had quite a surfeit of the religion which luxuriates in the devout fervors of the prayer meeting and camp ground; which sings sweet hymns and applauds sweet sermons, and then goes straight off to its money grasping and its pleasure seeking, and its wanderings to self and sin. God forbid that we speak lightly of true spiritual emotion. But the Christianity which Christ demands is something deeper than a song, or a sermon or a sacrament. It is the holy and the humble imitation of Himself.

The revival, then, which we need, is a revival of the religion which keeps God's commandments; which tells the truth and sticks to its promises; which cares more for a good character than a fine coat; which votes at the ballot-box in the same direction that it prays; which denies ungodly lusts, and which can be trusted in every stress of temptation. A revival which will sweeten our homes and chasten our press and purify our politics and cleanse our business and commerce from roguery and rottenness would be a boon from heaven. A revival which will bring not only a Bible knowledge but a Bible conscience to all, is what the land is dying for. The world's sorest want to-day is more Christ-like men and women.

Longfellow's Poem.

The poem is named from the French expression for a house warming, or the first party given a newly-married couple to celebrate the hanging of the crane. After the lights are out and the guests are gone one of the party remains and, sitting by the fire on the hearth, pictures the future of the young couple. The poem embodies the story of fifty years of wedded life, and, like Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven," it is divided into seven pictures. The house is thus inaugurated:

"O fortunate, O happy day,
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth,
Like a new star just sprung to birth
And rolled on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space!
So said the guests in speech and song,
As in the chimney, burning bright,
We hung the iron crane to-night,
And merry was the feast and long."

The two occupants, forgetting the world outside, are thus pictured:

"For two alone, there in the hall,
Is spread the table round and small;
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but more divine
The light of love shines over all;
Of love that says not mine and thine
But ours, for ours is time and mine.
They want no guests; they needs must be
Each other's own best company."

This picture fades away, and when it reappears the following is the change in the scene:

"Seated I see the two again,
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the moon;
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before."

He ruleth by the right divine
Of helplessness, so lately born
In purple chambers of the morn,
As sovereign over thee and thine.
He speaketh not, and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes;
The golden silence of the Greek,
The gravest wisdom of the wise,
Not spoken in language, but in looks
More legible than printed books,
As if he could but would not speak."

Another guest appears in the fourth scene, and

"There are two guests at table now;
The king, deposed, and older grown,
No longer occupies the throne,—
The crown is on his sister's brow;
A Princess from the Fairy Tales,
The very pattern girl of girls,
All covered and embowered in curls,
Rose-tinted from the Isle of Flowers,
And sailing with soft silken sails
From far-off Dreamland into ours.
Above their brows with rims of blue
Four azure eyes of deeper hue
Are looking, dreamy with delight;
Limpid as planets that emerge
Above the ocean's rounded verge,
Soft shining through the summer night.
Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see
Beyond the horizon of their brows;
Nor care they for the world that rolls
With all its freight of troubled souls
Into the days that are to be."

Again the "drifting vapors intervene," and the table has wider grown:

"I see it garlanded with guests,
As if fair Ariadne's Crown
Out of the sky had fallen down;
Maidens within whose tender breasts
A thousand restless hopes and fears,
Forth reaching to the coming years,
Flutter awhile, then quiet lie,
Like timid birds that fain would fly,
But do not dare to leave their nests;—
And youths, who in their strength elate
Challenge the van and front of fate,
Eager as champions to be
In the divine knight-errantry
Of youth, that travels sea and land
Seeking adventures, or pursues
Through cities and through solitudes
Frequented by the lyric Muse,
The phantom with the beckoning hand,
That still allures and still eludes.
O sweet illusions of the brain!
O sudden thrills of fire and frost!
The world is bright while ye remain,
And dark and dead when ye are lost!"

The circle narrows by separation and death until

"I see the two alone remain.
The crown of stars is broken in parts;
Its jewels, brighter than the day,
Have one by one been stolen away
To shine in other homes and hearts.
One is a wanderer now afar
In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,
Or sunny regions of Cathay;
And one is in the boisterous camp,
Mid clink of arms and horse's tramp,
And battle's terrible array."

The concluding picture is drawn as follows:

"What see I now? The night is fair,
The storm of grief, the clouds of care,
The wind, the rain, have passed away;
The lamps are lit, the fires burn bright,
The house is full of life and light—
It is the Golden Wedding-day.
The guests come thronging in once more,
Quick footsteps sound along the floor,
The trooping children crowd the stair,
And in and out and everywhere
Flashes along the corridor
The sunshine of their golden hair."

O fortunate, O happy day!
The people sing, the people say.
The ancient bridegroom and the bride,
Serenely smiling on the scene,
Behold well-pleased on every side
Their forms and features multiplied,
As the reflection of a light
Between two burnished mirrors gleams,
Or lamps upon a bridge at night
Stretch on and on before the sight,
Till the long vista endless seems."

The reading was listened to with marked attention and a warm round of appreciative applause greeted the conclusion.

8

Josiah Sheffield

D^r

1809	Sept 1810	To Repairing Shop 6 1/2 Days @ 9/-	97
	Oct	9 1/2 Days Labour on Barn 2 9/-	14 2
1809	Decemb 4	Labour & Barn 5/-	
1809	1812 Decemb	Shoemaker's bench 12/- 3 pot covers 1/6	2 2
1813	March 20	repairing Calash 10/6 2 ^d close horse 2/6	2 1
3			29 2

1809	March 25	To Balance Post-Lane	7 2
1810	Decemb 26	Making Door & his Hinge 1 1/4	
1818	Feb 7	Labour & 2 ^d @ 2/-	2 8
1818	May	Making Shear pole 20	6
	May	Labour & his House 4/-	10 8

Charles Pitman

D^r

1810	Oct	To 6 Days Labour fencing @ 9/-	9
1810	April	repairing cradle 4/6	
1811	Sept	4 Days Labour & his House @ 10/6	7
	Oct	making table 9/-	1 3
1812	Jan 7	making front Door & other Labour	1 2
		making Wheel barrow 12	2
		wash machine 19/6 - close Horse 12/-	5
1815	April 20	mending wash machine 1/6	
1815	Sept	whetting & Saws @ 30 ^{cts} Making Crook 33 ^{cts}	
1815	June	Labour on Portch 5 Days @ 10/6	8 1/2
		3 Days @ 50 ^{cts} 2 Window frames @ 6/-	3 3
		48 Squares, Sashes @ 5 ^{cts} Sink Bottom 35 ^{cts}	2 1
			42 1/2

consciousness returned, with all its speakable and unspeakable horrors. "Or if he could come to me for a moment, only one moment, that I might ask his forgiveness, and tell

him and I danced until I could dance no longer, and Adair asked me to go out on the green. The moon shone like day, and we sat down under the lilac blooms. Now, when I see them through that window in the Springtime, nodding in the breezes, comes fresh to me that night of my youth.

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WAN LEE, THE PAGAN.

BY BRET HARTE.

At the end of Hop Sing's letter, there fluttered a square strip of yellow paper covered with hieroglyphics, which, at first glance, innocently took to be the label from a pack of Chinese fire-crackers. But the same envelope contained a smaller strip of rice paper, with Chinese characters traced in India ink, that at once knew to be Hop Sing's visiting card. As a whole, as afterward literally translated, ran as follows:

To the stranger the gates of my house are not closed: the rice-jar is on the left, and the sweetmeats on the right as you enter. Two sayings of the Master: Hospitality is the virtue of the son and the wisdom of the ancestor. The superior man is light-hearted after the drop-gathering; he makes a festival. When the stranger is in your melon-patch observe him not too closely; inattention is often the highest form of civility. Happiness, Peace, and Prosperity.

Admirable, certainly, as was this morality and proverbial wisdom, and although this last axiom was very characteristic of my friend Hop Sing, no was that most sombre of all humorists, a Chinese philosopher, I must confess that, even after a very free translation, I was at a loss to take any immediate application of the message. Luckily I discovered a third inclosure in the shape of a little note in English, and Hop Sing's own commercial hand. It ran thus:

The pleasure of your company is requested at — Sacramento street, on Friday evening, at eight o'clock. A cup of tea at nine—sharp. Hop Sing."

This explained all. It meant a visit to Hop Sing's warehouse, the opening and exhibition of the rare Chinese novelties and curios, a chat in the back office, a cup of tea of a perfection unknown beyond those sacred precincts, cigars, and a visit to the Chinese theatre or temple. This was in fact the favorite programme of Hop Sing when he exercised his functions of hospitality as the chief factor or superintendent of the Ning Company.

At 8 o'clock on Friday evening I entered the warehouse of Hop Sing. There was that deliciously commingled mysterious foreign odor that I had so often noticed; there was the old array of uncouth-looking objects, the long procession of jars and crockery, the same singular blending of the grotesque and the mathematically exact and exact, the same endless suggestions of solidity and fragility, the same want of harmony of colors that were each, in themselves, beautiful and rare. Kites in the shape of enormous dragon and gigantic butterflies; kites so ingeniously arranged as to utter at intervals, when facing the wind, the cry of a hawk; kites so large as to be beyond any boy's power of restraint—so large that you understood why kite-flying in China was an amusement for adults; gods of china and bronze so gratuitously ugly as to be beyond any man's interest or sympathy from their very immensity; jars of sweetmeats covered all over with moral sentiments from Confucius; hats that looked like baskets, and baskets that looked like hats; silks so light that I hesitate to record the redible number of square yards that you might pass through the ring on your little finger—these and a great many other incredible objects were familiar to me. I pushed my way through the dimly-lighted warehouse until I reached the back door or parlor, where I found Hop Sing waiting to receive me.

Before I describe him I want the average reader to discharge from his mind any idea of a Chinaman that he may have gathered from the pantheon. He did not wear beautifully scalloped trousers fringed with little bells—I never met a naman who did; he did not habitually carry a forefinger extended before him at right angles to his body, nor did I ever hear him utter the atrocious sentence, "Ching-a-ring-a-ring-chaw," dance under any provocation. He was, on the whole, a rather grave, decorous, handsome man. His complexion, which extended all over his head except where his long pig-tail was, was like a very nice piece of glazed paper. His eyes were black and bright, and his lids set at an angle of fifteen degrees; his mouth was straight and delicately-formed, his mouth full, and his teeth white and clean. He wore a blue silk blouse; and in the streets, on cold days, a short-jacket of astrakhan fur. He wore a pair of drawers of blue brocade gathered loosely over his calves and ankles, offering a generous suggestion that he had forgotten his trousers that morning, but that, so gentlemanly in his manners, his friends had forbore to mention the fact to him. His manner was urbane, although quite serious. He spoke French and English fluently. In brief, I don't if you have found the equal of this Pagan shopkeeper among the Christian traders of San Francisco.

There were a few others present—a judge of the federal court, an editor, a high government official, and a prominent merchant. After we had our tea, and tasted a few sweetmeats from the mysterious jar, that looked as if it might contain preserved mouse among its other nondescript treasures, Hop Sing arose, and gravely beckoned us to follow him, began to descend to the basement. When we got there, we were amazed to find it brilliantly lighted, and that a number of us were arranged in a half-circle on the pavement. When he had courteously

invited you to witness a performance I can at least promise you no other foreign-gymnasts have ever seen. Wang, the juggler, arrived here yesterday morning, never given a performance on side of the

palace before. I have asked him to entertain my friends this evening. He requires no theater, stage accessories, nor any confederate—nothing more than you see here. Will you be pleased to examine the ground yourselves, gentlemen?"

Of course we examined the premises. It was the ordinary basement or cellar of the San Francisco store-house, cemented to keep out the damp. We poked our sticks into the pavement and rapped on the wall to satisfy our polite host, but for no other purpose. We were quite content to be the victims of any clever deception. For myself, I knew I was ready to be deluded to any extent, and if I had been offered an explanation of what followed I should have probably declined it.

Although I am satisfied that Wang's general performance was the first of that kind ever given on American soil, it has probably since become so familiar to many of my readers that I shall not bore them with it here. He began by setting to flight, with the aid of his fan, the usual number of butterflies made before our eyes of little bits of tissue paper, and kept them in the air during the remainder of the performance. I have a vivid recollection of the judge trying to catch one that had lit on his knee, and of its evading him with the pertinacity of a living insect. And even at this time Wang, still playing his fan, was taking chickens out of hats, making oranges disappear, pulling endless yards of silk from his sleeve, apparently filling the whole area of the basement with goods that appeared mysteriously from the ground, from his own sleeves, from nowhere! He swallowed knives to the ruin of his digestion for years to come, he dislocated every limb of his body, he reclined in the air, apparently upon nothing, but his crowning performance, which I have never yet seen repeated, was the most weird, mysterious, and astounding. It is my apology for this long introduction, my sole excuse for writing this article, the genesis of this veracious history.

He cleared the ground of its encumbering articles for a space of about fifteen feet square, and then invited us to walk forward and again examine it. We did so gravely; there was nothing but the cemented pavement below to be seen or felt. He then asked for the loan of a handkerchief, and as I chanced to be nearest him, I offered mine. He took it, and spread it upon the floor. Over this he spread a large square of silk, and over this again a large shawl nearly covering the space he had cleared. He then took a position at one of the points of this rectangle, and began a monotonous chant, rocking his body to and fro in time with the somewhat lugubrious air.

We sat still and waited. Above the chant we could hear the striking of the city clock, and the occasional rattle of a cart in the street overhead. The absolute watchfulness and expectation, the dim, mysterious half-light of the cellar falling in a grewsome way upon the misshapen bulk of a Chinese deity in the background, a faint smell of opium smoke mingling with spice, and the dreadful uncertainty of what we were really waiting for, sent an uncommon thrill down our backs, and made us look at each other with a forced and unnatural smile. This feeling was heightened when Hop Sing slowly arose, and, without a word, pointed with his finger to the centre of the shawl.

There was something beneath that shawl, surely—and something that was not there before. At first a mere suggestion in relief, a faint outline; but growing more and more distinct and visible every moment. The chant still continued, the perspiration began to roll from the singer's face, gradually the hidden object took upon itself a shape and bulk that raised the shawl in its centre some five or six inches. It was now unmistakably the outline of a small but perfect human figure, with extended arms and legs. One or two of us turned pale, there was a feeling of general uneasiness, until the editor broke the silence by a gibe that, poor as it was, was received with spontaneous enthusiasm. Then the chant suddenly ceased, Wang arose, and, with a quick, dexterous movement, stripped both shawl and silk away, and discovered sleeping peacefully upon my handkerchief, a tiny Chinese baby.

The applause and uproar which followed this revelation ought to have satisfied Wang, even if his audience was a small one; it was loud enough to awaken the baby—a pretty little boy, about a year old, looking like a Cupid cut out of sandalwood. He was almost as mysteriously as he appeared. When Hop Sing returned my handkerchief to me with a bow, I asked if the juggler was the father of the baby. "No sake!" said the imperturbable Hop Sing, taking refuge in that Spanish form of non-committalism so common in California.

"But does he have a new baby for every performance?" I asked. "Perhaps; who knows?" "But what will become of this one?" "What ever you choose, gentlemen," replied Hop Sing, with a courteous inclination, "it was born here—you are its godfathers."

There were two characteristic peculiarities of any Californian assemblage in 1856; it was quick to take a hint, and generous to the point of prodigality in its response to any charitable appeal. No matter how sordid or avaricious the individual, he could not resist the infection of sympathy. I doubled the points of my handkerchief into a bag, dropped a coin into it, and, without a word, passed it to the judge. He quickly added a twenty-dollar gold-piece, and passed it to the next; when it was returned to me it contained over a hundred dollars. I knotted the money in the handkerchief, and gave it to Hop Sing.

"For the baby from its godfathers." "But what name?" said the judge. "There was a running fire of 'Erebus,' 'Nox,' 'Plutus,' 'Terra Cotta,' 'Anteus,' etc., etc., etc. Finally the question was referred to our host. 'Why not keep his own name?' he said quietly—'Wan Lee.' And he did.

And thus was Wan Lee, on the night of Friday, the 5th of March, 1850, born into this veracious chronicle.

The last form of *The Northern Star* for the 19th of July, 1865—the only daily paper published in Klamath county—had just gone to press, and at 3 A. M. I was putting aside my proofs and manuscripts, preparatory to going home, when I discovered a letter lying under some sheets of paper which I must have overlooked. The envelop was considerably soiled, it had no postmark, but I had no difficulty in recognizing the hand of my friend Hop Sing. I opened it hurriedly, and read as follows:

MY DEAR SIR: I do not know whether the bearer will suit you, but unless the office of "devil" in your newspaper is a purely technical one, I think he has all the qualities required. He is very quick, active, and intelligent; understands English better than he speaks it, and makes up for any defect by his habits of observation and imitation. You have only to show him how to do a thing once, and he will repeat it, whether it is an offense or a virtue. But you certainly know him already; you are one of his god-fathers, for is he not Wan Lee, the reputed son of Wang, the conjurer, to whose performances I had the honor to introduce you? But perhaps you have forgotten it.

I shall send him with a gang of coolies to Stockton, thence by express to your town. If you can use him there you will do me a favor, and probably save his life, which is at present in great peril from the hands of the younger members of your Christian and highly civilized race, who attend the enlightened schools in San Francisco.

He has acquired some singular habits and customs from his experience of Wang's profession, which he followed for some years, until he became too large to go into a hat or be produced in his father's sleeve. The money you left with me has been expended on his education; he has gone through the tri-literal classics, but I think without much benefit. He knows but little of Confucius, and absolutely nothing of Mencius. Owing to the negligence of his father, he associated, perhaps, too much with American children.

I should have answered your letter before by post, but I thought Wan Lee himself would be a better messenger for this.

Yours respectfully,

HOP SING.

And this was the long-delayed answer to my letter to Hop Sing. But where was the "bearer?" How was the letter delivered? I summoned hastily the foreman, printers, and office-boy, but without eliciting anything; no one had seen the letter delivered, nor knew anything of the bearer. A few days later I had a visit from my laundryman, Ah Ki.

"You wantee debbil? All lightee; me catchee him."

He returned in a few moments with a bright-looking Chinese boy, about ten years old, with whose appearance and general intelligence I was so greatly impressed that I engaged him on the spot. When the business was concluded, I asked his name.

"Wan Lee," said the boy.

"What! Are you the boy sent out by Hop Sing? What the devil do you mean by not coming here before, and how did you deliver that letter?"

Wan Lee looked at me and laughed. "Me pitchee in top side window."

I did not understand. He looked for a moment perplexed, and then, snatching the letter out of my hand, ran down the stairs. After a moment's pause, to my great astonishment, the letter came flying in the window, circled twice around the room, and then dropped gently like a bird upon my table. Before I had got over my surprise Wan Lee reappeared, smiled, looked at the letter and then at me, said, "So, John," and then remained gravely silent. I said nothing further, but it was understood that this was his first official act.

His next performance, I grieve to say, was not attended with equal success. One of our regular paper-carriers fell sick, and, at a pinch, Wan Lee was ordered to fill his place. To prevent mistakes he was shown over the route the previous evening and supplied at about daylight with the usual number of subscribers' copies. He returned after an hour, in good spirits, and without the papers. He had delivered them all, he said.

Unfortunately for Wan Lee, at about eight o'clock indignant subscribers began to arrive at the office. They had received their copies; but how? In the form of hard-pressed cannon balls, delivered by a single shot and a mere *tour de force* through the glass of the bed-room windows. They had received them full in the face, like a base ball, if they happened to be up and stirring; they had received them in quarter-sheets, tucked in at separate windows; they had found them in the chimney, pinned against the door, shot through attic windows, delivered in long slips through convenient key-holes, stuffed into ventilators, and occupying the same can with the morning's milk. One subscriber who waited for some time at the office door to have a personal interview with Wan Lee (then comfortably locked in my bed-room), told me, with tears of rage in his eyes, that he had been awakened at 5 o'clock by a most hideous yelling below his windows; that on rising, in great agitation, he was startled by the sudden appearance of the *Northern Star*, rolled hard and bent into the form of a boomerang, or East Indian club, that sailed into the window, described a number of fiendish circles in the room, knocked over the light, slapped the baby's face, "took" him (the subscriber) "in the jaw," and then returned out of the window, and dropped helpless in the area. During the rest of the day wads and strips of soiled paper, purporting to be copies of the *Northern Star* of that morning's issue, were brought indignantly to the office. An admirable editorial on "The Resources of Humboldt county," which I had constructed the evening before, and which, I had reason to believe, might have changed the whole balance of trade during the ensuing year, and left San Francisco bankrupt at her wharves, was in this way lost to the public.

It was deemed advisable for the next three weeks to keep Wan Lee closely confined to the printing office and the purely mechanical part of the business. Here he developed a surprising

quickness and adaptability, winning even the favor and good-will of the printers and foreman, who at first looked upon his introduction into the secrets of their trade as fraught with the gravest political significance. He learned to set type readily and neatly, his wonderful skill in manipulation aiding him in the mere mechanical act, and his ignorance of the language confining him simply to the mechanical effort—confirming the printer's axiom that the printer who considers or follows the ideas of his copy makes a poor compositor. He would set up deliberately long diatribes against himself, composed by his fellow-printers, and hung on his hook as copy, and even such short sentences as "Wan Lee is the devil's own imp;" "Wan Lee is a Mongolian rascal," and bring the proof to me with happiness beaming from every tooth and satisfaction shining in his huckleberry eyes.

It was not long, however, before he learned to retaliate on his mischievous persecutors. I remember one instance in which his reprisal came very near involving me in a serious misunderstanding. Our foreman's name was Webster, and Wan Lee presently learned to know and recognize the individual and combined letters of his name. It was during a political campaign, and the eloquent and fiery Colonel Starbottle of Siskiyou had delivered an effective speech, which was reported especially for *The Northern Star*. In a very sublime peroration Colonel Starbottle had said: "In the language from the god-like Webster, I repeat,"—and here followed the quotation, which I have forgotten. Now it chanced that Wan Lee, looking over the galley after it had been revised, saw the name of his chief persecutor, and, of course, imagined the quotation his. After the form was locked up, Wan Lee took advantage of Webster's absence to remove the quotation, and to substitute a thin piece of lead, of the same size as the type, engraved with Chinese characters, making a sentence which, I had reason to believe, was an utter and abject confession of the incapacity and offensiveness of the Webster family generally, and exceedingly eulogistic of Wan Lee himself personally.

The next morning's paper contained Colonel Starbottle's speech in full, in which it appeared that the "godlike" Webster had on one occasion uttered his thoughts in excellent but perfectly enigmatical Chinese. The rage of Colonel Starbottle knew no bounds. I have a vivid recollection of that admirable man walking into my office and demanding a retraction of the statement.

"But, my dear sir," I asked, "are you willing to deny, over your own signature, that Webster ever uttered such a sentence? Dare you deny that, with Mr. Webster's well-known attainments, a knowledge of the Chinese might not have been among the number? Are you willing to submit a translation suitable to the capacity of our readers, and deny, upon your honor as a gentleman, that the late Mr. Webster ever uttered such a sentiment? If you are, I am willing to publish your denial."

The Colonel was not, and left highly indignant. Webster, the foreman, took it more coolly. Happily, he was unaware that for two days after, Chinamen from the laundries, from the gulches, from the kitchens, looked into the front office-door with faces beaming with sardonic delight; that 300 extra copies of the *Star* were ordered for the wash-houses on the river. He only knew that during the day Wan Lee occasionally went off into convulsive spasms, and that he was obliged to kick him into consciousness again. A week after the occurrence I called Wan Lee into my office.

"Wan," I said, gravely, "I should like you to give me, for my own personal satisfaction, a translation of that Chinese sentence which my gifted countryman, the late godlike Webster, uttered upon a public occasion." Wan Lee looked at me intently, and the slightest possible twinkle crept into his black eyes. Then he replied, with equal gravity:

"Mishtel Webster, he say: 'Chinee boy makee me bellee much foollee. Chinee boy makee me heap sick.' Which I have reason to think was true."

But I fear I am giving but one side, and not the best, of Wan Lee's character. As he imparted it to me, his had been a hard life. He had known scarcely any childhood—he had no recollection of a father or mother. The conjurer Wang had brought him up. He had spent the first seven years of his life in appearing from baskets, in dropping out of hats, in climbing ladders, in putting his little limbs out of joint in posturing. He had lived in an atmosphere of trickery and deception; he had learned to look upon mankind as dupes of their senses; in fine, if he thought at all, he would have been a skeptic, if he had been a little older, he would have been a cynic, if he had been older still, he would have been a philosopher. As it was, he was a little imp! A good-natured imp it was, too—an imp whose moral nature had never been awakened, an imp up for a holiday, and willing to try virtue as a diversion. I don't know that he had any spiritual nature; he was very superstitious; he carried about with him a hideous little porcelain god, which he was in the habit of alternately reviling and propitiating. He was too intelligent for the commoner Chinese vices of stealing or gratuitous lying. Whatever discipline he practiced was taught by his intellect.

I am inclined to think that his feelings were not altogether unimpressible, although it was almost impossible to extract an expression from him, and I conscientiously believe he became attached to those that were good to him. What he might have become under more favorable conditions than the bondage of an overworked, underpaid, literary man, I don't know; I only know that the scant, irregular, impulsive kindnesses that I showed him were gratefully received. He was very loyal and patient—two qualities rare in the average

American servant. He was like Malvolio, "sad and civil" with me; only once, and then under great provocation, do I remember of his exhibiting any impatience. It was my habit, after leaving the office at night, to take him with me to my rooms, as the bearer of any supplemental or happy after-thought in the editorial way that might occur to me before the paper went to press. One night I had been scribbling away past the usual hour of dismissing Wan Lee, and had become quite oblivious of his presence in a chair near my door, when suddenly I became aware of a voice saying, in plaintive accents, something that sounded like "Chy Lee."

I faced around sternly.

"What did you say?"

"Me say 'Chy Lee.'"

"Well?" I said, impatiently.

"You sabe 'How do, John?'"

"Yes."

"Well, 'Chy Lee' allee same!"

I understood him quite plainly. It appeared that "Chy Lee" was a form of "good night," and that Wan Lee was anxious to go home. But an instinct of mischief, which, I fear, I possessed in common with him, impelled me to act as if oblivious of the hint. I muttered something about not understanding him, and again bent over my work. In a few minutes I heard his wooden shoes pattering pathetically over the floor. I looked up. He was standing near the door.

"You no sabe 'Chy Lee?'"

"No," I said sternly.

"You sabe mucchee big foollee!—allee same!"

And with this audacity upon his lips, he fled. The next morning, however, he was as meek and patient as before, and I did not recall his offense. As a probable peace-offering, he blacked all my boots—a duty never required of him—including a pair of buff deer-skin slippers and an immense pair of horseman's jack-boots, on which he indulged his remorse for two hours.

I have spoken of his honesty as being a quality of his intellect rather than a principle, but I recall about this time two exceptions to the rule. I was anxious to get some fresh eggs, as a change to the heavy diet of a mining town, and knowing that Wan Lee's countrymen were great poultry-raisers, I applied to him. He furnished me with them regularly every morning, but refused to take any pay, saying that the man did not sell them—a remarkable instance of self-abnegation, as eggs were then worth half a dollar apiece. One morning my neighbor, Foster, dropped in upon me at breakfast, and took occasion to bewail his own ill-fortune, as his hens had lately stopped laying, or wandered off in the bush. Wan Lee, who was present during our colloquy, preserved his characteristic sad taciturnity. When my neighbor had gone, he turned to me with a slight chuckle: "Flostie's hens—Wan Lee's hens—allee same!" His other offense was more serious and ambitious. It was a season of great irregularities in the mails, and Wan Lee had heard me deplore the delay in the delivery of my letters and newspapers. On arriving at my office one day, I was amazed to find my table covered with letters, evidently just from the post-office, but, unfortunately, not one of them addressed to me. I turned to Wan Lee, who was surveying them with a calm satisfaction, and demanded an explanation. To my horror he pointed to an empty mail-bag in the corner, and said: "Postman he say 'No lettee, John—no lettee, John.' Postman plentee lie! Postman no good. Me catches lettee last night—allee same!" Luckily it was still early; the mails had not been distributed; I had a hurried interview with the postmaster, and Wan Lee's bold attempt at robbing the United States mail was finally condoned by the purchase of a new mail-bag, and the whole affair thus kept a secret.

If my liking for my little Pagan page had not been sufficient, my duty to Hop Sing was enough to cause me to take Wan Lee with me when I returned to San Francisco, after my two years' experience with the *Northern Star*. I do not think he contemplated the change with pleasure. I attributed his feelings to a nervous dread of crowded public streets—when he had to go across town for me on an errand, he always made a long circuit of the outskirts—to his dislike for the discipline of the Chinese and English school to which I proposed to send him, to his fondness for the free, vagrant life of the mines, to sheer willfulness! That it might have been a superstitious premonition did not occur to me until long ago.

Nevertheless it really seemed as if the opportunity I had long looked for and confidently expected had come—the opportunity of placing Wan Lee under gently restraining influences, of subjecting him to a life and experience that would draw out of him what good my superficial care and ill-regulated kindness could not reach. Wan Lee was placed at the school of a Chinese missionary—an intelligent and kind-hearted clergyman, who had shown great interest in the boy, and who, better than all, had a wonderful faith in him. A home was found for him in the family of a widow, who had a bright and interesting daughter about two years younger than Wan Lee. It was this bright, cheery, innocent, and artless child that touched and reached a depth in the boy's nature that hitherto had been unsuspected; that awakened a moral susceptibility which had lain for years insensible alike to the teachings of society or the ethics of the theologian.

These few brief months, bright with a promise that we never saw fulfilled, must have been happy ones to Wan Lee. He worshiped his little friend with something of the same superstition, but without any of the caprice, that he bestowed upon his porcelain pagan god. It was his delight to walk behind her to school, carrying her books—a service always fraught with danger to him from the little hands of his Caucasian Christian brothers. He made her the most marvelous toys; he

would cut out of carrots and turnips the most astonishing roses and tulips; he made life-like chickens out of melon-seeds; he constructed fans and kites, and was singularly proficient in the making of dolls' paper dresses. On the other hand, she played and sang to him, taught him a thousand little prettinesses and refinements only known to girls, gave him a yellow ribbon for his pig-tail, as best suiting his complexion, read to him, showed him wherein he was original and valuable, took him to Sunday School with her, against the precedents of the school, and, small-womanlike, triumphed. I wish I could add, here, that she effected his conversion, and made him give up his porcelain god; but I am telling a true story, and this little girl was quite content to fill him with her own Christian goodness, without letting him know that he was changed. So they got along very well together—this little Christian girl, with her shining cross hanging around her plump, white little neck, and this dark little pagan, with his hideous porcelain god hidden away in his blouse.

There were two days of that eventful year which will long be remembered in San Francisco—two days when a mob of her citizens set upon and killed unarmed, defenseless foreigners, because they were foreigners and of another race, religion, and color, and worked for what wages they could get. There were some public men so timid, that, seeing this, they thought that the end of the world had come; there were some eminent statesmen whose names I am ashamed to write here, who began to think that the passage in the Constitution which guarantees civil and religious liberty to every citizen or foreigner was a mistake. But there were also some men who were not so easily frightened, and in twenty-four hours we had things so arranged that the timid men could wring their hands in safety, and the eminent statesmen utter their doubts without hurting anybody or anything. And, in the midst of this, I got a note from Hop Sing, asking me to come to him immediately.

I found his warehouse closed and strongly guarded by the police against any possible attack of the rioters. Hop Sing admitted me through a barred grating with his usual imperturbable calm, but, as it seemed to me, with more than his usual seriousness. Without a word he took my hand and led me to the rear of the room, and thence down stairs into the basement. It was dimly lighted, and there was something lying on the floor covered by a shawl. As I approached he drew the shawl away with a sudden gesture, and revealed Wan Lee, the pagan, lying there dead!

Dead, my reverend friends, dead! Stoned to death in the streets of San Francisco, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, by a mob of half-grown boys and Christian school children.

As I put my hand reverently upon his breast I felt something crumbling beneath his blouse. I looked inquiringly at Hop Sing. He put his hands between the folds of silk and drew out something with the first bitter smile I had ever seen on the face of that pagan gentleman.

It was Wan Lee's porcelain god, crushed by a stone from the hands of those Christian iconoclasts!—*Scribner's for September.*

Shaw Stone - 4 40
Garden Gate - 9H
10 51
30
10 81

Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet, Admiral of the White, M. P. for Ilchester, and a Member of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society. The Coffin family is of ancient origin. The direct Ancestor of Sir Isaac, was Tristram Coffin, Esq., of Brixton, in Devonshire, who emigrated to America, in 1642, taking with him the widow of his brother, (who had been killed in battle) and settled in Salisbury, near Newburyport.

Admiral Coffin was born in Boston, May 16, 1759. His father was Nathaniel Coffin, Esq., Cashier of the Customs in Boston, and his mother Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Henry Barnes, merchant, also of Boston. He entered the Navy in 1773, under the patronage of Admiral John Montague, who confided him to the care of Lieut. Hunter, then commander of the Gaspee brig, on the American station. He served as Midshipman on board the Captain, Kingfisher, Torrey, Diligent and Romney. In 1778, he obtained a Lieutenantcy, and commanded the Placencia cutter, and afterwards the Le Pinson armed ship. In this last vessel, owing to the negligence of the Sailing Master, he was wrecked on the coast of Labrador. In the account of the awful scenes which occurred in the night after the disaster, the sea breaking furiously over the crew, who were holding on by the quarter deck, the aft of the vessel being under water, it is said Lieut. Coffin's presence of mind never forsook him. He continued to cheer up the men, and they were taken off the next morning. He was of course tried for the loss of the vessel, but was honorably acquitted. In 1779 he was appointed to the Adamant, of Liverpool, and in executing the impress warrants directed to him, he encountered many conflicts with the seamen, who were furnished with arms by the merchants, and was seriously wounded on the head, his skull fractured, and many times roughly handled.

He afterwards convoyed the trade to New York, and was transferred to the London, 98 guns, commanded by Admiral Groves, from her to the Royal Oak, Admiral Arbuthnot, and was signal Lieutenant in the action of March 16th, 1781, with the French fleet, off Cape Henry. In July, 1781, he was promoted to the rank of Commander; and was appointed to the Avenger sloop, and afterwards to the Pocahontas. He then proceeded to the West Indies, and served as a volunteer on board of the Balfour, 98 guns, bearing Sir Samuel Hood's flag, and participated in the memorable events which ensued. He was in the splendid battle of April 12th, 1782, which resulted in the capture of the celebrated Count de Grasse. In this action one of the most destructive balls discharged by the French ship, passed close by the person of Lieutenant Coffin, and killed an unusual number of men, while at the moment he was directing the arrangement of the guns. While at Jamaica on board of this ship, his exertions in a barge to tow a large store ship which had taken fire, clear of the fleet, were so conspicuous, that he received the thanks of Lord Hood for his eminent services. About the same time, when the Monarch, of 74 guns, got aground on a reef, Capt. Coffin being an excellent swimmer, dived under her bottom, to ascertain the state of her keel, at the imminent risk of being devoured by the sharks. While in command of the Shrewsbury, he was brought to a Court-

martial by the order of Lord Rodney, commander of the fleet, for disobedience of his orders, in refusing to receive three officers appointed by his Lordship, but who were not qualified agreeably to the general printed instructions of the Admiralty. He was acquitted, and his conduct approved by the Admiralty. This incident is copied to record the independence manifested in resisting an illegal order issued by an Admiral, at the moment of his brightest naval renown, acquired by his defeat and capture of Count de Grasse. In 1791, he received the flag of Admiral Cosby, at Cork, and proceeded in the Alligator to America, and returned the ensuing autumn, with Lord Dorchester and his family as passengers.

At the commencement of the French Revolutionary war, Captain Coffin, after having visited Sweden, Denmark and Russia, was appointed to the Melampas frigate. Whilst at Liverpool, to obtain his crew, he saw a man fall overboard from a flat, and instantly plunged after him and saved his life. His exertions on this and other occasions, brought on a double rupture, which obliged him to quit his ship, and for four months he remained literally a cripple.

On his recovery he was appointed to the regulating service at Leith, and in 1795 resided in Corsica, as Commissioner, until 1796, where he twice escaped assassination. In one instance returning from a ball, he was attacked by two men and beat them both soundly, taking the pistol from one of them.

From Corsica he sailed for Lisbon, where he continued actively employed for two years, at the head of the naval establishment, and had several hair-breadth escapes from the Portuguese bravoos.

In 1798, Commissioner Coffin was appointed to the superintendence of the Arsenal at Port Mahon, the Island of Minorca, having fallen into the possession of the British. Afterwards, being at Gibraltar and the French fleet having passed into the Mediterranean, he rode to Lisbon with dispatches, through an enemy's country, in eight days—without resting. He afterwards returned to England, and proceeded in the Venus frigate to Nova Scotia, and continued to perform the arduous duties of a President Commissioner of the Navy, first at Halifax, and subsequently at Sheerness, till April, 1804. In this year he was advanced to the rank of Rear Admiral, and hoisted his flag at Portsmouth. He was soon raised to the dignity of a Baronet of Great Britain, as a reward for his unremitting zeal and good service. In 1808, he was promoted to the rank of Vice Admiral, and has not since been employed. He became a full Admiral in 1814; and at the General Election in 1818, was chosen Representative in Parliament for the borough of Ilchester. [His votes have usually been given with the opposition]. He was married in 1811, to Elizabeth Brown Greenly, daughter of T. Greenly, Esq. Sir Isaac is proprietor of the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He has crossed the Atlantic no less than Thirty-three times.

THE RELIGION OF GOETHE.—Goethe, as we have seen, became, under the influence of Spinoza, a Pantheist; and his "Faust," to which we shall refer hereafter, has been called the "Bible of Pantheism." Not for centuries had the world seen such a child of nature as Goethe was, and most probably it will never see the like again. He opens his eyes and ears wide, and observes reverently every phenomenon which passes before him, and listens silently to the many voices which sound around him. He turns from the thousands of books, a very Tower of Babel, to that great nature which ushered him into life, which shall guide him through it, and lead him out of it. Is he not surrounded on every step by mystery? Does he not see men on all sides toiling and struggling, and leading wretched lives in the hopeless attempt to penetrate to the substance of things which must ever be hidden? Yes, but "man is not born to solve the problems of the world; all he is called upon to do is to find out where the problem commences." With this grand belief, the very essence of wisdom, he sets out, so to speak, in his way through the world. Not hampered by *a priori* theories, not believing that he has got a *passé partout*, or a measure which all things must fit or be made to fit, he demands but one thing—to live, in order to learn. No more reverent mind ever studied Nature. Others have asked whether this world was the best that could have been made; and to hear them speak, one would think, with the Spanish King, that if they had been consulted in the act of creation, things would look very differently, and, need I add, much better than they do now? But not so Goethe, for he is not a jobber or a tinker. "Was machst du an der Welt; sie ist schon gemacht." With deep humility he accepts the world as it is, and throws himself with his great intellect and throbbing heart into her ever-open arms. In the world, in humanity, in nature, he sees everywhere the Divine life—life, it is true, beset by what seem great hindrances and obstacles, yet all the while growing and conquering and ripening for its final triumph. God seems to him so great that he cannot possibly look upon Him as a mathematical problem; he has such a sense of His life and activity pervading all things, that he cannot think of Him as far removed in some immeasurable distance. He hears the Divine voice, not from without, but within. "It is not God that speaks, it is thine own heart," and he can never be in doubt, for "quite softly a god speaks in our breast, and gently, yet distinctly, shows us what to lay hold of and what to avoid." And this fact that he sees and hears, and feels everywhere the Divine, leads him to think of himself, for what else is he but a part of the Divine? In nature Goethe found everything. He required space, and light, and air; he could not live without a vast belief. He looked around him and obtained what he sought. Not in some imaginary world, the fruit of a brain more or less diseased; not amid phantasms and shadows, but in the world of reality, in the midst of men and women with flesh and blood, he moved, a very Agamemnon among them all. To be filled more and more with a sense of that great reality, to find in it the ideal—such was his endeavor. For this he lived, and with great simplicity, and earnestness, and energy, moved by great and holy love, he clung to his Mistress till he died. His last words, "More light," were a revelation of his life. He had humbly received every ray of light, however faint, and endeavored to unite them, so that they might illumine others. Absolute darkness this modern Prometheus could not believe in, but even the uncertain twilight affected him painfully. So much did he love the light.—*Mazmillan's Magazine.*

THE ORPHAN OF THE TEMPLE.

What Mlle. de Brémont Told a Reporter
About the Latest French Pretender.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY REVIVED.

Was the Living Louis XVII. Smuggled from
Prison in a Casket?

PRINCE CHARLES' APPEAL TO LEGITIMISTS.

There resides in one of the fashionable sections of New York the granddaughter of the private secretary of King Louis XVI. of France—that wretched monarch who knew not how to please his people. The lady is Mlle. de Brémont, who is now on her second visit to America, who is a royalist among republicans and who speaks English after a short acquaintance far better than she would have you believe. She is young, vivacious and is animated with a purpose so hard of fulfillment that it would daunt the courage of one who was not so young or not so vivacious. Her cause is none other than that of Prince Charles, the pretended grandson of Louis XVI., and one of the many claimants to that historical reminiscence—the French throne. A reporter of the *HERALD* who was introduced to her listened to a tale, partly traditional and partly new, but altogether so wondrous that it is well worth repeating. If he was not convinced of the truth of the story he was at least convinced that she believed it was true.

AFTER CHAMBORD'S DEATH.

Now and then for almost a hundred years has the world listened incredulously to the mystical account of the Dauphin's escape from the Temple, but it has been revived in stronger form than ever since the death of the Count de Chambord. The legitimists' party was left without a nest egg, as the majority believed; but despite the efforts of the dying Count to turn his followers into the camp of the Orleansists, one wing of the party was ready to accept almost any pretender in preference to giving its allegiance to the Count de Paris. It was a good time for Prince Charles to issue a proclamation, and he did so from his home in Holland, with excellent results. Not only did he gain converts thereby, but he gained shékels. He was none too well off, and "the party," or a portion of it, has undertaken to support him. Where there were hundreds of believers in the account of the Dauphin's escape before the death of Chambord there are now thousands. Several books on the subject of his claims and those of Louis XVII., his father, have been published, or republished, recently in France, and read with avidity by the legitimists. In Prince Charles seemingly lies their only hope of a leader. The party wanted somebody to support, and Charles promptly applied for the situation.

"Mishtel Webster, he say: 'Chinee boy make me believe much foolery. Chinee boy make me heap sick.' Which I have reason to think was true."

But I fear I am giving but one side, and not the best, of Wan Lee's character. As he imparted it to me, his had been a hard life. He had known scarcely any childhood—he had no recollection of a father or mother. The conjurer Wang had brought him up. He had spent the first seven years of his life in appearing from baskets, in dropping out of hats, in climbing ladders, in putting his little limbs out of joint in posturing. He had lived in an atmosphere of trickery and deception; he had learned to look upon mankind as dupes of their senses; in fine, if he thought at all, he would have been a skeptic, if he had been a little older, he would have been a cynic, if he had been older still, he would have been a philosopher. As it was, he was a little imp! A good-natured imp it was, too—an imp whose moral nature had never been awakened, an imp up for a holiday, and willing to try virtue as a diversion. I don't know that he had any spiritual nature; he was very superstitious; he carried about with him a hideous little porcelain god, which he was in the habit of little reviling and propitiating. He was too intelligent for the commoner Chinese vices of stealing or gratuitous lying. Whatever discipline he practiced was taught by his intellect.

I am inclined to think that his feelings were not altogether unimpressible, although it was almost impossible to extract an expression from him, and I conscientiously believe he became attached to those that were good to him. What he might have become under more favorable conditions than the bondage of an overworked, underpaid, literary man, I don't know; I only know that the scant, irregular, impulsive kindnesses that I showed him were gratefully received. He was very loyal and patient—two qualities rare in the average

should temporarily appease the demands of their mad and subjects. We see him escaping from Paris in a closed carriage and the travellers in disguise. The carriage is stopped at Varennes, and we see him carried back to Paris, there to meet with cruelty enough to turn gray the golden locks of a child. We see him in person clinging to the knees of his father when the latter is called to the scaffold. We see him separated from the Queen, and see him fall upon his knees when a brutal jailer tells him that his mother's turn has come to go to the guillotine. We see him tortured by Herbert, the wretch who would make him testify against his dead mother's reputation. Then we see him—a boy not yet a dozen years of age—in confinement so vile that his body was covered with sores and his strength so wasted that he could hardly walk. We see him close his lips with the resolution of lago to "never more speak words," for fear that his mother's shame. We see him saving two years—the only portion of his dinner to tempt a feeble appetite—in order to give them to one of the men in the prison who had done him a kindness. We see him building card houses on the table in his wretched cell, scornfully refusing to notice the Committee of the Public Safety, which had called in alarm to see him; nor even to reciprocate the attentions of the good surgeon Dessault, who was sent too late to his rescue. Last of all, in this pitiful historical record we see his emaciated form borne in a casket from the Temple doors.

ROMANCE RUN MAD.

In the other portrait we see him suffering in the prison, but guarded still by cunning friends. He does not die there, but the casket supposed to contain him dead contains him living, and he escapes to Italy. This is the story that the French legitimists are trying to revive to-day, and which Mlle. de Brémont claims to be able partly to confirm. It reads like a chapter torn from "Monte Cristo." It is improbable, but it is intensely interesting. The friends of the present Bourbon Pretender would have us believe that Louis XVII. was concealed by a friendly keeper (Laurent) in the fourth story of the Temple; that a stuffed figure, replaced almost immediately by a deaf mute and subsequently by a sickly and doomed child, did duty for him until the moment when the real Prince could be hidden in the coffin and removed to a place of safety by way of the cemetery; that the principal agent was a woman of Swiss origin, whose husband taught the boy something of watch making during a residence of uncertain duration in Italy; that on several occasions afterward he was recaptured by the agents of the French government and was the victim of atrocious treatment until 1809, when he has attained the twenty-fourth year of his age; that the royal adventurer, after being many times imprisoned, emerged unscathed from the war in Germany which had swallowed up his most faithful friends, Monmouth and Friedrich, procured admittance to Berlin by means of a borrowed passport bearing the name of Naudendorff, and, being utterly forlorn and friendless, settled as a watchmaker in that city; that by the advice or compulsion of the Minister of Police, who became aware of his identity, he removed to Spandau, where he began the long and persistent assertion of his claims. We are asked to believe that at one time the wanderer was protected by the Pope in Rome; that Pius VIII. and Cardinal Una recognized the claims of his family; that Louis XVIII. and Charles X. were goss usurpers, and were in league with the Prussian monarch to persecute the son of the Martyr King, and that the judges of French and Prussian tribunals down to 1874 were systematically deceived or perverted by prejudice and corruption.

SOME FACT AND SOME FANCY.

This much is certain:—There was a watchmaker in Holland who pretended to be Louis XVII., and his pretensions created no little excitement in France at the time. The story, having preserved a precarious existence for almost a century, now puts on more vitality than ever. The watchmaker had no peace until his death. With due notice to his high born kindred he married, as the story runs, a woman of the people, and at the time when he was overwhelmed with persecutions as an incendiary and a coiner of false money the disowned and despised criminal became the father of a daughter who is said to be the living image of Marie Antoinette. After numberless reverses and the expiration of two and twenty years spent in different German cities he sets forth on foot toward Paris to reclaim his royal birthright, leaving his heroic wife and the grand-daughter of Marie-Antoinette to toil at needlework in order to gain scanty bread for the numerous family. His destination while in Paris as an unknown adventurer had reached a point that left nothing to hope for when the long published contact with the old servants of the King, his father, enabled him to furnish such proofs of his identity as in no case failed to carry conviction. Recognition by his sister was not to be obtained. Those who had usurped his place and grave reasons of State forbade the granting of any interview. He was to be content with the fervent devotion of a Thallian party and a huge European notoriety as the prince of impostors. In many quarters, however, outside the circle of his adherents, a tacit recognition was accorded, and he attained to all the honors and importance of repeated attempts at assassination.

SIX BITS OF TESTIMONY.

The principal circumstances on which the faith of his followers is founded are as follows:—
1. The notorious and criminal ambition of the Count de Provence (Louis XVIII.), denounced by Marie Antoinette; his correspondence with Robespierre and the vendicity of Barras.
2. The testimony of Dr. Dessault, in 1795, who detected the substitution, and died immediately afterward under circumstances that suggested poison.
3. The fact that the guards at the Temple were changed daily and furnished from all the forty-eight sections of Paris, so that none were familiar with the person of the young Prince.
4. Certain marks on the person of the Pretender that the most conclusive facts of memory, which caused him to be recognized, after the lapse of forty years, by sixteen of the nobility and servants of the Court of Louis XVI.—in short, the chief survivors of those most competent to identify him. These included the Marquis de la Roche-Aymon, one of France; M. de Brémont, confidential secretary to Louis XVI.; M. de Joly, Minister of Justice under Louis XVI.; and Mme. de Lambaud, the Dauphin's nurse, with several of whom the Pretender lived on intimate terms for three years.
5. The words of the dying Pretender:—"My heavenly Father, have mercy upon me. Since they cut off my father's head I have been lost in obscurity." Then, fixing his gaze on one of his family whose likeness to the Duchesse d'Angou-

leme recalled her to his mind, he added:—"It is with her I will settle. It is she who should have brought me." "Men have never understood all the good I wished to do them. My son, Edward, what troubles will fall upon France!" "All these words," says a published narrative, "were uttered in a heartrending tone of voice, with energy and majesty, and had not our own eyes seen him lying on his bed, his frame worn out and incapable of movement, we could not have believed them to be those of a dying man." This scene and the points touching on the scenes of his infancy, to which his mind wandered, are vouched for by his Dutch physicians and by General van Meurs, aide-de-camp to the King of Holland.
6. Jules Favre, among many other men of note, expressed himself as convinced of the Pretender's identity.

Mlle. de Brémont's Advocacy.

Mlle. de Brémont said to the reporter:—"My grandfather was convinced of the reality of the claims of Louis XVII. long before he came in contact with him. He had meanwhile been called upon to refute the claims of several pretenders. He was sufficiently assured of the identity of Louis XVII. by the marks on his person, but beyond that there occurred a circumstance which admitted of no doubt whatever. King Louis XVI. had confided to his little son the secret of a casket which he had caused to be made and hidden in compliance with a suggestion from my grandfather. The Pretender had revealed this knowledge before he knew that my grandfather lived."

able to learn that the claims of his family would be generally recognized as soon as the influence of opposing interests should cease.

"I have lived much in the society of the prince and princesses of the family of the Duc de Normandie. The resemblance to the Bourbons and to Marie Antoinette is exceedingly striking, as is evident from the photographs in my possession. I am acquainted with many noble families who recognize the claims of Prince Charles, and among them are those who were until recently ardent Chambordists."

THE FAMILY TO-DAY.

The alleged Louis XVII. left a large family in Holland, including four sons, who now survive. They enjoy the nominal rank of princes and are officers in the army of Holland. The eldest surviving son is Charles, who, upon the demise of the Count de Chambord, published the following manifesto:—

FRENCHMEN:—The death of my cousin, the Comte de Chambord, tears away all veils, and, destroying irrevocably hopes that were ill founded, necessarily recalls to your minds the Orphan of the Temple, my ill-fated father.

No more hesitation! Choose either the Orleans Princes—that is to say, the violation of the Salic law, that ancient palladium of France—the house of Orleans, which is the living incarnation of the revolution, or the grandson of the Martyr King.

Only he, the grandson of Louis XVI., unites all claims to your love. His grandfather and his father died praying for France. He himself has suffered much and still suffers.

You know the almost century old tradition that always affirmed the deliverance of the Orphan of the Temple, repudiated by his family and by those governments who were the mysterious instruments of eternal justice, and of its views of infinite mercy for us, Providence reserving the race of the Martyr King to put an end to discord.

CHARLES.

Mlle. de Brémont brought her visitor the photographs to which she has referred. Charles, in the photograph, wears a colonel's uniform and has unmistakably the Bourbon features. The picture of his sister, the Princess Emilia, is quite as unmistakably strong in its resemblance to the pictures of Marie Antoinette. When Mlle. de Brémont thought she had told as much as she could in a short interview in favor of the Pretender the reporter asked:—

"What of the burial certificate that was filed when Louis XVII. was carried from the Temple to the grave?"

"Ah!" she replied warmly; "that was a forgery, and, moreover, the certificate has since been stolen from the archives in Paris."

THE BOURBON QUESTION. The *Salem Register*, referring to the revival of the Bourbon question by the recent letter from Mrs. Dudley of Albany, says:

"The Bourbon question has also been recently revived in Salem, by circumstances independent of the above. It seems that, some time ago, one of our silversmiths purchased some old jewelry of a female, and in overhauling it afterwards there was discovered a large locket ring with the arms of France ensigned thereon, and in the locket a beautifully painted portrait of the French monarch Louis. The ring displays the double LL's, the cipher of the eldest branch of the Bourbons; and the *Fleur de Lis*, the escutcheon of the family; as also the motto of the order of St. Louis, *'Sans peur et sans reproche.'*

There was a curious coincidence connected with this ring and portrait, viz: that, in the same lot of jewelry, there was another ring, bearing the inscription, *'Alce Williams, Ob. 3 July, 1833, Et. 65.'* Whether the Rev. Eleazer Williams derived his name from this Alce Williams, and whether either had any claim to the name or jewelry of the Bourbons, are questions not easily answered. The coincidence is certainly curious and perplexing."

THE DAUPHIN QUESTION REVIVED. We had supposed that the question "Have we a Bourbon among us?" had been put to rest, as at least of no consequence, and would never be re-agitated. But the *Cleveland Herald* resumes the once-treadbare subject, and announces the receipt of a private letter, in which it is stated that the aged and ignorant Indian woman, who it has been claimed is the mother of Mr. Williams, and of whom proof positive exists that she has been tampered with and influenced not to divulge the secret connected with him, has, very lately, signed a written acknowledgment that Mr. Williams is only her adopted son. Besides this, a letter has been received from France, we have name and place, from a perfectly responsible man, which letter is in the hands of a distinguished Divine—a friend of Mr. Williams—stating that the writer was present when the Dauphin was conveyed from the Prison to a barge on the river, to be taken away.

Contract

C. E.

1817
Feb 15 By his Bill Rendro 28 39 1/2
Ballance to Rendro 10 56
38 95 1/2

1818
Dec 10 By His Bill Sundrys 42 19
Ballance to Rendro 6 35
48 54

By his Bill Sundrys 7 65

17

William Stubbs

D³₁₁

1815
May 17
23

To making Sign 4/6	75
" Steps for Store	8 50
" Writing desk 24/- picket fence 7/2	5 20
" 9 feet Clear Board 27 00	1 2
" Repairing Steps & House 4/6	15 47

Balance to new Ac^t 4.77
10.70
15.47

July 26
1816

To Balance brot Down	4 77
" Swift 24/-	3 50
" Labour Discounted with Saml Stubbs 4 1/2 Day	7 87 1/2
" Shelves to window 24	
" 1 1/2 Day Labour Discounted with S. Stubbs 10/6	2 95 1/2
	19 10

1817 July 10

To Balance Brot Down	11 59 1/2
" Bedstead 22/- Labour & Store 6/-	4 66
" Coffin	3 90

Decemb^r
Jan'y 1818

" Mastising 5 posts - Sawing & Cord wood	1 40
" putting up Shelves 90	90
" Sundrys Labour for Edmunds Gate	10 - 6
" Lash Store Door 90 - Labour & Bristle Lamps	3 40
and Mastising 2 posts	15/-
" Mastising 6 posts & 8 00	48
" Making Sign 6/- Coffin 3.90	4 90
" whetting Saw 30	30

1819 Jan'y

Building Shop	50
" Joint Plank & Board	1 25
	92 84 1/2

Contract

C.S.

1816

July 26 - By His Bill Shoemaking & tin Work - 10 70

Balance to Dr. Oct 4-77
10-70
15-47

1815

August 11 - By his Bill Shoemaking to Decemb-16 - 7-50 1/2

Decemb-16 - Balance to Dr. Oct 11-59 1/2
7-50 1/2
19-10

1818

Decemb-14 By his Bill Shoemaking - 22 87

" Discant & with P. Q. Stalls - 1 27

Balance to Dr. Oct - 24 14
168 70 1/2
22 84 1/2

18

Charles Barnard D^r

1815

June

To repairing House & North Shore	4 80
60 feet board - piece timber 2/	1 29
Labour & Rope Walk 5 Days @ 10/6	8 75
24 Squares Sashes 7/ - 15 Sticks heads @ 20	4 68
making drag 2/6	42
	19 94

Samuel Burnett D^r

1816

Sept 20

To Windows frame 9/ - 10 Squares Sashes 7/ - 2 62

Repairing Boat 6/ - making cane 6/ - 2

1817 June

making traps 6/ - 1

1818 Feb 7

Labour & Cole House 5 54

Whetting old Sash 4/6 - 0 75

Contrac

Col.

By 15 Dollars Cash	15
By Sundries from R. J. Altitude, Store	4 94
	<hr/>
	19 94

Contrac

Col.

19

John Cartwright D^r

1815	To 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Days Labour & his House & 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 62 $\frac{1}{2}$
May		
June 22	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ 2 ^c 2 ^c 0 ^c 0 ^c	2 62 $\frac{1}{2}$
Sept	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ 0 ^c	30 62 $\frac{1}{2}$
		42 87 $\frac{1}{2}$

Feb 1816	Schooner Franklin, Bill	13 25
April	1 Day Labour & his House 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 75
	1 Ship Franklin, Bill	36 50
	1 Repairing 12 Stands Candlemoulds	3 50
1817	December Repairing & draft machine 25 ^c	25
		55 25

1819 May	To windows frames & Sashes and Labour	
	1 on Peppers Shop	37 68
	1 Building Barr with windows	67 50
	1 Hard plain 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ repairing 2 ^c 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 84
	1 1 st Calipers	7 50
	1 Repairing Old House	76 75
	1 windows for 2 ^c	14 80
Sept 24	1 7 Bundles Laths & 20 ^c	01 40
	1 1 window blind by	01
Dec 18	1 Repairing gates & Candle House	210 47
1820	Jan 8 Labour & his House 12	1 2
		213 47

Contract

C^d
C¹¹

By his Bill Merchandise

13 2 1/2

By Cash to Ballance

29 63 1/2

42 87 1/2

1817 Jan By Cash received

40

By his Bill from Store

6 12

1818 March Cash to Ballance

9 13

55 25

By Sunday Merchandise

160 00

By Cash to Ballance

52 87

213 47

Settled Sept 25 - 1820

Robert Coggeshall

D²₁₁

1813

22 May	To fire Board 12/- Ladders & tailboard 18/-	5
Sept	" Axle tree to Cart 4/6 - 1 pair Harness 4/-	1 42
1815 May 3	" Close Horse 9/-	1 50
1827 Dec	Labour on his Candlehouse	11 78
	" Repairing 8 3/4 Candlemoulds 5 8/-	10 66
	Trux for candlehouse 10/6 - Scuttle for Hinge 7/6 -	3
	" Rimming Candlemoulds 2/- 1 day 9/- 2 0 7/6	4 50
1828 Jan	" 2 days on Candlehouse 2 9/- 2 0 7/6	5 57
17	" Window frame & putting in 10/6	1 75
1830 Aug 20	" Repairing Roofs of his House 15/-	2 50

Mary Hussey

D²₁₁

June 1818	To Labour Sunary times & hut house - 17 00	
1822 March	Repairing Gates 5/-	
1823 Jan 16	rebetting door & repairing frame 3/-	1 33

Robert Coggeshall

D^r

1813

22 May	To fire Board 12/- Ladders & tailboard 18/-	5
Sept	" Axle tree to Cart 4/6 - 1 pair Harness 4/-	1 42
1815 May 3	" Close Horse 9/-	1 50
1827 Dec	Labour & his Candlehouse	11 78
	" Repairing 8 3/4 Candlemoulds 5 8/-	10 66
	Trux for candlehouse 10/6 - Scuttle for House 7/6 -	3
	" Rimming Candlemoulds 2/- 1 day 2 9/- 2 0 7/6	4 50
1828 Jan	" 2 days @ Candlehouse 2 9/- 2 0 7/6	5 50
17	" Window frame & putting in 10/6	1 75
1830 Aug 20	" Repairing Roofs of his House 15/-	2 50

Mary Hussey

D^r

1818 June	To Labour Sunday times & hut house - 17 00	
1822 March	Repairing Gates 5/-	
1823 July 16	rebetting Sars & repairing frame 3/-	1 33

In an
was
"As I said, had fortunately near-
ly passed the bridge, and it was only the last
car that fell into the river—the others rolling

sciousness returned, with all its unspeakable
anguish.
to him!" she mourned. "Or if he could
come to me for a moment, only one moment,
that I might ask his forgiveness, and tell
him how I love him!"

I am and I danced until I could dance no longer,
and Adair asked me to go out on the green. The
moon shone like day, and we sat down under the
lilac blooms. Now, when I see them through that
window in the Springtime, nodding in the breezes,
comes fresh to me that night over again, for there

Revised.

A careful revision of the list of representatives sent to the lower branch of the Legislature from Nantucket since 1706, printed in our last, revealed some few errors, and we today republish the list, making the necessary corrections. This matter has been received with much favor, and THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR acknowledges with thanks the compliments bestowed thereon. It was our wish to present a correct list at first, but unfortunately the errors crept in, but as given today we think it free from mistakes, and the many who desire to preserve the record for reference, should save today's issue instead of that of a week ago. The corrections made were for the years 1848-50-52-54-66-67-70-71. The town records are not responsible for the mistakes, as may have been supposed:

- 1706—Richard Gardner.
- 1707-12—James Coffin.
- 1713—Ebenezer Coffin.
- 1714-16—James Coffin.
- 1717-18—Joseph Coffin.
- 1719-21—George Bunker.
- 1722—Jeremiah Gardner.
- 1723-40—George Bunker.

It being put to vote whether the Town will choose some person to serve for and represent them at the Great and General Court or assembly this year to be holden at Boston May the 27th, 1741. It passed in the negative.

At a town meeting July the 6th, 1741, Capt. Josiah Coffin is chosen by a major vote to serve for and represent the town at the General Court to be held at Boston July the 8th, 1741, during their session and sessions for the year ensuing.

- 1742-43—George Bunker.
- 1744—John Bunker.

No record of a Representative from May 14, 1744 to 1747.

- 1747-65—Abishai Folger.
- 1766—Stephen Hussey.
- 1767—Timothy Folger.
- 1768-74—Stephen Hussey.
- 1774—Stephen Hussey (at Salem.)

At a legal town meeting at Sherborn June 1st, 1779, it was voted "that some suitable man be sent to the General Court to make answer to a Requisition sent to us from them; and to make a full and true Representation of the State facts that led us to send a memorial to the Commander of the British Army and Navy at Newport and York, and that Stephen Hussey, be the man to go to the General Court in order to make answer to the requisition as above."

At a town meeting held at Sherborn 23d, 1780, it was voted "that the town will take some measures to get passed a resolve of the General Court passed the 23d of June last, respecting this town and the inhabitants thereof, and that Timothy Folger be the man to proceed to the General Court in order to endeavor to obtain a repeal of the said resolve."

- 1783-84—Alexander Coffin, Peleg Coffin, jr., and Stephen Hussey.
- 1785—Timothy Folger.
- 1786—Hussey.
- 1789—Peleg Coffin and Alexander Coffin, the latter not to attend, unless selectmen thought necessary.
- Peleg Coffin.

1791—Micajah Coffin and Alexander Gardner.

1792-1807—Micajah Coffin.

1808—Micajah Coffin, Walter Folger, jr., Uriah Swain.

1809—Micajah Coffin, Uriah Swain, Shubael Coffin, Archalus Hammond, Daniel Whitney, George Cannon, Martin T. Morton, Jedidiah Fitch.

1810—Micajah Coffin, Daniel Whitney, George Cannon, Jedediah Fitch, Archalus Hammond, Shubael Coffin, Micajah Gardner, Obadiah Folger, George Gardner, 2d.

1811—Micajah Coffin, Shubael Coffin, Archalus Hammond, Jedidiah Coffin, Obadiah Folger, Micajah Gardner, George Cannon, Coffin Whippy.

1812—Micajah Coffin, Shubael Coffin, Micajah Gardner, Coffin Whippy, Archalus Hammond, George Cannon, Obadiah Folger, Simeon Coleman, Jedediah Fitch.

1813—Gilbert Coffin.

1814-15—Micajah Gardner.

1816—Thaddeus Coffin.

1817—Walter Folger, jr.

1818—Josiah Hussey.

1819—Jonathan J. Barney.

1820—William Coffin.

1821—Francis G. Macy, Barker Burnell, Jethro Mitchell.

1823—Hezekiah Barnard, Gideon Folger.

1824-25—Francis G. Macy.

1826-27—Hezekiah Barnard.

1828—Peter Chase.

1830—George W. Gardner.

1831—Isaac Folger, David Baxter, Hezekiah Barnard.

1832—Isaac Folger, David Joy, George Myrick, David Baxter, Seth Pinkham, Jonathan Briggs, Jared Coffin.

1833—George Myrick, David Baxter, Seth Pinkham, Jared Coffin, Frederick Arthur, William R. Easton, Seth F. Swift, Jonathan C. Briggs.

1834—Seth Pinkham, William Jenkins, David Baxter, Rowland Hussey, Jonathan C. Briggs, William Watson, George M. Bunker, William R. Easton, Thaddeus Coffin.

1835—Benjamin Gardner, Jonathan C. Briggs, William Jenkins, Seth Pinkham, Frederick Arthur, George M. Bunker, Samuel H. Jenks, William Watson, William R. Easton.

1836—Barker Burnell, George M. Bunker, Jared Coffin, William Jenkins, Frederick Arthur, William Watson, Jonathan C. Briggs, Benjamin Gardner, George B. Upton.

1837—Jonathan C. Briggs, George M. Bunker, Daniel Whitney, William S. French, William Watson, William R. Easton.

1838—Jonathan C. Briggs, Samuel H. Jenks, George Bradburn, Isaac Brayton, Frederick C. Macy, Josiah Swain.

1839—David Joy, George Bradburn, Benjamin Gardner, Jonathan C. Briggs, Samuel H. Jenks, William B. Mitchell.

1840—George B. Upton, Jonathan C. Briggs, Benjamin Gardner, George Bradburn.

1841—David Joy, Obed Barney, George G. Folger, Charles G. Coggeshall.

1842—George G. Folger, Obed Barney, Hiram B. Dennis, David Baker.

1843—George G. Folger, David Bak-

er, Daniel Jones, jr., Charles Wood.

1844—George Harris, David Baker, Charles Wood, William C. Starbuck.

1845—Frederick Arthur, George Harris, David Thain, Justin Lawrence.

1846—William Barney, Joseph Mitchell, Obed Barney, Sanford Wilbur.

1847—Joseph Mitchell, William Barney, David Baker, Justin Lawrence.

1848—William C. Starbuck, William Barney, Joseph Mitchell, John Morissey.

1849—William Barney, Joseph Mitchell, Reuben Meader, Edward W. Cobb.

1850—James H. Briggs, Reuben Meader, Obed Swain.

The election of Obed Swain was on a second ballot, and was the result of a combination of Democrats and Free Soilers and Conscience Whigs. His vote in the Legislature secured the choice of Charles Sumner as United States Senator and George S. Boutwell as Governor.

1851—Henry C. Worth, James H. Briggs, William Barney.

1852—George H. Folger, Josiah Swain.

1853—David Wood, Josiah Swain, Edward Hammond.

1854—Charles H. Brock, John Elkins, William C. Bunker.

1855—John Morissey, William Barney, Edward Hammond.

1856—John Morissey, Edward Hammond, William W. Wood.

1857—Joseph Mitchell, Charles Wood.

1858—Peleg Ray, James F. Cobb.

1859—James Thompson, Charles Wood.

1860—Elisha Smith, Alfred Swain.

1861—Elisha Smith, Andrew J. Morton.

1862—Andrew J. Morton, Charles F. Brown.

1863—Elisha Smith, Reuben P. Folger.

1864—Joseph Mitchell, 2d, Reuben P. Folger.

1865—Joseph Mitchell, 2d, Isaac H. Folger.

1866—Andrew Whitney was first elected and resigned. At a subsequent election William H. Waitt was chosen.

1867—William H. Waitt.

1868—Isaiah F. Robinson.

1869—Reuben P. Folger.

1870-71—Robert F. Gardner.

1872-73—Edward McCleave.

1874-75—Joseph Mitchell, 2d.

1876—Charles B. Swain.

1877-80—Henry Paddock.

1881-82—Josiah Freeman.

1883-86—John W. Hallett.

1887—Henry Riddell.

1888-89—Anthony Smalley.

1890—Arthur H. Gardner.

THE RECORD FOR 1902.

List of the Births, Marriages and Deaths Recorded on the Town's Records.

Below is given the record of births, marriages and deaths occurring in Nantucket during the year 1902, as furnished The Inquirer and Mirror by Town Clerk Bunker:

BIRTHS.

JANUARY.

30 Gorge Robert son of George E. and Anna K. Grimes.

FEBRUARY.

5 Vivian Mayell, daughter of Henry C. and Evelyn F. Coffin.

8 Lola Rogers, daughter of James P. and Bertha A. Coffin.

19 Elmira Josephine, daughter of George E. and Mary H. Fisher.

MARCH.

1 Edward Arnold, son of Herbert W. and Ethel A. Bennett.

24 Edna Hortense, daughter of Arthur C. and Mary A. Dunham.

APRIL.

7 Daisy Evelyn, daughter of Thomas B. and Emma Bickerstaff.

29 Lester Hunter, son of Herbert H. and Elizabeth W. Coffin.

29 Beulah Whitcomb, daughter of Alfred E. and Mertie M. Smith.

JUNE.

23 Edward Everett, son of Josiah E. and Bertha Backus.

JULY.

31 Howard Willets, son of Orison V. and Margaret Hull.

31 Charles Blake, son of Walter C. and Elinore Cabot.

AUGUST.

22 Margaret, daughter of Edmund W. and Sarah F. Folger.

31 Rudolph, son of Eugene and Edith F. Wyer.

SEPTEMBER.

7 Frances Willard, daughter of Charles C. and Lillie R. Thomas.

28 Thelma Zilpha Lei Lani, daughter of Frank S. and Eva B. Pall.

OCTOBER.

10 Frances Louise, daughter of Stephen, Jr. and Nellie Hussey.

31 Beatrice Emma, daughter of Arthur J. and Florence M. Barrett.

NOVEMBER.

7 Earle Terry, son of Nathaniel E. and Grace C. Lowell.

17 Frank, son of Matthew and Louisa Dias.

17 Mary, daughter of Joseph and Mary A. Terry.

DECEMBER.

22 Margaret Louise, daughter of Robert and Lottie Mack.

MARRIAGES.

JANUARY

1. Eugene S. Burgess and Mabel Brown both of Nantucket.

27. Owen Quinn and Annie Flannery both of Nantucket.

FEBRUARY

27. Avery Gardner and Eva M. Rowley, both of Nantucket.

APRIL

6. Frank P. Chadwick and Ida R. Chadwick, both of Nantucket.

30. Walter J. Spencer, of New York, N. Y., and Ella F. Young, of Nantucket.

MAY

8. Arthur Snow, of Nantucket, and Louise Bell, of Boston. At Boston.

JUNE

1. Albert B. Chase and Eva Barnard, both of Nantucket.

4. Daniel O'Connor, of Nantucket, and Agnes L. Donahue, of Lawrence. At Lawrence.

23. Arthur W. Jones and Edith Worth, both of Nantucket.

30. Antonio Pinheiro and Maria da Luiz Periera.

JULY

24. Arthur McCleave and Adah M. Snow, both of Nantucket.

30. Charles M. Lewis and Lucinda Sylvia de Rosa, both of Nantucket.

AUGUST

5. Elmer E. Kragel, and Maud A. Pfeiffer, both of New York, N. Y.

SEPTEMBER

2. Walter E. Douglass, of New Haven, and Lottie G. Pitman, of Nantucket.

4. Milton Wright and Hattie M. Stackpole, both of Nantucket.

17. Edward C. Barrett and Ethel W. Dunham, both of Nantucket.

21. Walter G. Williams and Nellie Williams, both of Nantucket.

NOVEMBER

3. Henry S. Snow of Nantucket, and Della L. Horton, of Providence.

8. Mary M. Ray, 64, 6, 10.
12. Daisy E. Bickerstaff, 0, 0, 5.
16. Andrew J. Morton, 85, 6, 0.
18. Marianna Borden, 58, 9, 13.
24. James M. Bunker, 84, 7, 0.

MAY

4. *Mary C. Case, 78, 0, 0.
13. Eliza H. Morton, 76, 1, 0.
15. John Stewart Collins, 63, 2, 3.
24. John M. Bovey, 81, 1, 23.
29. Henry C. Ray, 76, 0, 0.

JUNE

9. †Emily P. Rice, 74, 3, 15.
19. *Isabel S. Stewart, 53, 11, 6.
23. *Charles E. P. Gardner, 12, 08, 1.
27. Martha W. Holman, 56, 7, 16.

JULY

8. Mary S. Mitchell, 90, 7, 0.
18. Joseph W. Congdon, 67, 6, 15.
20. Charles E. Hayden, 86, 10, 0.
31. Harriet P. Hazard, 80, 5, 19.

AUGUST

13. *Jethro Barrett, 84, 2, 0.
14. *Josiah Freeman, 62, 11, 0.
18. *Chester Chase, 0, 4, 20.
22. Marion C. Crocker, 53, 8, 12.
24. †Francis Washburn, 0, 8, 12.
26. Vivian M. Coffin, 0, 6, 21.
27. Edna H. Dunham, 0, 5, 4.
28. Margaret Folger, 0, 0, 6.

SEPTEMBER

2. †Fowler R. Crist, 2, 0, 18.
3. †James King, 13, 8, 0.
17. Maria Nye, 87, 11, 13.
25. Francis H. Fisher, 54, 8, 2.

OCTOBER

1. Michael Dwyer, 78, 0, 0.
2. Frank H. Stephens, 20, 2, 27.
5. Abbie C. Congdon, 30, 5, 0.
16. Charles F. Folger, 70, 5, 24.
19. Sarah P. Bunker, 95, 8, 10.
22. *William H. Macy, 73, 2, 11.

NOVEMBER

4. Annie W. Small, 42, 7, 0.
5. Obed C. Sandsbury, 86, 7, 0.
6. Seth B. Coffin, 92, 5, 22.
10. Roland Gardner, 74, 4, 0.
11. Eliza A. King, 94, 5, 0.
13. *James N. Hammond, 65, 10, 17.
13. Ellen Fish, 72, 11, 13.
20. Frederick B. Hussey, 30, 3, 19.
27. Otis Tinkham, 60, 3, 0.
28. *Oliver D. Appleton, 56, 7, 8.

DECEMBER

3. John Fred Jones, 5, 3, 15.
11. Eliza C. Swain, 71, 5, 0.
11. Arethusia Deas, 50, 9, 0.
12. Charlotte Burdett, 80, 7, 0.
19. John J. Backus, 78, 7, 16.

*Died abroad—interment in Nantucket.

†Died here—interment abroad.

Following is a list of the births, marriages and deaths recorded each year since 1894. It will be seen that during the last eight years the total number recorded was 314 births, 164 marriages and 630 deaths:

	Births	Marriages	Deaths
1895	41	28	82
1896	53	18	101
1897	39	22	73
1898	42	16	60
1899	34	17	81
1900	40	21	76
1901	43	22	83
1902	22	21	75

Below are the deaths recorded in 1902, classified in the respective decades:

Under 10 years of age.....	8
From 10 to 20 years.....	3
From 20 to 30 years.....	3
From 30 to 40 years.....	3
From 40 to 50 years.....	2
From 50 to 60 years.....	10
From 60 to 70 years.....	9
From 70 to 80 years.....	20
From 80 to 90 years.....	12
Over 90 years of age.....	5

How Many To Live Long

23 Edward Everett, son of Josiah E. and Bertha Backus.
 JULY.
 31 Howard Willets, son of Orison V. and Margaret Hull.
 31 Charles Blake, son of Walter C. and Elinore Cabot.
 AUGUST.
 22 Margaret, daughter of Edmund W. and Sarah F. Folger.
 31 Rudolph, son of Eugene and Edith F. Wyer.
 SEPTEMBER.
 7 Frances Willard, daughter of Charles C. and Lillie R. Thomas.
 28 Thelma Zilpha Lei Lani, daughter of Frank S. and Eva B. Pall.
 OCTOBER.
 10 Frances Louise, daughter of Stephen, Jr. and Nellie Hussey.
 31 Beatrice Emma, daughter of Arthur J. and Florence M. Barrett.
 NOVEMBER.
 7 Earle Terry, son of Nathaniel E. and Grace C. Lowell.
 17 Frank, son of Matthew and Louisa Dias.
 17 Mary, daughter of Joseph and Mary A. Terry.
 DECEMBER.
 23 Margaret Louise, daughter of Robert and Lottie Mack.
 MARRIAGES.
 JANUARY
 1. Eugene S. Burgess and Mabel Brown both of Nantucket.
 27. Owen Quinn and Annie Flannery both of Nantucket.
 FEBRUARY
 27. Avery Gardner and Eva M. Rowley, both of Nantucket.
 APRIL
 6. Frank P. Chadwick and Ida R. Chadwick, both of Nantucket.
 30. Walter J. Spencer, of New York, N. Y., and Ella F. Young, of Nantucket.
 MAY
 8. Arthur Snow, of Nantucket, and Louise Bell, of Boston. At Boston.
 JUNE
 1. Albert B. Chase and Eva Barnard, both of Nantucket.
 4. Daniel O'Connor, of Nantucket, and Agnes L. Donahue, of Lawrence. At Lawrence.
 23. Arthur W. Jones and Edith Worth, both of Nantucket.
 30. Antonio Pinhheiro and Maria da Luiz Periera.
 JULY
 24. Arthur McCleave and Adah M. Snow, both of Nantucket.
 30. Charles M. Lewis and Lucinda Sylvia de Rosa, both of Nantucket.
 AUGUST
 5. Elmer E. Kragel, and Maud A. Pfeiffer, both of New York, N. Y.
 SEPTEMBER
 2. Walter E. Douglass, of New Haven, and Lottie G. Pitman, of Nantucket.
 4. Milton Wright and Hattie M. Stackpole, both of Nantucket.
 17. Edward C. Barrett and Ethel W. Dunham, both of Nantucket.
 21. Walter G. Williams and Nellie Williams, both of Nantucket.
 NOVEMBER
 3. Henry S. Snow of Nantucket, and Della L. Horton, of Providence. At Providence.
 DECEMBER
 1. Walton T. McCleave, and Elizabeth B. Harris, both of Nantucket.
 3. Edward W. Guptill, and Kate M. Bearse, both of Nantucket.
 7. Joseph K. Rogers, and Sadie L. Nickerson, both of Nantucket.
 DEATHS.
 JANUARY
 2. Sarah W. W. Smith, 50, 2, 21.
 5. Edward C. Barrett, 72, 1, 19.
 12. *Charles C. Macy, 38, 6, 7.
 24. Eliza D. Gardner, 62, 4, 0.
 24. Andrew J. Sandsbury, 71, 10, 0.
 FEBRUARY
 1. Hannah M. Robinson, 76, 10, 19.
 13. Hannah Atkins, 55, 5, 0.
 17. *Ella L. Swan, 43, 10, 3.
 18. *Martha M. Kelley, 83, 0, 0.
 19. Josiah Folger, 74, 4, 13.
 22. Emeline Gardner, 76, 3, 20.
 27. Edgar M. Ramsdell, 24 7 27.
 MARCH
 2. Sarah James, 86, 0, 0.
 2. *Mary E. Wade, 57, 3, 15.
 4. Sarah A. Pitman, 67, 4, 0.
 6. Ann G. Gibbs, 78, 3, 24.
 9. Susan B. Hussey, 87, 9, 0.
 10. Winnifred E. Sanborn, 25, 0, 0.
 12. Patrick Collins, 71, 0, 0.
 13. Anna G. Derrick, 90, 11, 17.
 28. Frederick W. Barnard, 61, 4, 0.
 APRIL
 3. Elizabeth C. Hussey, 75, 3, 0.
 7. *Mary E. Chase, 78, 7, 2.
 7. Harold Gibbs, 10, 6, 4.

9. *Emily P. Rice, 74, 3, 15.
 19. *Isabel S. Stewart, 53, 11, 6.
 23. *Charles E. P. Gardner, 12, 08, 1.
 27. Martha W. Holman, 56, 7, 16.
 JULY
 8. Mary S. Mitchell, 90, 7, 0.
 18. Joseph W. Congdon, 67, 6, 15.
 20. Charles E. Hayden, 86, 10, 0.
 31. Harriet P. Hazard, 80, 5, 19.
 AUGUST
 13. *Jethro Barrett, 84, 2, 0.
 14. *Josiah Freeman, 62, 11, 0.
 18. *Chester Chase, 0, 4, 20.
 22. Marion C. Crocker, 53, 8, 12.
 24. †Francis Washburn, 0, 8, 12.
 26. Vivian M. Coffin, 0, 6, 21.
 27. Edna H. Dunham, 0, 5, 4.
 28. Margaret Folger, 0, 0, 6.
 SEPTEMBER
 2. †Fowler R. Crist, 2, 0, 18.
 3. †James King, 13, 8, 0.
 17. Maria Nye, 87, 11, 13.
 25. Francis H. Fisher, 54, 8, 2.
 OCTOBER
 1. Michael Dwyer, 78, 0, 0.
 2. Frank H. Stephens, 20, 2, 27.
 5. Abbie C. Congdon, 30, 5, 0.
 16. Charles F. Folger, 70, 5, 24.
 19. Sarah P. Bunker, 95, 8, 10.
 22. *William H. Macy, 73, 2, 11.
 NOVEMBER
 4. Annie W. Small, 42, 7, 0.
 5. Obed C. Sandsbury, 86, 7, 0.
 6. Seth B. Coffin, 92, 5, 22.
 10. Roland Gardner, 74, 4, 0.
 11. Eliza A. King, 94, 5, 0.
 13. *James N. Hammond, 65, 10, 17.
 13. Ellen Fish, 72, 11, 13.
 20. Frederick B. Hussey, 30, 3, 19.
 27. Otis Tinkham, 60, 3, 0.
 28. *Oliver D. Appleton, 56, 7, 8.
 DECEMBER
 3. John Fred Jones, 5, 3, 15.
 11. Eliza C. Swain, 71, 5, 0.
 11. Arethusa Deas, 50, 9, 0.
 12. Charlotte Burdett, 80, 7, 0.
 19. John J. Backus, 78, 7, 16.
 *Died abroad—interment in Nantucket.
 †Died here—interment abroad.

Following is a list of the births, marriages and deaths recorded each year since 1894. It will be seen that during the last eight years the total number recorded was 314 births, 164 marriages and 630 deaths:

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1897	39	22	73
1898	42	16	60
1899	34	17	81
1900	40	21	76
1901	43	22	83
1902	22	21	75

Below are the deaths recorded in 1902, classified in the respective decades:
 Under 10 years of age..... 8
 From 10 to 20 years..... 3
 From 20 to 30 years..... 3
 From 30 to 40 years..... 3
 From 40 to 50 years..... 2
 From 50 to 60 years..... 10
 From 60 to 70 years..... 9
 From 70 to 80 years..... 20
 From 80 to 90 years..... 12
 Over 90 years of age..... 5

House, and thenceforward I got around three square meals a day; for I never flinched until I had successfully wrestled with every dish the proprietor dared to present for discussion. [Laughter.] It was the misfortune of two waitresses to be assigned the duty of serving me at the table. One broke down and went home before the season was half through. The next week I saw an announcement of her death in the newspaper. The other stood it out until the end of the season, and her muscles became so strengthened and toughened by the amount of travelling necessary to satisfy the cravings of my monstrous appetite, that, on her return to Boston, she entered the lists for a six days' walking match, go as you please, and she won the stakes. [Laughter.] But with the landlord—well, my patronage was a matter of serious concern if not of grave solemnity. Day by day he saw his stock of provisions disappear in my omnivorous maw, and was sick at heart as he saw the season's profits slowly diminish under the withering influence of my hunger. Still he accepted the inevitable and with that calmness men exhibit in the sight of death. But the time came when we had to part. The scene I shall never forget. When in solemn and regretful tones I told him that the next year I should return but that I should keep house, he grasped my hand with visible emotion and tremblingly said that he was my friend for life! [Laughter.] I took in the situation. Little did he appreciate me as a living, moving, breathing example of the excellence of his table. The thought uppermost in his mind was that another year he would retrieve the losses my presence had entailed upon him in that. [Laughter.] I tell you it is pleasant to see such exhibitions of tender sentiment in a world in which ingratitude is so often displayed! He told a mutual friend in strict confidence that it was bad enough to have a guest die under his hospitable roof, but it was even pleasant compared with having some persons *live* under it. [Laughter.] He didn't mention any names, but I caught on to the significance of his statement the moment it was repeated to me. He didn't want any more of my style of invalids. But in five years I have seen changes in Sconset as miraculous as that which life on the bank has wrought in myself.

The history of the place you know better than I, for you are familiar with the course of events within your own memories, and have heard others which have been handed down by tradition to your fathers, and have read those which have been preserved in writing or in print. Probably no man can say with approximate certainty when Siasconset may be said to have been established as a fishing stage, and much less when it ceased to be that and became a village. But the best information obtainable is that, as a village, it is 150 years old, and that portions of some of its dwellings, which had been removed from Sesacacha, can count 200 years. A century and a half was required to make it a place of 80 habitable houses, and for near a quarter of a century little or no progress had been made in its enlargement. Indeed, with the dry rot that seemed to have taken possession of the island, Siasconset, still less than the town, promised a future in which prosperity was to be a part. But there were those from the mainland and a few on the island who appreciated the advantages of Sconset bank as a natural sanitarium. They had seen in other places mere sand spits transformed into valuable estates worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and whose health-giving qualities were not to be compared to those afforded by the little village in which they had found rest and health. They predicted for Siasconset a future which promised more than others had dared to entertain in their thoughts, and much less express. Their words were not idle conjectures. They proved their faith by their works. They bought land, and in less than three years new structures, half as many in number as had been erected in 150 years, have been reared, and are the summer homes of their owners or are transient residences of visitors. And the end is not yet. To-day the only needed means of bringing Sconset to the extensive notice of the people from the mainland has been completed. Men of nerve and enterprise have hazarded their reputations and their capital in a project which, as we have heard to-day, was seriously entertained by an eminent man on this island forty years ago, and whose vision, could it have spanned the future, would have seen the fruition of what was then regarded but a dream, in the scene we have witnessed this day. Henceforth, each season, twenty people will come to the bank and view the waves as they beat upon our shore, where one has come to us in seasons past. We have already seen the result of the faith of men embarking their means in this little neglected corner of creation. For two years not a man in Sconset but has had employment, if he desired, winter and summer, spring and fall, and at remunerative pay. The neighboring soil has given up its richness in the increased production of those things needed for table, and has found a ready market at better prices than ever realized before. Mechanics have ceased living from hand to mouth, and have found it easier to pay their debts, and some have discovered that it is quite as easy not to get in debt at all. To Norton and Coffin and Folger and their confreres, who have dared, almost without encouragement, to risk their means in the enterprise, we owe a debt of gratitude. It was at the best problematical. Now it is an accomplished fact, which will change Siasconset from a mere geographical point on the map of New England, to a beautiful and charming village, known to the sight of many thousands of families, and with a yearly expanding reputation as the place on the coast, above all others, where the energies of overworked men and women may be renewed by rest and recreation. [Applause.]

Dr. Arthur Elwell Jenks, who was the last to speak, was heartily received, and made a forcible and eloquent address, sparkling with local hits that were warmly applauded. He said:

Mr. President—Ladies and Gentlemen:—There is nothing that succeeds in this world, in a worldly-wise sense, like success. I know of no mechanical triumph that has not had its opponents. I recall no one man of our century, or of any other, prominent in trade, profession or politics, or foremost in any of the humanitarian movements of his time, who has not had his traducers. Why, there are some people—you and I know them well—who imagine themselves delegated to take up this man and say of him: "He may succeed, possibly, if we help him;" or to declare of that man: "He shall not succeed, if we do not help him!" Of all the miserable failures in this world, these self-constituted umpires of other men's accomplishments, are the most miserable. Any man or woman worthy the name, with a grand life-purpose in view, cares as little for such people as Longfellow's village blacksmith, while he stood by his blazing forge, cared for the moth-miller. Theodore Winthrop, author and soldier, whose manly life was yielded up, a costly sacrifice for country, in the war of the rebellion, has said in one of his most readable books, that the croaker serves his day and generation; never positively harmful, always eminently troublesome.

I recollect now a somewhat humorous story that is told of a small-sized, choleric, half-pay British officer who went storming up and down the platform of a Swiss railway station, finding all manner of fault with the management. His wife, one of those demure, quiet little bodies, so like a balance wheel to a Swiss watch, approached him, and laying her hand gently upon his shoulder, she said: "My dear, don't you think it possible that you may be a little wrong yourself?" "Zounds!" he shrieked, with an oath; "I know I'm wrong, and that is what makes me so mad!" The opponents of this railroad scheme, and of the credit of this celebration, know that they are wrong and that is why they are so vexed. But we are glad of this success, and are here to offer our congratulations to the managers of the Nantucket Railroad, in this unique event.

All kind of obstacles have stared them in the face from the beginning to this glorious end. They have surmounted them all. I do admire the perseverance and dogged tenacity that have characterized the officers thus far. Starting from the steamboat landing in Nantucket town, the iron rails first span the dock, where, half a century ago, the noble men of our island home—representatives of her pristine vigor and renown—stood and watched the out-going and in-coming ships—those queer, staunch vessels commanded by as sturdy and reliable a set of men as ever trod the earth! The railroad then creeps across "the creeks;" actually leaps the Goose Pond, which, it was predicted, no man could bridge; onward over the fair, fragrant moors, to the sweet shoreland at Surf-side; thence through Nobadeer valley; past Tom Never's Head, down to the flinty strand, winding its bristling way along, by the shore of the sounding sea, to its present terminus. I conceive the whole to be a magnificent success in its way. The breath of the locomotive mingling with the breath of the emerald ocean, and falling in a rainbow shower of encouragement upon the head of superintendent and officials alike.

Too much praise cannot be awarded Engineer Stansbury for his fidelity in pushing this work to so remarkable completion. In season, and out of season; through storm and shine; battling with this obstacle, and contending with that obstruction, he has nevertheless, in this grand result, won for himself the confidence not only of the travelling public, but that of his employers as well. Honor to whom honor is due! It would be culpable in me to forget the band of working men who have labored so faithfully with the engineer in his arduous task. I respect such men, in whose rough and ready hands the spade and pick are far more honorable implements than the assassin's pistol, or the bandit's knife. These workmen are sharers with us in this interesting celebration. I like to crown them knights of labor. Indeed,

Our country is famed for its labor and gains,
No less than for largess of manhood and brains;
You know the tradition concerning Pike's Peak;
That is nothing, for listen, and hear our Spike speak!

The rugged old ocean roars out in his glee:
"Great shadow of Neptune! What is it I see?"
In politics, once, Locofoco was votive;
Times have changed, and the tocsin is now Locomotive!

'Tis an age of invention—great epoch of steam!
For the sea-gull's we have the fierce engine's wild scream!

Innovation! Ah, no; 'tis the popular thing;
Dionis is Queen, and our Philip is King!

The selections rendered by the band at the conclusion of each speaker's remarks were well received, and there were many complimentary remarks made upon the quality of the music.

Cheers were given for the Railroad Company, the management, the band, engineer Stansbury and mine host Coffin, of the Ocean View, when the crowd dispersed in various directions.

Several of the cottages were decorated in honor of the event, that of Mrs. S. J. Clute

being adorned with flags and lanterns. William C. Swain, Esq., also made a display of flags, and bunting floated from the residences of Mrs. S. P. Reynolds and Mr. R. B. Coffin, the Atlantic House, and other places. During the evening a pyrotechnic display was made in front of the residence of Mrs. S. J. Clute, comprising some very handsome pieces.

The road is as yet a trifle rough, but this is to be expected on a new line, and does not detract from the delightfulness of the ride along the surf-washed shore, with a charming view on the other hand of the unbroken stretch of commons, while the scenery between Tom Nevers Head and Siasconset village is strikingly picturesque.

The most hearty congratulations of the INQUIRER AND MIRROR are tendered the company upon the success that has attended their efforts.

HAY FEVER AND ITS CURE

1 DISEASE WHICH IS ON THE INCREASE IN THIS COUNTRY.

THE VICTIMS OF SNEEZING AND THE SUFFERINGS WHICH THEY ENDURE—PLACES WHERE EXEMPTION MAY BE FOUND.

A "hay fever" sufferer is an object of very little sympathy. He or she gets none at all from the world in general, and very little from friends, in proportion to the amount of inconvenience and actual sickness experienced. The public consider that the victim has merely a bad cold. They admit that such an influenza is very annoying at any time, and particularly in hot weather, but they do not know that the eyes, the nostrils, the throat and lungs, in fact the whole system is affected, and that a feverish dryness of the skin accompanies this apparently ordinary cold in the head. They laugh at the idea of one's being incapacitated for work by small ailments, and besides making fun of him are apt to rate his courage and endurance at a low standard. One's immediate family and friends understand the situation better, but they cannot quite appreciate it. They have seen their victim worry through them and me out in the end neither injured in mind nor body. They know that the disease is not dangerous, and that the patient will not die. They pity his or her infirmity, but as pity and sympathy are apt to be proportionate to the danger of affliction, the hay fever victim, as a rule, is not properly appreciated. The sufferer alone knows the disease, but he struggles constantly to be himself lost he should be thought weak and foolish by giving up to what the unaffected consider mere trifles.

Though many theories have been advanced tending to show the origin and nature of the various forms of the disease known by the name "hay fever," none is sustained by such a number of facts as to command general acceptance. As early as the year 1819 an English physician gave his attention to the subject in a most thorough way, and from his observations composed a paper on the disease, which was then considered quite rare. Dr. Wyman, of Cambridge, Mass., has given much of his time for many years to an exhaustive treatment of the subject. Dr. Wyman is himself a sufferer, among the causes exciting the disease mentioned by the earlier English physicians were the fumes of flowers and of grass, in and out of doors, light, heat and sunshine, laughter, a full and the pollen of flowering plants. Two forms are recognized in the book which Dr. Wyman has published. One he calls the "June" cold, the other "Autumnal." He thinks the "June cold" corresponds to the hay fever or asthma of England and the United States. Dr. Wyman agrees with Dr. Wyman that the Autumnal form is peculiar to America, and links all forms of the disease identical as an intermediate form between the two. It is certainly true that in the later seasons, from late Spring to early autumn, there are a way quite different, certain impurities in the atmosphere, one might bring on a violent fit of sneezing followed by other and more serious symptoms if the cause was not withdrawn or removed. The odor of roses creates the symptoms, and many more, yes almost all plants known as "ragweed." Dust of any kind is sure to start sneezing, and a sudden change from shade into sunshine, or vice versa, overheating of the system, or a fresh breeze, has the same effect. But the worst of all irritants is the black smoke which comes full of dust and with an offensive odor from the smoke of a locomotive. To travel in the ordinary long distances, is perfect torture to a "hay fever" subject. So direct are the influences mentioned that the sufferer acquires the names of "rose" and "cold," "hay" and "ragweed" fever. The term "hay fever" has become a term for all varieties is due to the fact that the disease first became known its existence thought to be due entirely to the irritating pollen. Hay pollen is now supposed to be only one of many exciting causes, and has become rooted.

It has been known to die from hay fever, and if proper care is taken by him so that it has any injurious effect upon his system is not perceptible. By far the most serious form of the disease is that which sets in during the month of August, and which is known as "hay fever proper" or "Autumnal." This form is accompanied by a severe attack of asthma, which begins soon after the pollen has set in, keeps along with it, and becomes more severe after it has run its course. "Rose" and "peach" colds and the other varieties are milder. They come much earlier in the season, most of them in June, and, as a rule, are accompanied with asthma. All forms of the disease begin alike, but those of "hay fever proper" are most violent and persistent. The first day an itching is felt in the inner corners of the eyes, in the nose, the back part of the pharynx, and on the inside of the mouth. If the afflicted one follows the usual method of rubbing his eyes, he becomes often bloodshot, and feel as if they contained sand. Sneezing is soon brought on, and is accompanied by a tickling sensation in the throat and the inflammation of the throat. The sneezes rarely come in rapid succession are not at

all uncommon, and 15 or 20 are frequently heard. Dust, a sudden draught, smoke, exposure to sunlight, or even sunlight, and such small things as a change of position or disturbance of mind, will produce numbers of them instantly. One cannot tell just what to do to keep from sneezing; a thing to be dreaded, because it aggravates the disease, and brings the asthma nearer.

A profuse watery discharge from the nostrils and a flow of tears from the eyes follow the sneezing. The patient is certainly kept busy. On an average he will use from seven to ten handkerchiefs a day; some will saturate 20 and even 30 in 24 hours. The discharge thickens as the disease progresses, and the vessels of the eyes, nose, and larynx become enlarged and swollen. The secretions of the glands of the eyes become more apparent. The nose becomes red and sore to the touch, and the swollen nostrils close at times, so that the patient is forced to breathe through the mouth. The membranes of the mouth and throat become congested and the glands enlarged. There is difficulty in swallowing, and the tongue becomes dry and furrowed. The first stage of the trouble lasts usually about a week or ten days. The second stage lasts about the same length of time, and during this the itching of the eyes and nostrils and the sneezing in a great measure cease. Cough or asthma, often both, are substituted for them. The cough usually precedes the asthma, which is the worst symptom of the disease. The patient is often compelled to sit up in bed to catch his breath, and sometimes the heated air of the room makes it so difficult to breathe that he gladly holds his head out of a window to get the benefit of even a small breeze. The asthma holds in all cases until the disease has run its course and the patient is recovered.

The usual duration of the Autumnal catarrh is from six weeks to two months. The "June" or "rose cold" and earlier forms seldom last more than a month or six weeks at the outside. Most cases are free of asthma, but a few have it very mildly. In this form the disease leaves the patient as quickly as it came, but in the more aggravated Autumnal form there is a perceptible feeling of improvement day by day. The mucus which clogs the chest and lungs is finally coughed off, just as in a very heavy cold. As the symptoms which produced it have disappeared the patient is bound to be relieved, the asthma to become less acute, and improvement to follow.

To get a thorough idea of the symptoms of the disease, and that he might find a specific for it, Dr. Beard prepared several years ago a number of circulars, each containing the same 55 questions, and sent them all over the country to persons whom he knew were afflicted with it. From the 200 answers received he wrote his book in which he advanced the theory that "hay fever" is a nervous affection; that it is not due to any specific cause, and that no specific will ever be found for it. He thinks it to be a disease of the intelligent or educated classes, and to be hereditary. Parents who are of a nervous temperament and who illustrate this by sick headache or hysteria may have children or grandchildren among whom prevail many nervous symptoms. One or more may have "hay fever," others may suffer at different periods of life from the same symptoms as their parents, and others from ordinary neuralgia, nervous dyspepsia, or one or more of a list of nervous troubles. He thinks it a nervous affection for many reasons, the chief of which are: That he is satisfied of its being hereditary and constitutional; that it prevails mostly among those of a nervous temperament; that it is peculiar to modern civilization, and is found oftentimes in climates where functional nervous diseases are frequent, and that, as far as he is able to judge, all its symptoms, in all its stages, are of a nervous character. Dust, pollen, and vegetable decomposition, he says, cannot produce the trouble. They act only as irritants, and serve to aggravate the disease when developed. He finds "hay fever" almost unknown among the laboring classes, but its percentage larger among ministers and professional men. For a great part of his life Daniel Webster was a great sufferer from it.

Hay fever seems to be more common in men than in women. It is found in all civilized countries, and has its sufferers in all of the United States, from Maine to California, the only exempt regions being the mountains, the forests, the sea, and the colder regions of the North and Northwest. Its victims in this country alone are estimated at from 25,000 to 50,000. With many of the sufferers the attack begins the same day in each year; with others it may vary a day or two, according to the weather or condition of the system; but some have been found who insist that it makes its appearance at a certain time in a certain day, and without fail. That the disease appears at a certain time without apparent cause has been attributed by many to the effect of the patient's imagination. But this cannot be, for the attack often takes him or her by surprise. Of the three forms of the disease mentioned by Dr. Beard the earliest disappears some time in July, the second usually before Sept. 1, and the last and worst form about Oct. 1, though it runs in many cases a week or ten days longer, perhaps to the middle of October.

As no cure for "hay fever" has yet been found, those who suffer with it can secure exemption only by removal to such places as are free from exciting causes. The best remedy is an ocean voyage, and next to this come the mountains. Coast voyages are good, but the deep sea is the best. Seaside resorts are a help to the system so long as the breeze blows "on shore." When it blows "off shore" it brings air from the interior laden with pollen and foreign matter, and the patient is little better off than when at home. Many persons get exemption in Europe. A cool temperate climate and the absence of vegetation are the chief ends desired, and for this reason the Adirondack Mountains are most excellent "hay fever" resorts. Wherever there is much civilization in the mountains the virtue of that place as a hay fever resort seems to be at least a little impaired. The White Mountains are threatened now in Summer time; the Adirondacks have plenty of visitors too, but they are more inaccessible and retain much more of their primitive character.

The object of the United States Hay Fever Association, which was organized in 1877, is to collect information from all sources for the relief of sufferers from hay fever. In its pamphlet, published yearly, it is stated that certain regions are exempt from the disease, because little or no pollen exists there, as at sea; because there is little moisture in the atmosphere to carry pollen, as in Colorado, and because the tem-

perature is so low that the moisture never rises, but is precipitated to the ground or in the adjacent valleys, as on the mountain tops and sides. At the end of the report of the convention is given a list of places exempt or partially so. It is compiled for the benefit of the cause, and whenever a new region or place is reported exempt by a reliable person it is added immediately to the list. The following places are given in this list as exempt:

Adirondack Mountains and Lake Superior region. Lake Minnetonka, Minn. Mackinaw, Mich. Marquette, Mich. (Lake Superior.) Minnequa, Penn. Muncie, Ind. Mount Mansfield, Vt. Mount Desert, New-Brunswick. Nova Scotia. Nevada. North Danville, Vt. North of St. Lawrence River. North Mountain, Sullivan County, Penn. Oak Bluffs, (Martha's Vineyard.) Overlook House, (Catskill Mountains.) Peterborough, N. Y. Petoskey, Mich. Put-in-Bay, (Lake Erie.) Quebec. Rocky Mountains. Sault de Ste. Marie, Mich. Schroon Lake, N. Y. St. Lawrence Valley. Superior City, Wis. St. John's River, New-Brunswick. Tadoussac, Canada. Tule Lake, and Wingate, New-Mexico. Wiloughby Lake, Westmore, Vt. (station for West Burke, Passumpsic Railroad.) West Charleston, Vt. Labrador.

White Mountains.—From Lancaster and Littleton on the west, to Bethel, Me., on the east, and from Jackson and the Crawford House on the south to and into Canada on the north. Average elevation, 1,400 feet. This territory embraces: Bethlehem, N. H. Bethel, Me. Bowman's Place, between Moon and Israel rivers. Carroll, Twin Mountain House. Crawford House. Crawford Notch. Cherry Mountain. Fabryns. Franconia Notch and Village. Gorham. Glen. Glenmont Hill. Jefferson. Mount Washington. Old Crawford House. Pinkham Notch. Profile House. Randolph. Shelburne. Valleys of Ellis and Sawyer Rivers. Whitefield. White Mountain House. Willey House.

But for those who cannot get to an exempt region there is some relief at least in palliatives. The pamphlet of the Hay Fever Association makes many suggestions. It counsels the patient to breathe pure air, to get plenty of sleep, a plain, nutritious diet, exercise, and to take daily sponge baths to keep open the pores of the skin. He is advised to sleep in the upper rather than the lower stories of the house, to avoid fatty or starchy food, all kinds of dusts, hot sunshine, damp night air, late hours, late and hearty suppers, and the bad air of crowded rooms. He is cautioned to wear flannels and to dress warmly enough to prevent the body from being heated or chilled by sudden changes of temperature. Various prescriptions of quinine, camphor, iodine, glycerine, common salt, tannic and carbolic acids, and other drugs are given. Quinine has been tried alone with good effect; it soothes and strengthens the nerves and allays inflammation. Turkish and Russian baths are known to be excellent, and a case of eight years' standing is said to have been broken up by a course of galvanic treatment in a bath, followed by thorough rubbing with the hands. Raw cotton placed over the eyes is said to stop their itching. Rose cold is relieved if a piece of sulphur as big as a pea is held in the mouth, and various solutions snuffed up the nostrils alleviate the stinging sensation in them and clear the head. Whisky has been beneficial to many because of its stimulating and tonic effects. A little exercise is a good thing, but too much and an overheating of the system must be guarded against.

Early every Summer the journey of the pilgrims to the haven of their exemption begins, and year by year the band, formerly small, is increasing more and more. This increase is really alarming, and who knows but we may yet hear of a "hay fever" nominee for President! Bethlehem, Jefferson, and all the exempt towns in the White Mountains are alive with them during the months of August and September. The patients have contributed largely to the success of these towns; in fact, the towns are dependent on them for support. I have had "hay fever" for nearly 20 years, and I have visited many of the places set down in the association pamphlet as exempt. The best locality I have so far found is the Adirondack Mountains. At Keene Valley, Lake Placid, and a hundred other places within them, there is sure relief. But one must be sure to go into the mountains away from the railroad. I have tried the White Mountains for four years. They are excellent, but not always thoroughly exempt, for an overheating of the body will often bring on a bad attack of sneezing, and in rainy weather one notices a slight difficulty in breathing. In the Adirondacks there are places so exempt that one can do anything and not know that he ever had "hay fever." I have tried many of the places mentioned on Lake Superior, and have found exemption in them all. Neither have I suffered in St. Paul or Minneapolis to any noticeable extent, or at Lake Minnetonka. Fire Island, the Isles of Shoals, and others similarly situated near the land, are not so good as the primitive mountains. They relieve the disease wonderfully at all times, but it is only when the wind blows from the sea that they give perfect exemption.

NANTUCKET AND 'SCONSET.

IMPRESSIVE EXERCISES COMMEMORATIVE OF THE COMPLETION OF THE NANTUCKET RAILROAD CONNECTING THE TOWN AND HAMLET—DRIVING THE GILDED SPIKE—MUSIC BY THE MECHANICS BAND—TRIBUTES TO THE DESERVING.

In local history the facts incident to the celebration of the completion of the Nantucket Railroad between Nantucket and Siasconset, on Tuesday, July 8, 1884, will occupy a place. It was the celebration of the completion of an important project to the place in the face of every conceivable obstacle, and can be scored as another setback to croakerism. Only to those who have successfully carried out the work can the difficulties and perplexities which have beset the iron pathway ever be fully known, but their reward comes through the final success, and they can safely smile. Disappointments have been numerous, none being greater than the necessity of postponing the opening day beyond the Fourth of July, but this proved no drawback to the interest of the occasion.

Despite the threatening weather of Tuesday, the outward trains were all well filled, and it is safe to assert that upon the arrival of the first afternoon train at the base of Sunset Heights bluff, there was gathered in ancient 'Sconset the largest concourse of people the "bank" ever held, drawn there by curiosity and public-spirited enthusiasm, and doubtless the number would have been greater but for the inclement weather.

As Mechanics Band alighted from the cars, a lusty cheer went forth, and as the band fell in, indefatigable, patriotic and smiling William D. Clark, with gilded mall and spike, took his position in the van, and led the way to the last tie, where amid a sudden burst of sunshine and

TO THE TUNE OF "YANKEE DOODLE"

he settled the golden spike into its wooden bed, Master Ray Barnum, a son of Gen. Barnum, of New York, waving an ensign meanwhile, while the plaudits of the crowd went up in a prolonged cheer. It was an inspiring occasion, and the gray-headed residents of 'Sconset, who stood with arms akimbo, stoical witnesses of the innovation upon their peaceful quiet, caught up the enthusiasm and patted their palms as lustily as any.

This part of the programme concluded, the crowd adjourned to the lawn in front of the Ocean View House, where a selection was finely rendered by the band (and here let us state that it was their first public appearance after but a few months' practice), which was heartily applauded. After prayer by Miss Louise S. Baker, a sumptuous dinner was served to invited guests and others who were disposed, in the spacious dining room of the hotel by landlord Coffin, who had everything first-class. Literary exercises followed the repast, the speakers occupying seats on the front piazza of the hotel. Mr. Arthur H. Gardner, who presided, addressed the assembly briefly, congratulating the management on the success of their project, referring to the annual celebrations that had been held, each marking an important step in the progress of the work, concluding by introducing as the first speaker, Allen Coffin, Esq., who said:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The last spike has been driven in the track of the Nantucket Railroad. It was not the first last spike that has been driven, neither will it be the last; for the last first spike in the grand universal-

ty of railway systems has not yet been dreamed of. The first iron spike of the Nantucket Railroad was driven June 1st, 1881; but the first intellectual spike for this railway, whose consummation we this day celebrate, was forged in the fertile brain of an honored son of Nantucket, and hammered out upon the anvil of Nantucket's faith and hope in the eternal progress of the world, nearly forty years ago. (It is a part of our history that a survey was made by a civil engineer for a railway to Siasconset, under the direction, and, I may say, inspiration, of the late Judge Edward M. Gardner, nearly forty years ago. The route then proposed, however, was not by way of Surf-side, for that romantic and health-giving resort had not then been discovered, save by the fishers' tribe and stranded mariners, who read upon the lonely boat-house the humane direction preceding the painted hand with its index finger pointing—"Strangers in the fog or snow, there is the road to town.") What a prophesy was that, as we contemplate it now, through the dim vista of forty years—a period of time corresponding with the period the children of Israel were wandering in the wilderness ere the Promised Land was reached. The prophetic utterances of Judge Gardner have their fulfillment to-day. He made figures to show that a railroad to Siasconset would pay. Many people laughed at the project and sneered at the figures. But the project survived the jeers of opponents, and has passed through the dark domain of experiment, emerging into the full light of triumphant fact. How very little encouragement the management of this railroad has received from the general public of Nantucket, the world may never know. How much opposition, discouragement, lack of confidence, and ridicule has been placed in the way of the road, only those who had the pluck and the patience, and have struggled on through unspeakable trials, through tedious days and wakeful nights, shall know.

Before the Wannacomet Water Works—before the organization of a gas company—before the Bakker's Camels were built—before the keel of the first ship constructed on the island was laid—before the first lighthouse on the American coast was lighted, sending its beneficent rays of hope to the returning mariner—before the first pamphlet was printed against chattel slavery in America—before the first ship had flung the American ensign to the breeze in the English channel—there were noble, brave, and true-hearted men in Nantucket. They came here principally from 1651 to the close of the 17th century, and left a goodly heritage. But they have not ceased coming yet; and, in view of this fact, the rational mind may rejoice, and the faint-hearted thank God and take courage. With a faith as sublime as that of the great Law Giver, who struggled through Egyptian darkness, and with courage as undaunted, Messrs. Folger and Norton and Coffin, re-enforced and sustained by that most eminently practical engineer, Stansbury, who threw into this work his whole soul—the promised land of Siasconset has been reached by rail.

"God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways which we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of Him He loved so well."

I will no longer retrospect. The future is ripe and laden with golden promise. You cannot reap where you have not sown, nor garner what is not your own. There is, I believe, a glorious future for Nantucket. Many people regret the decadence of the whale-fishery, and I confess to a moderate share in such regrets. But there is more taxable wealth on Brant Point to-day, than was ever there represented by the whaling industry in its palmy days. And this wonderful transformation, which we there behold, is the result of the stern and inexorable logic of events.

"The fixed decree, which, not all Heaven can move,
Thou, Fate, fulfill it, and yet Powers approve."

The Nantucket of the future must be very different from the Nantucket of the past; and, in recognizing this fact, I have no regrets, for I believe in the eternal progress of man, and the everlasting fitness of things. I should as soon think of donning the worn-out home-spun garb of my ancestors with the expectation of making myself presentable to this cultured assembly, as to revel in the thought that the oar and the harpoon proffered the acme of human attainments for the rising generation of Nantucketers. Why, the world has changed since I was young. Men even go whaling now by steam, and capture leviathans by aid of whaling-guns and bomb-lances. There are yet miles of ocean-bound Nantucket lying along the line of this very railroad, all undeveloped, inviting the depopulated interior continental cities to come and make themselves summer homes, not to mention the other miles of shore by the sea and by lakelets.

I love Nantucket and her people—her lore, her traditions, her history and her renown. Every street and lane which my juvenile footsteps traversed—every schoolhouse and church I have been wont to attend—every pond and swamp, hill and valley is as dear to me now as when I first roved among them in the freshness and buoyancy of youth. The swamp apple sends forth the same delicious fragrance it did when I drove cows to pasture ever-so-many years ago; the cranberries look first as green and then as red, and the ripe huckleberries as black, as when I gathered them without a thought of the morrow. The restless waves of old ocean even now bring music to my ears. And, amid all these thoughts that come trooping to my mind, I feel that I love Nantucket better than ever; and, perhaps, better appreciate her charming resources because the best portion of my active life was passed among other scenes. Nantucket people, in times past, have been wanderers all over the globe, and now the people from all parts of the country seem to be flocking to our island in search of recreation and repose, and they bring with them, I estimate, half a mil-

lion of dollars annually, and some of it remains here in circulation. There is enough of the ancient Nantucket spirit left to secure them all a hearty welcome.

No great truth was ever born to the world without pain and labor on the part of the one that gave it birth. No great enterprise has ever been projected that has not encountered doubts and fears and fierce antagonisms from those who have subsequently been benefited thereby. The Nantucket Railroad has experienced its full share of obstacles, and, notwithstanding, has made success a certainty. I congratulate the management upon this success. The operations on the road have caused a large amount of money to be expended here, and it has gone into the varied channels of trade. Almost every kind of business has been benefited by its expenditures, and its continued operations will cause continual expenditures to be made. It must prove a public benefactor, as long as the present business of Nantucket continues. And while its financial success must depend largely upon its prudent and discreet management, the indications are altogether favorable for dividends at an early day.

Hon. William R. Easton was next introduced as one who had witnessed the ups and downs of Nantucket, but had lived to see her resuscitated, and was present to assist in the pleasant celebration of the hour. He spoke as follows:

Lord Byron, on a certain occasion, said to one of his contemporaries, "Medwin gin and water is the source of all my inspiration." Now, if the intellect of Byron required gin and water to bring out its brilliancies efficiently, what are we to fire up with, in this quiet, cool, comfortable, and sleepy atmosphere, where Wannacomet water is the principal beverage? I can tell you, my friends, what animates and stimulates us on this interesting occasion, and that is the happy completion of the Nantucket railroad to Siasconset, the most attractive spot of all the out of town places, (and there are many) on this little isle of the sea.

As early as about the commencement of the present century, its attractive features were appreciated by visitors, and its praises pronounced in poetry, in prose, and in song. An Orthodox minister sojourning here, notwithstanding the strictness of his sect, who were ever clamorous for proselytes, and strict in the discipline of disciples, not permitting any kind of revelry, nor indulgence even in the singing of songs, not spiritual, was so charmed with 'Sconset, that his harp was involuntarily attuned anew, and sent forth its music in poetic, dulcet strains, with the spiritual left out, thus—a few stanzas occur to me:

"Wide in the East on Nancy's Isle,
Where roars the loud surf louder,
Ascends to view the happy velle
For freedom famed and chowder.

Its pump the lymph oblivious pours
To drown despo and treason;
Its purer air at once restores
To liberty and reason.

When erring virtue asks excuse,
'Tis free good-nature grants it;
And that which else would be abuse,
Is winked by laws of 'Sconset."

The first railroad, I think, was that of Manchester, England, the second that of Quincy, Massachusetts; with these beginnings, the first for the transportation of coals, and the second of granite, we have gone on conquering and to conquer, until nearly the whole of our vast domain is netted with railroads, and the proprietors of the Nantucket Railroad have exhibited great sagacity in persevering to completion what I doubt not will prove to be a necessity to the increasing prosperity of Nantucket. May a full measure of success attend this laudable enterprise. The good-will and thanks of this community they are richly entitled to, and are now receiving.

Edward F. Underhill, Esq., of New York, was called upon, and responded in the following happy vein:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—In responding to the request to participate in the celebration of an event so important to Siasconset, I labor under peculiar embarrassments. I was only notified within half an hour that I was to be a part of the funeral, and now that my turn has come, I feel that I am to act the part of the corpse. [Laughter.] I am like the Frenchman, who, after years of study had prepared for the press, as he supposed, a profound and exhaustive work on philosophy, chanced to look at the writings of Aristotle, Pythagoras, Plato and other eminent writers of Ancient Greece, and saw that he had been anticipated by over 2000 years. In great rage he said: "Sacre bleu! Zose infernal ancients have stolen my best ideas." [Laughter.] It occurs to me now that it would have been better for me had I told my story first. All I undertook to do was to fill the gaps that other speakers had left, and they haven't left me any gaps! Still, I can speak of personal experiences as a stranger among you. This is my sixth summer on the island, and, as you know, my time has been passed on 'Sconset bank. I came here after two years' suffering from nervous prostration caused by overwork, during which I had but little sleep and only the memory of an appetite. I took a little cottage on the bank where myself and family felt that we would have a maximum of comfort and a minimum of care, however the stayance was promising. I slept twelve hours a day. The other twelve I was only sleepy. [Laughter.] As for my appetite, the first day I was able to run the gamut of the bill of fare at the Ocean View

YOUNG AMERICA.

WHAT IT IS LEARNING.

THE YOUNG IDEA; Or, Common School Culture.
By Caroline B. Le Row. 16mo, pp. 202. Cassell
& Co.

This modest little volume—a mere pamphlet in form and dimensions—contains matter to give serious thought to parents and teachers, and it is cast in a way to drive home and clinch firmly every demonstration it makes. It is addressed to the defects of the common school course. It is a document which strongly reinforces all the arguments which have been made against the cramming methods employed in the public schools; against the practice of filling children with verbiage to which they seldom attach the right meaning, and often no definite meaning; against the mischievous or futile modes of instruction which make the obtaining of marks the chief aim of the school-life, and which subordinate everything to preparation for so-called examinations and exhibitions, both of which are entirely misleading as to the quality and quantity of the knowledge required. The author has produced singularly impressive results by alternate quotations from popular writers and teachers and extracts from the examination papers of the children themselves. These latter citations are in many instances irresistibly absurd, but when the reader has paid them the unavoidable tribute of a laugh he will reflect upon the value of the educational system which produces such results, and he will ask himself whether indeed the minds of the coming citizens and rulers of the Republic are being so developed and disciplined by the present school curriculum as to leave no room for doubt as to the progress of national intelligence.

Mrs. Le Row could not have framed her protest more powerfully than she has done. The evidence which she adduces, step by step, on each separate branch of instruction, is cumulative and in mass it constitutes the most grave indictment of the system. Grown men and women may dispute with one another as to the effect of this or that educational method, interminably, and, unless they apply the crucial test of the actual results of the controverted method, without any profit. But these terrible examination papers bring us face to face with realities. They show conclusively what the current educational methods are producing, their effect upon children's minds, the extent to which they evoke comprehension, the extent also to which they encourage parrot-learning. From such evidence there is no appeal. The children are not swift witnesses, or slow, or suspect. Their answers exhibit in every instance all the knowledge they can bring to bear upon the specific subject, and at the same time throw light upon the general tendencies of the educational machinery. The inability of a large proportion of school textbook writers to put themselves on the children's level in constructing their explanations is one of the most fruitful sources of confusion. It is not so bad as in the period when English children were set to learn Latin by the aid of that Eton Latin grammar, every word of which was in the language to be acquired. In looking back it is difficult to understand how so monstrous an imbecility, so wanton a cruelty as that, could have been tolerated within half a century. But we must not be too severe upon the past generation, for if our successors read Mrs. Le Row's little book they will hardly avoid thinking as slightly of us as we now do of the people who taught Latin in Latin.

Following are some definitions which tend to show how much some children attach to the hard words they are compelled to learn by rote:

"Obelisk, one of the marks of punctuation."
"Doxology, dropsy in the head."
"Evangelist, one who speaks from his stomach."
"Tonical, something very hard."
"Tocsin, something to do with getting drunk."
"Epoch, a ruler or son of a king," and,—"can it be possible that it is a conscious and intentional witticism?"
"Monastery, a place for monsters."
The statement, "A termagant is a kind of goose," no one will be foolish enough to challenge, especially the victims of the termagant, and there is an indisputable truth in the assertion.
"A phenix is one who sifts ashes," if we accept it as a description of the manner in which the creature is supposed to extricate itself from its own debris.

"A shing is something made from an old shoe," is evidently an original declaration, and not borrowed from books. But there is a suspicious flavor about "Teutonic, a very strong sort of spring medicine."

Truly, as another pupil explains, "A definition is something you find out." Sometimes it would seem to be something you can't find out.

Here are some more illustrations and definitions:

"Headstrong is to drink too much whiskey."
"Frantic is something up in the garret."
"Language and thought are inseparable," says Max Muller. "Words without thoughts are dead sounds; thoughts without words are nothing. The word is the thought incarnate," as, for instance,

"A protuberance is an effervescence."
"Ethereal is something relating to the lower regions."

"A sonambulist is a man that talks when you don't know where he is."

We may sometimes find ourselves taken unawares by such information as

"A pully is a sort of chicken."

"A raffle is a kind of gun."

"Ventilation is letting in contaminated air."

"Mastification is moving the jaws all round."

"Alkalie is acids mixed up."

"A rehearsal is what they have at a funeral."

"Gladiators grow in my mas garden."

"An incendiary is when you go round preaching and singing him."

"Expostulation is to have the small-pox," and

"A turbot is a kind of rhetorical style."

"The Romans had made no naval conquest because they possessed no feet."

"The soldiers marched down the hill pantaloons after pantaloons."

"Carthage was taken by Cicero who was set on fire and continued to rage for seventeen days."

"The Crusades were millinery expeditions undertaken by the Christians."

"The cotton-gin was invaded by Whitney in 1794."

"At the close of the last war the Federal Army nominated and numbered one million men."

"The Indians were of a weak constitution and morality was great among them."

"When the news of the Stamp Act arrived Boston was muffled and rang a funeral peal."

What one young victim, with unconscious sarcasm, called "the sins of numbers" has produced and is producing far more than its fair share of bewilderment and torment among the young. It would really seem sometimes as though the makers of arithmetics were a kind of envenomed misogynists, who took malign pleasure in setting traps for the feet of the children, and in confusing them with problems the solution of which can under no conceivable circumstances be of future use to them. Here are some of the products of the patent methods in use:

"Subtraction is the minuend and the subtracted end."

"When there are equal numbers it is called multiplication."

"A partial product is one of the things you multiply with."

"A quotient is a prime factor and is always a number or some part of a number."

"A composite number is just the same as a prime factor."

"Eagles, dimes, and mills make all a man's money, and sometimes he has not got any Mills."

And again:

"Brokerage is the allowance for the brakerage and leekage of bottles."

"Insurance is when you die or burn up your money and the insurance office pays you for it."

"Exchange in Europe is when you go through London, Paris and places."

"When you exchange money all you have to do is to get the right change."

"The payment of a note on the back is called an enforcement."

"Accurate interest is according to the number of dates, the days, and the intrest."

This is how the young idea "catches on" to the explanations of business transactions and methods given it in school, and how it develops its mathematical capacity:

"The metric system of waits and measures. Its just acoming into fashion in the U. States."

Perhaps other equally perspicacious definitions came into fashion when "current practice" made a start in this wrong direction.

"If there are no units in a number you have to fill it up with all zeros."

"Units of any order are expressed by writing in the place of the order."

"A factor is sometimes a faction," and sometimes it makes an equal amount of trouble.

"If fractions have a common denominator, find the difference in the denominator."

"Interest on interest is confound interest," though a man may sometimes be confounded by getting neither principal nor interest. Yet the principal is, after all, of very little account if

"Principal is not valuable like interest and is never paid."

"The rule for proportion is to multiply it by all the terms."

10 50

38 90

49 40

2 67

168 77

171 44

20

Readers of history may think that they understand the motive of Wat Tyler, who headed a rebellion against Parliament five hundred years ago. The hero of this insurrection is set forth by a pupil as

"What Tyler was a taxgatherer in the reign of Richard Second." And when we learn that "A Pole tax is laid on top of your head," we cannot so much wonder that he found a hundred thousand men ready to resent the injury, though after all, that is not so bad as a battle-ax applied to the same place.

"You can find a hypothesis if you have a base perpendicular," although that may depend somewhat upon what kind of a hypothesis you desire to find.

"When you multiply two numbers together they had ought to be just equal." But things are not always what they ought to be, even in the "exact sciences."

"The parties are bound together in insurance by policy," not the only parties who appear to be bound together in the same way.

"The underwriters are the sure parties."

"A tax on a man is called a poll tax when he has not any property."

"No man will live long enough to be ensured unless he has great expectation of life."

Children are taught much grammar, on the theory that this is the only way by which to master the construction of a language. How often they comprehend the explanations they learn may be gathered from such definitions as follow:

"An adjective tells you all about it." Eureka! At last we can "solve the riddle of the painful earth" in a totally unexpected manner. "All about it!" What comfort for the curious in that short and simple sentence! Truly, there is more in this much-abused science than at first appears; but when we learn from the next paper that

"An adjective is an objection to something," we are harassed with painful doubts as to the real individuality and usefulness of this particular sort of word.

"An adverb is some sort of a verb put onto another kind of a verb to tell something about it."

"Adverbial phrase is when you have a sentence and you say something in it about something and its a adverb insted of a noun or pronoun or verb or adgetive than its adverbial phrase."

Like "poor Jo," this boy might have said with truth, "I'm a-gropin', a-gropin'."

"The difference between a phrase and a clause is the phrase can be in the clause and sometimes it is."

One can hardly help speculating as to where the phrase is when it is not in "the clause."

"A conjunction is your very much surprised at something."

Possibly at the definition.

"A interjection is throwing words in a sentence o dear is interjection because you can't pass it with anything."

Here are some more specimens of grammatical definition.

"Nouns denoting male and female and things without sex is neuter."

"The cow jumped over the fence is a transitive nuter verb because fence isent the name of any thing and has no sex."

"A masculine noun is third person plural number and has no neuter because it has n gender sex."

"The degrees of comparison is I study you study we study."

"He speaks lowly lowly is a ajectiv of how he speaks and is deprived from low and compard low lowing lowerest."

"Voice is the changing of our voice. We have a high and low voice. When we get hoars we haven't much of a voice."

"The indicitive mood represents the verb as acting or going to. I shall go."

"The potential mode shows something that may can or must be done. I might stay."

"The subjunctive represents the verb as possibly it might be done. If I can."

"The infinitive is when the verb is going to. To dress you must hurry."

"The imperative is a word in a commanding form. You shall."

It is especially to be observed that children never learn to speak good English by learning grammar. They invariably retain the manner of speech which they brought to school, and which is that of the social class to which they belong, and whose mode of talking they follow as a matter of course. In all the quoted grotesqueness here it will be seen that the writers composed their answers and definitions in their vernacular—that is, in the speech of their native streets—and not in such language as the acquisition of grammatical knowledge is, altogether erroneously, supposed to impart. But if grammar does not shine through its products, no more can be said of geography "as she is taught," to judge from the following examples:

"The interior of Africa is principally used for purposes of exploration."

"Africa has no interior and you can't explore it."

"The Nile is in New-York a country of Africa."

In some other statements we receive the full value of "the sign," yet hardly grasp "the thing signified."

"The Gulf of St. Lawrence rises in Itaska Lake and empties into Mississippi."

"San Francisco is a river in Brazil."

"The capital of Kentucky is Frankfort on the Maine."

"Alexandria is the capitol of Russia."

Another feature of this country is that "The serfs of Russia" is little animals all white except the tips of their tails which is black."

"The Catskill mountains are also in Russia."

"London is the largest city of the United States or Russia or France."

If that particular pupil should "guess again" he might hit it.

One might well find himself in "Egyptian darkness" if

"Egypt is in Syria," and

"Syria is a kind of turpentine."

Some persons may be surprised to find that

"The greater antills are sugar, oranges, coffee and indigo."

"An alligator is the largest insect in North America."

"Leopards, tigers, and elephants inhabit North America."

"The camel grows in Greenland."

"There is snakes all over the frigid zone."

"Bears are the growth of tropical countries."

"The tropics produce a great many kinds of wild beasts and figs."

Some geographical statements tend to broaden our views. For instance,

"The climate of a country is trading with other countries."

"Domestic commerce is fishing. Foreign commerce is fishing with a pole."

Once in a while a child stumbles upon expressions which might almost arouse suspicion of a double meaning, as for instance when one wrote:

"The rapid growth of New-York City as a commercial centre can be accounted for by the fact that Castle Garden is located there." But what is to be thought of the value of common school teaching when a scholar solemnly sets down that

"The United States is most as big as England?"

As to the current quality and amount of history absorbed in the schools, these answers will enlighten the reader:

"Jean of Arc was rather pious and very gentle."

"Cromwell owed his elevation to his ascent to greatness, and because he was often in the senate and in the field of domestic retirement."

Another one discovers from this study of the individual that

"Zenophon died 1865 A. D."

"Caesar was 144 years old."

"Franklin and Ceasar were Frenchmen."

"Napoleon was a Russian Czar."

"Napoleon was the first king of France."

"Napoleon fought at the battle of Bunker Hill."

"Xerxes was the son of Darius king of England."

"Maria Antoinette was daughter of William the Conqueror and wife of Napoleon."

"The Phoenicians are natives of Venice."

"The Spartans settled England."

"The Romans, after conquering England, taught the Brittons to make railroads."

"The commons chose aldermen, and the assembly opened at Versailles."

"1216 ships brought eleven settlers to new England."

"Wen the colonis turned their attention to tobacco they experienced a strok of prosperity which nearly proved fatal to the destruction of the settlement."

"Valley Forge was one of the most bloodshed battles of the revolution killing the inhabitants."

"Louis and Bacon were two provisions of the Ordinance of 1787."

That last answer seems to show how well young America is learning the history of his own country; but the evidence on that head is only too ample.

Of course Civil Government is taught, and here are a few examples of what the children get from the teaching:

"We have not had any good government since the declaration of independence."

"The Revolutionary war was begun in 1775, and has continued all this time."

"No free government can exist unless its powers are discharged on earth."

"When territory is found uninhabited by new settlements, you take the laws of the country; but not a word of explanation is offered as to what you are expected to do with them."

"The Federal government grew out of several States. It has three states. Legislature, executive, and judicial."

"The Constitution should be the law of the country and be violated."

"No soldier shall be quartered anywhere in the United States without the consent of the owner."

"No person shall be convinced of treason unless he has done it to two witnesses in open court."

"The president cannot draw any salary during any term of office."

"Electors are chosen by people."

"Electors meet to cast their votes at each place in the State that is the capital of the legislature."

But the "qualifications to be a president" are still more surprising:

"The Constitution is 35 years, he shall be a natural born citizen of the United States, he shall have been president of the United States fourteen years prior to taking a seat."

Handwritten calculations and notes on the right margin.

158
3/3 14
380
258
392
12 1/2
25
13 29
350
350
3
487
17 25
19 33
151 92
18 78
450
150
228 15

In an... and white... sciousness returned, with all its... and go... to him!" she mourned. "Or if he could come to me for a moment, only one moment, that I might ask his forgiveness, and tell... but where was I? We... and Adair asked me to go out on the green. The moon shone like day, and we sat down under the lilac blooms. Now, when I see them through that window in the Springtime, nodding in the breezes,

"An absolute monarch makes the caprice of his own will but a democrat government is when the democrats are a select body of men and there elected by the people and use their voices in making the laws."
"In nearly all the states judicial officers should be impeached." Perhaps in the words of Captain Cuttle, "The bearing of this observation lies in the application of it."
"The House of Representatives shall have sole power of impeaching a speaker."
"On taking their seats Senators and Representatives swear."

Our extracts must end here. It will be seen from what has been quoted that Mrs. Le Row's little book is one to be reflected upon seriously. The boys and girls who are getting the kind of education here illustrated are charged with the great responsibility of maintaining the republican form of government. Upon the sagacity and intelligence they bring to bear upon the great problems of the time the most important consequences must depend. Does such evidence as Mrs. Le Row has gathered and presented justify sanguine anticipations regarding the future?

mtiac

Case

fish 4	60	40
ash	4	8
overshish 4	2	44
fine plank		60
re from 2 Coffins Store 187	3	
Jan/20-1819 - Iron Work - do do	2	77
	13	29

Dec 1819 - By 48 Pine plank

By Order on Matthew Barney's store 3 50

1825 - Cash 25

Jan 4 - 204 feet boards - price timber 3/

250 feet fine paint - 16

1825 - 50 Sugar from Gardner & Swift

A LEARNED DOCTOR.

From Medical News.

One of our physicians recently received the following letter from a country physician (?): "Dear doek I hav a pashunt whos phisicol sines shoes that the windpipe was ulcerated of, and his lung have dropped intoo his stumick. he is unabel to swoller and I feer his stumick tube is gon. I hav giv hym evry thing without effectt. his father is welthy Onorable and influenshial. he is an active membbber off the M. E. Chirsch and god nos I dont want to loose hym. what shall I due. ans. buy retuine male. yours in neede."

"BEFORE THE FIRE."

**BUSINESS PEOPLE OF NANTUCKET
PRIOR TO THE SERIOUS CONFLAGRATION
OF 1846.**

The list of coasters of Nantucket, recently printed in these columns, proved very interesting reading to many of our older readers, and suggested to Mr. Oliver Cobb and others, of Boston (former residents of Nantucket), the preparation of a list of people who did business in Nantucket prior to "the great fire" in the summer of 1846, which is compiled entirely from memory, and there may, therefore, be omissions or mis-locations, which would not be strange after the lapse of so many years. It is an interesting review of our predecessors, and the list will be followed by another soon, which is not yet completed. Mr. Cobb writes as follows: It appears to be needful to say, that it was not intended by the compiler of the foregoing list that it should be exhaustive, for he is aware that some of the older residents will recall names which might be added; and should any such be inclined to send you names not appearing, their contributions will add interest to the list you publish:

North Street.

Grocers.

Mary Coffin, Robert Calder.

Centre Street.

Grocers.

William Fitzgerald, Reuben Fosdick,
Samuel Barrett, Edward Hussey,
David Joy, Gorham Bunker,
Heman Crocker, Daniel Macy,
Clement Folger, Samuel N. Pollard,
David Upham, N. & A. Sprague,
Job Coleman, Edwin Myrick.

Boots and Shoes.

B. F. Gardner, Josiah Lawton,
William H. Jenks, Josiah Sturtevant,
William Bartlett.

Miscellaneous.—W. S. French, Dry Goods;
George A. Lawrence, Drugs, &c.; Avis Pink-
ham, Cake and Pastry.

Main Street, North Side.

Grocers.

S. S. Salisbury, R. Pollard, Jr.,
Joseph Nickerson, Charles P. Swain,
John P. Swain, A. W. Stebbins,
Orison Adams, Charles A. Worth,
George Parker, Folger & Brown,
John H. Shaw, Samuel Colburn.

Boots and Shoes.

Harvey Crocker, Simon Parkhurst,
Winslow Whittemore, J. W. Olin,
David Wood.

Barbers.

Nat Godfrey, John Reed,
Edward Center, William Robinson,
W. H. Crawford, S. & W. Harris,
G. F. Gleason.

Dry Goods.

George R. Gardner, Justin Lawrence,
Frederick Gardner, Bovey & Coffin,
Josiah Gorham, O. & N. Barney.

Hardware.

Thomas Gardner, Charles B. Swain,
George W. Barrett, James N. Bassett,
Daniel Jones.

Clocks and Jewelry.

Easton & Sanford, Samuel B. Swain,
Allen Kelley, Walter Folger.

Auctioneers.

George Folger, M. & N. Breed,
Gorham Macy.

Outfitters.

N. & L. Sturtevant, J. Cook, Jr., & Co.

Miscellaneous.—Edward Mitchell, Stationery;
Joseph B. Lawrence, Furniture; D. Prescott,
Fruits, &c.; Henry C. Worth, Hats & Caps;
Swan & Sherman, Grain; P. H. Folger, Cord-
age; T. & P. Macy, Oil and Candles; Dr. John
Brook, Barber; Reuben Macy, Medicines; Hen-
ry Clapp, Stationery.

Main Street, South Side.

Boots and Shoes.

Charles H. Starbuck, Henry S. Crocker,
John V. Sweet.

Dry Goods.

George A. Pierce, Elijah Alley,
Charles K. Pratt, F. W. Cobb,
George H. Riddell, Eliza Riddell,
Edwin Coffin, John W. Barrett,
George B. Upton, Andrew Lawrence.

Tailors.

Cromwell Barnard, A. T. Allen,
E. W. Allen, John C. Mitchell,
Morrell & McElroy, Timothy G. Clapp,
William Summerhayes.

Grocers.

George Shiverick, Joseph B. Macy,
Alexander Cathcart, D. R. Myrick.

Grain.

George B. Elkins, David Thain,
Baker & Coffin, E. W. Gardner,
Mitchell & Whitney.

Hardware.

William C. Swain, George W. Macy.

Variety.

Abby Betts, Isaac Austin.

Stationery.

Andrew M. Macy, John F. Macy.

Fish.

Meltiah Fisher, George Dunham,
Zimri Cleveland, John Beebe.

Painters.

George P. Whippley, Frederick W. Paddock,
Laban Paddock, Seth Paddock,
John Paddock.

Miscellaneous.—H. A. Kelley, Ship Stores,
Oil, Candles; William H. Geary, Hats, Caps;
Dr. C. F. Winslow, Drugs, etc.; Edward G.
Kelley, James H. Kelley and Henry A. Kelley,
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry.

North Beach Street.

Ropewalks.

Gardner Coffin, Henry Riddell.

Oil and Candle Factories.

David Joy, Barrett & Upton,
S. & T. Hussey, Seth Swift,
Aaron Mitchell.

Box Makers.

Alfred Swain, Moses Folger.

Brant Point.

Marine Railway.

North Cliff Street.

L. M. Wing, Brick Kiln.

North Water Street.

Tin Smiths.

Charles B. Macy, Charles G. Stubbs,
Swain & Hussey.

Grocers.

Robert F. Parker, Alexander Ray,
David Parker, Jr., Edward Sanford,
Edward W. Cobb.

Stables.

Joseph Hamblen, William Langton.

Saddlery.

H. C. Valentine, Zenas Coleman.

Painters.

William P. Smith, Thomas Smith,
Nathan Walker.

Shoemakers.

T. C. Hamblen, Lemuel Jones,
T. Hodgkins, George Parker,
Seth Clisby, Isaac Frye,
H. J. Stephenson, F. K. Ford,
Charles Lovell.

Miscellaneous.—Obed Mitchell, Hardware;
James Morse, Dry Goods; John Winn, Meats;
Sewall Short, Baker; John Peters, alias Dandy
Peters, Barber.

New North Wharf.

Blacksmiths.

Edward Folger, William Cobb,
Josiah Macy, Ben Simmons,
Geo. Swain.

Oil and Candles.

Hadwen & Barney, Richard Mitchell.

Bakers.

Nathaniel Tobey, Tristram Tobey,
Miscellaneous.—Samuel Mitchell, Ship owner;
William R. Easton, Cordage; Ansel Tobey,
Furniture; Matthew Mitchell, Cordage, Hoops,
&c.; S. B. Tuck, Merchant; Charles Easton,
Sailmaker; R. Ratliff, Rigger; Easton &
Thompson, Carpenters.

Broad Street.

Merab Pinkham, Grocer.

Old North Wharf.

Painters.

George K. Long, Obed Long,
Nathan Walker, Thos. and W. P. Smith,

Meats &c.

H. G. O. Dunham, George Pollard,
Benoni Nickerson.

Blacksmiths.

E. D. Fisher, F. C. Gardner,
George M. Jones.

Sailmakers.

George Chase, R. F. Gardner,
George Brown.

Blockmakers.

Thomas F. Mitchell, John Whippley.

Sparmakers.

Joseph Edwards, Thomas Davenport,

Fish.

Walter Allen, S. H. Winslow.

Ship Stores.

S. and T. Hussey, Zaccheus Hussey.

Miscellaneous.—Peleg West, Innholder;
John Pinkham, Painter; Cyrus Hussey, Shoe-
maker; Eben Tallant, Grocer; James F. Chase,
Rigger; Dixon & Wiggin, Hotel; Allen Kelley,
Painter; John Coleman, Shipwright; W. H.
Palmer, Painter.

Cross Wharf.

Grocers.

Nathaniel Tallant, Daniel Scudder,
Daniel Russell.

Miscellaneous.—Josiah Swain, Cordage; E.
W. Perry, Coal, Grain; Frank Colburn,
Grocer; David C. Swain, Coal; Joshua Parker,
Wood.

Old South Wharf.

Blacksmiths.

Josiah Coleman, Freeman Sherman,
William Hart, James Coleman.

Lumber.

Charles F. Gardner, Peleg Macy,
Daniel F. Macy.

Sailmakers.

Robert Coggeshall, William Coggeshall.

Blockmakers.

Thomas G. Barney, Charles G. Coggeshall.
Miscellaneous.—Sailor's Boarding House,
Alexander Wheeler; Timothy Gardner, Bleck
and Pump Maker.

Commercial Wharf.

Oil and Ships.

French & Coffin, Joseph Starbuck,
George Starbuck, Matthew Starbuck,
William Starbuck, Simeon Starbuck,
Levi Starbuck, Matthew Crosby,
William Crosby, James Athearn.

Blacksmiths.

Charles Paddock, Gustavus Gifford.

Miscellaneous.—Thomas D. Morris, Painter.

South Beach Street.

Brass Foundries.

Edward Field, Joseph Webb.

Miscellaneous.—Samuel Forbes, Carriages;
Thomas G. Barnard, Boat Builder; George H.
Folger, Steam Cooperage and Grist Mill;
Reuben R. Bunker, Twine Factory; Barker
& Athearn, Ropewalk.

Union Street.

Grocers.

Frederick A. Chase, Jonas Garfield.

Bakers.

James Westgate, Benjamin Pike.

Soap.

Thaddeus Hussey, Elisha Green.

Tanners.

Edward Macy, James Hazzard.

Miscellaneous.—C. G. & H. Coffin, Oil and
Candles; Joseph James, Ropewalk.

Washington Street.

Stables.

H. A. Kingsley, Rand & Sturtevant,
A. O. Butman, William T. Hight,
A. Durand.

Barbers.

A. Nahar, H. A. King.

Painters.

William H. Coffin, Maverick Coffin.

Miscellaneous.—George W. Jenks, Harnesses;
Gallagher & Drake, Soap.

Federal Street.

Dry Goods.

Ann Castle, Lydia Hosier.

Miscellaneous.—Nancy Hussey, Variety;
Benjamin Percival, Confectionery; Mrs. Thomp-
son, Ice Cream and Confectionery; William A.
Hosier, Hardware; Alexander C. Hussey,
Blacksmith; Ansel Hamblin, Shoemaker;
Mansion House, Mrs. Coffin.

Fair Street.

Grocers.

T. & N. Fitzgerald, A. W. Stebbins.

Miscellaneous.—James M. Coffin, Boot &
Shoe; Sarah Swain, Baker; Josiah Sturgis,
Marble Cutter; Isaac Folger, Boat Builder.

Orange Street.

Grocers.

Roland Coleman, Abram Swain.

Miscellaneous.—Barrett Beard, Butcher;
Davis Gorham, Crockery.

Upper Main Street.

Ropewalks.

Isaac Myrick, Matthew Myrick,
Alexander Dow.

Boatbuilders.

George Coffin, Reuben Coffin.

Gay Street.

Silk Factory, Edward Crane.

Academy Hill.

Woolen Factory.

Winter Street.

Elizabeth Chase, Boots, Shoes, Crockery.

In an... As I saw... had fortunately nearly passed the bridge, and it was only the last car that fell into the river—the others... consciousness returned, with all its unspeakable anguish to him!" she mourned. "Or if he could come to me for a moment, only one moment, that I might ask his forgiveness, and tell... but where was I? We and Adair asked me to go out on the green. The moon shone like day, and we sat down under the lilac blooms. Now, when I see them through that window in the Springtime, nodding in the breezes,

Pleasant Street.

Grocers.

Peter Hussey, Elihu Swain,
Mrs. Gardner, Absalom Boston,
E. J. Pompey.

Miscellaneous.—Walter Folger, Astronomer.

Mill Street.

Grocers.

Hannah Fosdick, Benjamin Holmes.

Miscellaneous.—Mrs. Lawrence, Dry Goods.

Liberty Street.

Grocers.

John Hosier, Elihu Wilson.

Miscellaneous.—Nathaniel Earle, Miller;

Isaac Thompson, Brick Kiln.

Gardner Street.

Boat Builders.

E. R. Folger, Thomas Field.

Miscellaneous.—Aaron & Gideon Folger, Oil
Factory; Coffin Macy, Butcher; Alexander
Hussey, Carpet Weaver.

Pearl Street.

Tin Smiths.

F. C. Chase, Joseph H. Starbuck,

Pinkham.

Furniture.

James Tallant, James Delano.

Bakers.

Charles Cook, S. Wolcott.

Grocers.

Franklin Nickerson, Thomas A. Folger.

William Robinson,

Miscellaneous.—John Whittemore, Hatter;

William Coleman, Boxmaker.

Contract

to Balance

\$ 3
\$ 9
8 9

Among the questions which a seven-year-old Montclair, N. J., boy was required to struggle with in an examination was this: "Of what is the human body composed?" As it was a written explanation, he had some time to get his thoughts together, and the following answer was the result: "The human body is composed of two-thirds water and the other three-quarters meat and vegetables."

William Barney D^r

Decemb^r 22

1816

To 1 Joiner 6/- Repairing D^o 5/- } 2 66Decemb^r

Repairing Joiner 5/-

Whetting Saw 1/- Repairing Floorplan 6/- } 1 25

1817 March

Repairing Calash 10/- Repairing 2 Joiners 1/- } 2 44

June

Whetting Saw 30/- Whetting 20/- } 5 7 1/2

Decemb^rD^o 20/- Repairing 3 Joiners 2/- } 5 7 1/21818 Feb^y

Whetting Saw & Chair to Chers 62/-

Whetting Saw 25/- Legs & Top to Table 4/- } 1 62

D^o 20/- Whetting 2 Saws 40/- } 1 64Jan^y 2 - 1819D^o 20/- Framing & Whetting Saw 5/- } 1 64

making Door for Shop 5/- Whetting Saw 20/- } 1 29

Repairing Joiner for Shop March 25/- } 1 29

Decemb^r 28

Repairing Cradle 25/- Whetting Saw 20/- } 1 20

1820 May

Putting mouth to Joiner 75/- } 12 64

April 1821

To Repairing Tharn 0 50

1822 March 15

Whetting Saw 1/- Labour & Shop 9/- } 1 75

25

Front Scaff & Trunk 6 50

1823 Jan^y 29Whetting Saw 25/- D^o 25/- } 501824 Jan^y 13

Repairing Joiner 1/- Putting in Window 6/- } 1 25

Labour on Whells 6/- } 1

1824 Jan^y 1315 Lg^h Saffers @ 6 1/2 per } 97

18 47

1825 May 25

To Shingling House 4 1/2 days @ 9/- } 6 75

1826 Jan^y 7

Whetting Saw 1/- Window frame & putting in 13/- } 2 57

May 10

Whetting Saw 1/- Whetting D^o 20/- } 451827 Jan^y 34

Shingling House 24/- making Joiner 8/- } 5 33

Whetting Saw 1/- } 25

15 28

Contra

(C)

1821-
March 14 By 80/ Discount with Alexander Coffin 80
By his Bill rendered 7 40
By Cash to Balance 4 44
12 64

March 13-1824 By his Bill rendered 15 48
Cash to Balance 2 92
18 40

1827 for 14 - By his Bill 13 19
Balance to him 2 9
15 28

27

Jonathan Barney

D^d
11

1812	Oct 30	To Mortising 6 Posts @ 5	
		1. Shovel Handle 1/6	66
1813	April 16	1. whetting 2 Saws - 2/6	
		1. Repairing Door of Barn House 5/-	4 25
May 5		1. whetting Saw 1/6 - Labour & House 1/6	50
		1. frame to Map 2/6 - Labour on Cistern 4/6	
Ag ^t 9		1. Legs to Safe 5/- - Labour on Cistern 6/-	2 84
		1. repairing Doors 2/6 - Altering Loam 2/-	3 92
1814	Jan 1	1. mending Table 2/6 - Wood Shoes 4/6	1 16
		1. 1/2 Wood Shoes 4/6 - Mortising 12 posts @ 5	1 58
		1. whetting Saw 30 - Repairing Roof House 9/-	1 80
Decem ^r 15		1. mending Table 18/- - Labour & his House 4/6	3 75
Oct 1815		1. Repairing Doors 6/9 - whetting Saw 30	
1816		1. Repairing Trunk 2/- - Wood Shoes 3/-	2 25 1/2
Jan 7		1. 3 Window frames @ 6/- - 4 Squares Sages @ 7	3 28
1817	Jan 30	1. Repairing Saw frame 1/6 - 3 Wheel barrows 2/-	58
Decem ^r 16		1. Casing Well 7/-	1 16
			24 75 1/2
Jan 7 1818		To Ballana Knot down	11 28 1/2
Feb 7		1. Coffin for his Son	4 50
		1. Repairing Chest for Bay 1/-	
		1. Labour on Barn 2/-	50
1822	May	1. Repairing Hussey House	5 62
		1. Casing 8 1/2 Carthamoules @ 10/5	1 4
		1. Coffin for Sally Swain	3 - 8
1824	July	1. 1/2 Wood Shoes 32 nd - 8 Sags @ Pond House @ 9	12 32
		1. Labour for Griffin & Mary House 14/-	51 30
1825	Jan	1. Setting cart boxes for Griffin 6/-	3 33
		1. Labour & Stock @ Jays store 4-30	4 30
		1. 54 feet poles for ship @ 3 - Coffin for Son 24/-	5 52
		1. 8 frames @ 9/- - 12 Sags @ 9 - bundle laths 1/5	13 09
Sept		1. 47 1/2 days Labour @ 10/5 - 10 Sags @ 5	96 45
		1. trimmings to Coffin 89 1/2 - small house 12-69	174 09
		1. Labour @ B House	5 62
		1. 32 feet joint	0-58
			193 85

December
1847

Contract

Col

By Amount of Bill Rendered	13 47
Balance to Mrs. Oct	11 28 1/2
	<hr/> 24 75 1/2

By 85 1/4 " Candles @ 25¢ — 3 Boxes @ 25¢ —	22 05
By Cash Paid	69 27
	<hr/> 91 32
Balance to Mrs. Oct	102 52
	<hr/> 193 85

Uriah Folger

Jan ^y 18-1816	To Sunday Labour hanging grindstone-handling stone-	
	- Knives - edges &c &c -	2 80
	" jointer 12/9 - Planing plain 15/2	4 75
	" Croose Iron 2/3 - repairing Croose & jointer 55	92 1/2
April 22	" fencing for James Lindsey 10/6	1 75
May 9	" 1 1/2 Day Labour & his House	2 62 1/2
20	" repairing Calash 6/- Planing plain 18/-	4
	" whetting & repairing Saw 2/3	78
August	" whetting Saw & repairing Croose 2/5	
Sept	" Croose 4/6 - 1 1/2 Barrel	2 25
Decemb	" mending Sawhorse & making smooth plain	1 12 1/2
26	" whetting saw 1/6	
Jan ^y 9-1817	" whetting 2 Saws 3/- whetting & repairing 2 2/5	1 15
	" Cash lent 30/-	5
March	" making Calash 3 3/4 Days - & 10/6	6 56
May	" 1 window frame 10/6 - 18 Squares sashes &c	3 -1
	" Labour & his House	5 50
	" Writing desk	4 90
	" Whetting Saw 2/3 - Repairing Trap 1/6	4 3 1/4
	" 1 1/2 Days Labour Repairing Roof & 15/-	
	" 1 Bundle Shingles 5/3	8 1/2
Decemb	" Whetting Saw 3/- - 50 25 - Labour & Candlehouse	3 15
		55 12 1/2

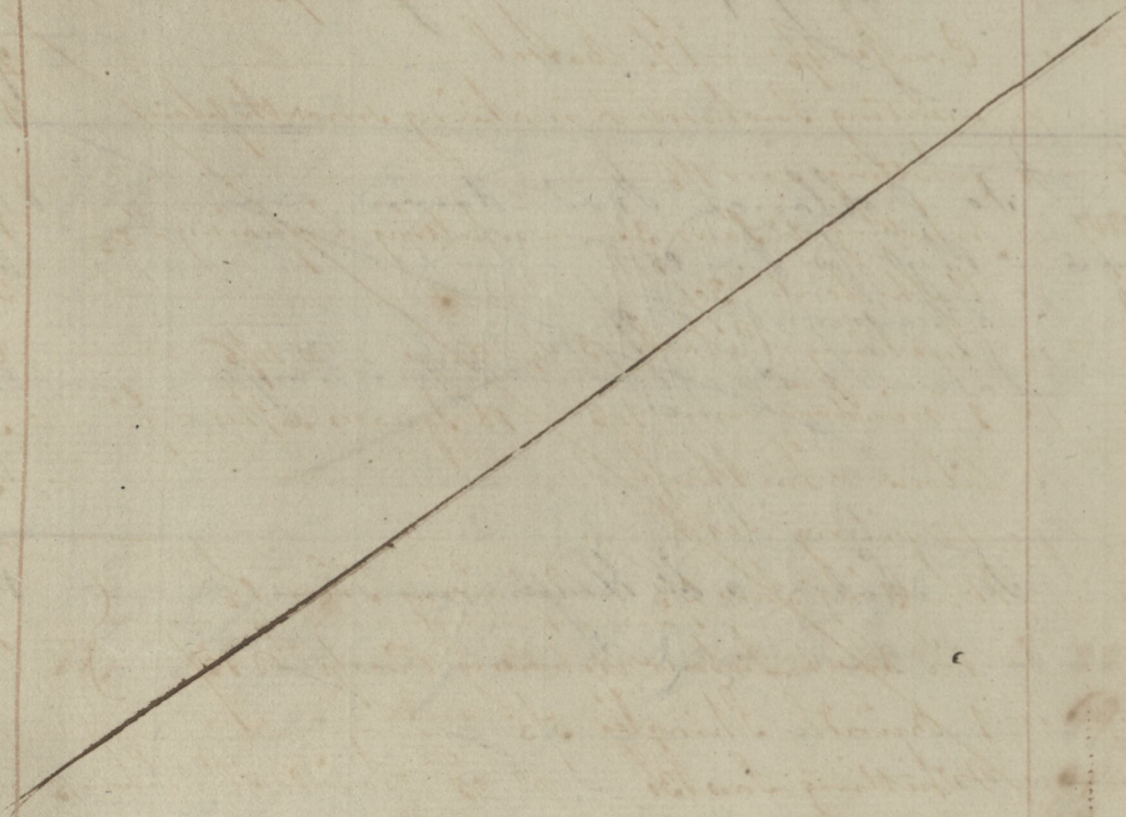
1818 Jan ^y 17	To whetting 2 Saws 55 - 50 whetting 30	00 85
Feb ^y 24	12 Squares Sashes &c - Labour & Old House 50	1 34
	making gaging rod 84 - Labour & Old House 1-50	2 34
	Repairing jointer & Iron 37 1/2 whetting saw 30	0 67 1/2
	whetting Saw & mending frame 34	84 1/2
	repairing Croose & jointer 17 - whetting saw 30	
	Labour & Old House 16.17 - 1 window frame 84	17 01
	Labour & House Boat & Cart 1.90	1 90
	Putting mouth to jointer repairing Croose 66 1/2	00 66
	Labour & his House 50 - whetting saw 30	1 05
Sept 23	Repairing jointer 25	
28 Novemb	making Mittstock 4/6 whetting Saw 30	1 05
		27 72

Contract

(C₂)

1816 June - By half barrel Flour	5
By Sunday's Flour & Oil Parth. 0 1/2	16 2 1/2
By Pork to Ballance	\$ 34 40
	<hr/> 55 42 1/2

1818
Jan 7/6



Jan 1819 By Pork to Ballance	27 72
------------------------------	-------

Henry Riddle D^r

27 Oct 1815	To mending saw frame 1/	
	" repairing Thomas Gardners gate 3/6	0 75
1816 Jan 29	" 6 Squares Sashes & mending Bars 3/6	
May 3	1 Day Labour & Rope walk 10/	2 67
	" Labour on Shays 2/6 - 8 ^o Redfied 1/6	
Decemb ^r 13	1 Day Labour & his House 8/6	2 42
1817 Jan 29	repairing Doors & House 4/6 - To Chest for Baybo	1 35
Decemb ^r 17	whetting Saw 4/6	
1818 March	Mountiffing 2 posts & whetting saw 4/6	71
		<hr/> 7 90

	To Balance Brd down	00 66
1820 May 26	Chest for Saw 25/0	4 25
	Repairing 0 ^o - 2/	33
	Labour & Christopher Cassin House	2
		<hr/> 7 24

1821 March 9	To Labour & his House	11 3 1/2
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June 1822	To Labour & his House	0 02
	" Window frame Sash & putting in for W. Linn	2 57
		<hr/> 9 21

Contract

Cd
5

1809
Jan 28 By his bill of sundrys ————— 7 24
Ballantra to run Ac ————— 66
7 90

1821
Jan 15 By Cash to Ballantra ————— 7 24

1821 By 11 feet fine plank 0 3 ————— 33
April 1 1 1/2 ft plank from L. Huggins @ 4.50 — 4 50
July 14 1 30 ————— 5 37
Cash to Ballantra ————— 10 20
1 17
11 37

Decemb 19
1822 By Cash to Ballantra ————— 7 21

30

Decr
1812David Hall D^r

	To whetting saw Sundry times 14	2 33
	1 st Labour to his House 7/6	
1813-March	Building Wood House 6/	2 25
	Whetting Saw 1/6 - 2 nd 1/6 - 3 rd 1/6	75
May 22	2 nd 1/6 - 3 rd 1/6 - 4 th 1/6	
July 1	5 th 1/6 - 6 th 1/6 - 7 th 2 Saws 3/	1 75
1815 Jan	Whetting 3 rd 30	
June	Coffin for Child 5/	1 14
	Repairing Saw 9	

Charles C. Stubbs D^r

1822 June	To fencing a meadow lot 10/6	1 75
	Whetting saw 1/6 - Axe handle 4/	42
	47 feet Joint & Board	56
	10 Days Labour to his House 2 10/6	17 50
	2 1/2 ^{cu} Nails @ 9 - repairing Bedstead 20	57
		20 74
1824 Decr	To fencing meadow lot - 17 1/2 ^{cu} nails @ 6	4 71
1828 May	Labour to his House 22/6	3 75
		8 46

Contract

C. L.

	By Sunday, Fish	4/9	
	Saving 2 Cord Wood @ 3/ -		1 79
	4/4 Beef @ 6/ -		25 1/2
	1 Coffee 1/6 - Piece fish 3/ - 4 Sugar 3/ -		
May 28	1/2 Gallon Molasses 2/6 - Saving 2 Cords @ 3/ -		2 29 1/2
	1 3/4 Halibut, fine 10¢ -		10
1817. Decr	Saving 1 Cord logs - 4/ -		66
1820	Saving 2 Cord wood		

Contract

C. L.

1824	By Lin Bill	7 31
Feb 25	Ballance discount with W. Lubbs	13 44
		20 74

1827 Jan 16	By Time Rate rendered	3 76
	By order on L. Coffins Store	4 90
		8 46

Daniel Mitchell & Co. Dr

1817 To Building Candlehouse 475
 1. Casing 19 2/3 Candlemoulds @ 10/6 33 25
 508 25

James. Macy Dr

1818 July To 1 Stage Horse 18/- 3 Painters @ 6/- 6
 1. 1 Prose 7/6 - Crook 3 plain 10/6 3
 1. 2 Horsing plain, @ 18/- 6
 15

Contract

C^c
1.

1820

Oct 2	By his Bill Shae & Groceries	52 40 ¹ / ₂
	Balance	28 24
		<hr/> 80 - 70 ¹ / ₂

1822

March 4	By his Bill Shae making	20 13
Oct 13-1824	1/ Shae making Bill tender	18 88
		<hr/> 39 01

Jan 9 1826	134 By his Bill Shae making	16 84 16 84 ¹ / ₂
Nov 1828	By do & tender	3 95
		<hr/> 20 79 ¹ / ₂
1833 Jan 5	By three tender Shae making	2 50
		<hr/> 22 29

Lophar Hayden

D^c

Feb 16. 1814	To Whitting Lard 3/-		
March	1. Labour on Carr House 12/6		0 2 75
May. 1815	1. repairing Boat 7/6		
Oct 1816	1. Labour on his House 3/-		1 75
March 1819	1. Sinker 6/-		1
Jan'y 1820	1. Chest		2 75
Sept 20	9 1/2 Days Labour on his House 10/0		8 25
1822 Novm ^r	1. 1/2 day fencing 14/-		18 95
1824 Jan 19	1. Labour on Expon 12/-		2
July	2 Chests for Boys 15/-		2 50
1827 Jan	3 1/2 Days Labour on Barn 10/-		14
	9 1/2 " " " 7/6		11 87
1828 Jan'y	Labour on Shop of Shinglung Shop		6 37
1829 July	3 front windows 20/- 2 frames 2 9/- 30 Sept 17		15 10
August	Labour on his House		39 17
Sept 2	1. 1/2 day on House 3/-		50
Oct	making Gate 4/0		75
June	making top closet 7/6		1 25
			121 21

In an
"As I saw
ly passed the bridge, and it was only the last
car that

sciousness returned, with all its unspeakable
anguish
to him!" she mourned. "Or if he could
come to me for a moment, only one moment,
that I might ask his forgiveness, and tell

and danced until I could dance no longer. We
and Adair asked me to go out on the green. The
moon shone like day, and we sat down under the
lilac blooms. Now, when I see them through that
window in the Springtime, nodding in the breezes,
comes fresh to me that night over again, for there

Contract

Q^c

1814

By 1st Powder 7/6
132 feet pine board

35)

Dan^d Jones

Dec

April 1819

	To 3 Croones @ 5/		
	1 Table for Ship Atlantic		10
July 7	5 Croones @ 5/		24 16
			<hr/> 14 16

1820	To 1 Paper's Jointer		1 40
Feb 7	4 Croose Stocks @ 5/	1 Croose 2/3	3 70
August	1 Jointer with two months		2 15
Sept	2 Croones		1 66
1821 Jan 10	2 5/		1 66
			<hr/> 10 59

Jan 15-1821	To Ballance Tract Larver		3 40
June 15	5 Croose Stocks @ 5/	Jointer 9/	5 66
Nov 27	6 5/	8/ @ 1/5	5
	3 jointers @	9/ - 1 5/ @ 12/5	8 74
			<hr/> 20 80

Feb 16-1822	To Ballance Tract Larver		9 44
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Contract

Do

By his Bill sundry 14 10

Jan 1821 By his Bill hardware &c &c 7 19
 Balance to new Ac 3 40
 10 59

1822 Jan 30 By his Bill sundry merchandise 11 30
 Balance new Ac 9 44
 20 80

Feb 24 1824 By his Bill sundry merchandise 2 91
 for Balance due to Daniel Jones & Co 0 53
 9 44

39

Wm Watson

1818

Sept 1818	To 1 Horn Plains 18/- repairing smooth plains & jointer	1/5	3	25
Decemb	Whetting Sars 2/- hanging & rounding grindstone		2	83
	1 gage 6/- Shaw Horse 2/-		4	50
Sept 1819	Repairing Horn Plains 3/- whetting Sars 2/3			8 1/2
	whetting Sars 30/- repairing jointer 2/-		0	0 63
Feb 1820	whetting Sars 30/-		0	0 30
May 18	Repairing 2 jointers 1/-			16
July 14	whetting & repairing saw for J. Shipple 2/5			42
August 1	whetting saw 35/-			65
1821 Jan 2	whetting Sars 30/-			
			13	61 1/2

1821 March 8	To Balance Brought forward		2	15 1/2
1822 Decemb	Repairing Crage 2/- whetting 2 Sars 30/-			93
1825 May	Repairing Horse 40/-			
	50/- Crage 70/-		1	10
1828 August	Repairing Shop		16	25
1829 July	Crage 9/- Repairing Barn 15 1/2 days @ 10/-		29	
	windows for Barn 3/- whetting 2 Sars 3/-		1	33
1830 July	making jointer 9/-		1	50
March	repairing Gate & Lot 6/- hanging grindstone 9/-		2	50
	Coffin for child 2.60		2	60
	3 window frames @ 9/- scuttle & frame 13/5		14	25
	scuttle frame 4/5 latches scuttle 5/-		1	58
	panel door 10/5 75 days labour & Horse @ 10/5		134	75
	54 feet board @ 2/-		1	08
1831 July	minoring cart 5/5 Walk on Portch 42/-		7	92
Jan 23	1 day labour & Horse 10/5			
			217	44
			1	15
			218	19

Contract

Q2

1821
March 8

By his Bill rendered

for Balance

11 40

2 15 1/2

13 55 1/2

Sept 13

1822

By Cash

1 80

1828

By Cash

16 33

Nov 1830

Cash

40

49 feet deep joint

73

By his bill Flour, Oil &c

44 69

1831

Sept 21

Cash to balance

103 53

115 66

219 19

tem
and
plied,
So she
left her b
he stund

Craftern Gardner *Dr.*

July 1819	To whitening 2 Sars 55 - Coopers Windlap 21	04 05
	1. Floor plain 18 - Coopers plain 12 - Coopers 76	6 25
	1. Gage 6 - Smooth plain 46 - whitening Sars 30	0 2 5
	1. whitening Sars 25 - Building Shagbush 16	16 25
1820 July 15	1. whitening Sars 30	30
		<hr/> 28 90

1822	To Building Sars	75
May	Calafh	13
		<hr/> 88

Jan 1823	To whitening Sars 30 - 2° 25 - 1° 25	80
April 1824	1. 30 - 25 - 1° 25 - 1° 25	75
Jan 1825	1. 7 1/2 days labour in his House 10/5	13 12
	3 10 - 4/5	2 25
	1. door frame 46 - whitening Sars 25	1
	1. making 20 plates 42	8 40
August	1. whitening Sars 25 - 1° 25	50
1826 July 6	1. whitening Sars 25	25
		<hr/> 27 7

1826 July	To whitening Sars 15 - 2° 10	
1827 May	1. 10 - 1° 10	1
July	Front Spout & trunk	5 50
1828 Oct	Labour in House	3 50
	2 Windon frames 15 - 3 1° 9	9 50
	75 Sgs Sashes 7 1/2 - 30 feet boards 45	5 91
1829 29 July	Labour in Store	32 17
April 15	whitening Sars 1/5	25
		<hr/> 57 91

Contra

C²⁴
1.

1820

Oct 5

By Cash for Ballance

28 90

By 280 feet Board — 93 feet Spruce joint

5 41

338 feet joint

5 45

5⁴ Maleses @ 42

2 10

1 lb flour @ 7.15

7 75

By Cash to Ballance

20 71

67 29

88 00

July
1825

By 83 feet pine boards

1 8

1 lb flour — 3 lb corn

8 61

Cash for Ballance

17 28

27 7

1828 May — By 1 lb flour

6

1829 Oct 1 — By Cash recd

44 5

Nov 14 — do Ballance

7 85

57 91

40

Gorham Coleman *S^r*

Sept 1819	To Repairing Shays 6/-	Labour on Barns 40/-	8
"	Whetting saw 30/-		30
			8 30
	Sundays Labour		5 10
			13 40

Jan 15. 1821	To Ballance Brod Dover		4 90
Jan 13. 1822	Cash to Ballance		8 83
			11 73

1822 March	To Repairing Chaise		6 75
"	do do 20 10/5		1 75
"	3 44 ¹ / ₂ Lin - 2 38 0		1 14
			9 64
1823 Jan 23	Cash to Ballance		4 27
			13 91

Contract

P2

1821

Jan 14 By his Bill Shoemaking ——— 8 50
 Balance to new Ac ——— 4 90
 13 40

1822

Jan 13 By his Bill Shoemaking ——— 11 73

Decemb 28
 1822

By his Bill Shoemaking ——— 13 91

THERE'S LOTS IN A NAME.

There are some colored tenants on Col. Chess Howard's plantation in Crawford county who "take the cake" when it comes to names. The mother of the household is named Nani Notion Patience Peas Caroline Cerncob Elizabeth Penny. Her husband flourishes as King Solomon's Watkins, and her favorite daughter bears the euphonious title of "Mitrellicious," and a younger son's name is:

"William Abraham's Bosom
 All things told
 Pray the good Lord
 Rock-y my soul."

He is never called anything less than "William Abraham's Bosom." They are very religious people, so another girl is named "I Will Arise and Go to My Father." She is called "Iwilla" for short.—Atlanta Journal.

46

Matthew Barney

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s
d

Jan 1821	To Balance bro ^{ts} forward from page 22	79 52 1/2
	1 st Order from Ab ^l Pappin	58 40
	Paving 2 3/4 Bandlemoulds @ 10/6	2 50
	12 Sps Lathes @ 7 ⁶	
1822 August	1 st Joining a Mary House 10/6	2 59
	8 Sps Lathes @ 7 ⁶ — 4 window frames @ 10/6	7 50
Decemb	Labour @ his House 22/	3 50
		105 23

Jan 24 1823	To Balance due bro ^{ts} down	12 20
	2 Window frames @ 7/6 — 28 Sps Lathes @ 7 ⁶	4 46
April	113 feet joint @ 11/6	1 24

"As I sat, I had fortunately nearly passed the bridge, and it was only the last car that fell into the river—the others rolling down the embankment. But ah, my dear, all our towns-people were in that car—poor old Mr. Allen, and Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf, and young Colonel Morton. Gracious goodness! what is the matter with Marian?"

For Marian, with a low cry, as of physical pain, had sunk upon the floor, her clasped hands resting upon the sofa.

She had not fainted, but crouched thus, perfectly still, resisting all attempts to raise her or administer restoratives, until Miss Jenkins was at least gotten rid of; and then lifting her white face, she said—"Oh, mother, is it—do you think it can be true?"

"I hope not, my dear. Such things don't generally turn out so badly as they are at first reported. There has been an accident.

It is true, but we don't know positively who were the sufferers. Lie still, Marian, and try to compose yourself. We shall probably hear better news, presently."

So the girl lay quite still on the sofa, while the mother and sister closed the window blinds to shut out the hot glare of the Summer day, and moved with silent steps about the house, not to disturb her. And as she lay striving not to think, not to feel—never in her life had thought and feeling seemed so keenly, so painfully acute within her. All the past two years in which she had known John Morton, all the little memories and incidents connected with him, came back to her with a pang such as she had never before experienced. She thought of his goodness—of his noble, manly, generous nature—and, above all, of his true and unwavering devotion to herself, and how she repaid it by affected indifference, and sometimes intentional slight—as only this morning and last night at the miserable party. Ah, the pain that all this brought, and often she groaned inwardly—"Oh, if he is only spared what will I not do to make atonement!"

And then the anguish of feeling and of the terrible suspense would grow too great to be borne; and she would rise from the sofa, and walk up and down, with clasped hands, until her brain seemed to reel and her limbs to fail her; and again she would throw herself upon the sofa, striving to shut out light, sound, consciousness itself, so that she might find rest from her terrible misery.

Presently there were voices in the hall, and Marian, listening with senses unnaturally calm, heard broken phrases.

"No doubt that poor Morton was in the rear car!—Mr. Appleton left him there just as they reached Milton station!—Nothing since been seen of him!—Preparing to raise the car when Falkner left!—His brother gone down for the body!"

Mrs. Moore came in a few minutes after, pale, with traces of tears on her cheeks and a tender, pitying, motherly look at Marian. The girl turned her white face to her mother, as she said, in a low voice that was not her own—

"He is dead, mother. I heard it all."

And with gentle, consoling words, and inwardly rejoicing that Marian appeared to bear it calmly, the mother sat beside her bathing the white eyelids, and never dreaming that her seeming calmness was but the stupor of a great despair.

Dead! lost to her forever! Dead!—and a great aching void in her heart and in her life, which could never again be filled.

The hot Summer day wore away—a cool breeze stole through the windows, laden with the breath of heliotropes—a scent which Marian never forgot—and still, soft twilight shadows gathered in the silent room. Now and then the mother and sister stole softly to her side, and spoke low and tenderly; but Marian only shook her head, and begged to be left alone, and they complied, knowing it would be best.

So she lay, still as though life itself had left her body; but thinking—thinking—until the stupor of mind seemed to revive, and con-

sciousness returned, with all its unspeakable anguish to him!" she mourned. "Or if he could come to me for a moment, only one moment, that I might ask his forgiveness, and tell him how I love him!"

Then the thought of what she had so often heard—the spirits of the departed revisiting those they have loved on earth. Marian had always shrunk with a sort of shivering dread from the idea; but now it brought to her a strange thrill of joy.

"Oh, John! if you could only come to me—only be near me, though I might not see you, only give me a token of your presence—"

A soft, faint rustle—an almost imperceptible breath of the heliotrope-laden air—and Marian opened her eyes and gazed around with an eager, startled look.

Could she be mistaken, or was it indeed a shadowy form that she saw standing in the open doorway—vague, uncertain, impalpable, but still wearing the semblance of him upon whom she had called?

Her heart grew still for a moment with great awe—and then came a rush of unspeakable joy and tenderness. She rose slowly from the sofa, and stretched out her hands.

"John," she whispered, breathlessly—"John, dearest—"

And the form advanced softly out of the shadow, and met the outstretched hands. No impalpable spirit touch, but a clasp of strong human arms, and a warm human heart throbbing against her own!

"Marian, darling, don't you know me?" for she had drawn back, and was gazing vividly into his face. "I am not hurt; I left the train at Milton, and hearing of the accident, came back to inform my friends of my safety."

These last few words explained all; and Marian, in that sudden awakening from a horrible dream to happiness too great for words, for the first time had fainted.

"John, will you forgive me?" she said, when that evening they found themselves again alone in that same little room, with the bright moonlight chasing away the dark shadows.

We need not repeat his answer; but that given, he said: "Marian, do you think you would ever have asked my forgiveness, if you had not taken me for a ghost?"

This was some years ago; and now, in these days of spiritualists and spiritualism, whenever the subject is introduced in their presence, John Morton says with a curious smile and glance at his wife—"Marian once saw a spirit."

And Marian looks down with a slight blush and a grave, tender smile, and makes no reply.

A Maiden of Fifty Years Ago.

BY THE PRINCESS.

While Aunt Beckie wiped and adjusted her glasses and got out her knitting, I put a log on the dying embers, trimmed the lamp and then settled myself in a corner of the hearth. The rain beat against the windows, the sea roared in the distance; it was a wild night; Frederick had gone to visit a dying woman in a neighboring town; we were alone, Aunt Beckie had promised to tell me the story of her life.

"Fifty years ago, my dear child," she began, "I was a bright, happy girl, a little older than you, perhaps, but with a nature so like yours that I let you look into the pages of my history hoping you may see how, by my foolish pride and unreasonable jealousy, I destroyed my happiness and brought upon myself a burden that in all these years I have never laid down. I was a pretty girl—I may say it now, for these silver locks and wrinkles can bear no witness; and I had many a beau, but of all the lads that came and went to and from our house—and they were not a few, for my father was a hospitable and a well-to-do man, and was fond of gathering the young about him—there was none equal to Adair Strong. Ah! strong he was in heart and body; he was a bonnie laddie, child, and I loved him dearer than I knew. It was one May day eve, fifty years ago last Spring, that father invited the old and young to come and dance in the big hall yonder; the May flowers hung from every post in bright garlands, for I had been the queen that day, and the floor shone with new wax like a bit of ice. Ah! how we danced and danced to the sound of Jerry Bat's fiddle, the little old man you saw a Sunday last on the beach, with the crooked back—the shoe and knee buckles;

and I danced until I could dance no longer, and Adair asked me to go out on the green. The moon shone like day, and we sat down under the lilac blooms. Now, when I see them through that window in the Springtime, nodding in the breezes, comes fresh to me that night over again, for there, under those bushes, Adair asked me to be his wife.

"The days now went by like dreams, for I was the happiest and proudest girl in all the town, and our wedding day was set for the harvest time. But one morn a wee cloud came across my sky, and I watched it so steadily, yet blindly, that it grew into a thunder cloud, and when it broke it put out the fire of my life.

"Adair had a cousin, a pretty girl. She was as fair as I was dark, who came from Salem to teach our village school. She made her home with Mrs. Strong, and soon became a favorite with all the town, so gentle and helpful was she. We were firm friends at first, but little my jealous temper got worked upon by the stories brought by mischief-makers and whispered in my ear of how Adair loved his cousin and she loved him; how he waited for her every night beside the schoolhouse door and they walked home along the sands or strolled, arm in arm, through the cedar grove. James Romney even told me he had seen Adair kiss her pretty cheek one day in the lane. I was beside myself with rage and jealousy, and thought to heal my wound and bring Adair back to me by accepting the devotion of Master Romney, a gay gallant come from town on some sort of inspection of our lighthouses, with no good character to back him. He was a pretty fellow, and wore fine cloth and linen and a jewel hanging to his fob, which were things we knew not of in our quiet parts. I heard in after years that he had left a wife at home when he came to us, and had already spoiled the life of one fisher maiden farther down the coast. But I was mad, as I have told you, and thought only to make Adair feel the pain I was feeling, so I danced with Master Romney, I walked with Master Romney, and daily the cloud deepened upon Adair's face, but he said no word.

"It wanted just a month to our wedding day, and things had been going wrong now for a fortnight back, when one evening Adair and I walked along the sea. Never will the picture of that night fade from my memory, when my heart was so angry and the world so fair to see. The sun was just sinking into the west, and all the sky was rich in its glory; the waves chased each other up the long white sands, winding around the rocks as though they were in the midst of some sea dance. The boats bobbed to and fro on the horizon like so many rose-colored birds, and the cheery voices of the fishermen as they trimmed their sails for the night sounded like far-away music.

"Put on more wood, child; don't you feel it is growing cold, and I am getting sentimental," said Aunt Beckie, as she roused herself and picked up her knitting again. Her hands had been lying idle in her lap as she gazed into the fire and told her story.

"All was fair and clear without, but bitterness waged within," she continued. "We had walked in silence some distance, when Adair took my hand in his gently and said, 'Beckie, I have brought you out here tonight to have a serious talk with you. In one month, God willing, you will be my dear wife, and I cannot let that dear and holy day draw nearer without telling you how you have wounded and troubled me in these days. I am sure you have meant no harm, or were it other than Master Romney would I say aught against it; but he is no man for a pure girl to keep company with and one so soon to be a wife,' and Adair's voice took a tenderer tone.

"Even now," he went on, "would I have held my peace, thinking it were only a passing mood, had not Mary Plymton told me she had heard it gossiped of, over the parson's tea, at the last week's Dorcas, and I knew I must speak, Beckie; but I have prepared for this speaking with care and thought. I am right, dear," and he tenderly stroked my hand.

"My jealousy that had so long smouldered in my heart now burst into flame and enveloped my reason and the justness of Adair's words. I could see and think of nothing but what seemed to me his own treachery and faithlessness.

"Have a care, Adair Strong," I said, and I flung his hand from me with such violence that it struck against the rock where he leaned, and cut an ugly gash; 'have a care how you accuse me, when you stand so guilty yourself.'

"He started and paled, as I thought, with guilt.

"Do you think you can preach to me and lay down the law, going your own gait the while?" I cried, my passion increasing. "I am gossiped about, am I? Well, does your fair saint know the whole town is talking of her and of you?"

"What is it you mean, Beckie?" he asked.

"Calm yourself, I do not understand you."

"I mean you love your cousin, Mary Plymton; and as she brings you no dowry, you can't marry—yet you would deceive a true-hearted girl."

"Even through my angry tears and passionate sobbing I could see the ashy paleness spread over Adair's face, as he drew himself up. Then as the true import of the true charges I had made burst upon him, he shivered as though he was stabbed.

"Beckie, you are mistaken," he said slowly.

"I love my Cousin Mary dearly, but in all my life no woman has filled the place in my heart that you have. I have given you the purest, truest love of my manhood, and from the day I first learned what you were to me, I have had no thought, done no deed, which the love of you has not ennobled; my only aim has been for your good and to be worthy your regard. But dearly as I love you, I would even now sacrifice that love and my dream of happiness to come rather than enter

which jealousy has a part. Do you think because I love you I can see no good in others, have care for others? No, Rebecca, unless you can cast out that demon from your heart and feel sure I hold you above all other women we had better break our covenant now than start on a road which has only misery at the end. Do you not see I am right? Oh! Beekie, you must feel in your heart that you have wronged me, and his voice rang out clear.

"I knew he was right, and felt as though I could kneel at his feet and beg his pardon, but my rebellious pride refused to bend, and I let him walk away. Twice he came back, but I would not speak—and wound my way home over the cliffs alone.

"How changed was the landscape of an hour ago; the crimson specks which then floated in the West had turned into huge masses of black angry clouds, that fought the east wind as it came up against them; the tall salt grass, through which I walked waved and bowed before me like a moving sea, and I knew a bad storm was brewing, for the gulls flew and circled above my head as I walked, and that was a sign that never failed. The thought of the fleet that was to sail that night (fifty years ago this was a great fishing port) came to me as I saw Jack Strong coming through the meadow.

"You won't set sail tonight, with this wind coming up?" I asked.

"Yes, my lassie, if we can get a fellow to take Ned's place. He fell from the mast yesternight, and broke his arm."

"The next evening, as I was setting out the supper for father, I looked up and saw the white face of Mary Plympton at the window."

"For God's sake, come to the beach as fast as you can," she cried; "the Saucy Sue is aground out on the bar, and she is on her back!"

"She left me," she demented, and then in an instant the awful sea flashed upon me, and I ran out through the driving rain and whirling wind, never stopping to reach the group of anxious women on the beach, and, as I could learn nothing from them, I made my way to the beach below, where I saw the men at the boats.

"Through the roar of the storm we could hear the signal of distress, and far out in the darkness could see the ship's light come and go, as the waves rose and fell, dashing themselves in relentless fury against the rocks.

"No boat can live in waves like these, and even if we get through, men, it will take ye three hours to reach the bar, and she'll go to bits afore that," I heard Ned's father say, as the men pulled at the ropes. Then they stopped and looked off into the night. Again the signal goes. I turn to them, and on my knees beg them not to be discouraged."

"Oh! try, try!" I cried; "surely you are not such faint-hearted men. You will not let those brave fellows perish out there while you stand idly here. I am strong, and, if there are not men enough, I will go with you." But they did not heed me. They pushed one of the boats out into the foam, five strong men jumped in, and for a moment or two she rode the sea, and then came a wave which picked her up in its great white arms and tossed her on the sands empty; they shook the water from them and tried again, but it was all in vain, nothing could live in such a storm. Ned's father is right.

"Ah, child! what a night that was!" (and I could see the tears drop off Aunt Beekie's nose, as she wiped her spectacles). It was the worst gale we had had on our coast in many a year. All through the weary hours of the night the wind roared in wild fury; but at last the tempest beat out its anger. At dawn the sun rose in new splendor, and out upon the shining sands Adair, my bonnie, bonnie lad lay dead, and I in my mad jealousy had killed him.

"After we had laid him in his grave, out on Saunders Point (that beautiful spot where Frederick has so often taken you), laid him away to rest, Mary Plympton led me home, and for days did she tenderly nurse me; but when I arose again, although I was only twenty, I was the gray-haired woman you see now. Little by little Mary told me how she had promised to marry a brave fellow, whom her father—a selfish, stern old man—hated, because he could not bear that Mary should be happy while he might keep her miserable. She told me how she had been turned from home for not giving up her lover, and how Adair had helped her. She had begged Adair to keep it from me for a while for fear of her father's hearing, but it was on the day of our last walk he had told her he would keep it no longer, and had taken me down by the sea to tell me Mary's secret. It is fifty years since those days, and I have nearly lived out my life. I have tried to make it a faithful one, and Adair can see into my heart he knows I have exacted my fault, and I hope he waits to welcome me into the new life I soon shall enter."

The fire burned low and the clock struck one as Beekie took her candle and went to bed. I went to the window, pressed my face against the pane, and tried to see out into the darkness, but the storm still raged. Would he never come? Accidents of all kinds passed through my mind as I paced to and fro, adding wood to the dying fire, looking out through the rain into the night. If he did only come, never again would I let him go. He knew—hark! I hear his step upon the stairs. I fly to the door; his tired voice asks: "My child, what has happened that you are thus hour?"

"Frederick, you are safe!" I cry; "and let me see it while my courage lasts."

He hidden on his shoulder. "Hush, my darling!" and I am folded in his arms.

—Commercial Advertiser.

Richard E. Burgess Esq

1867

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1802

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AN EPITAPH.

A correspondent assures us that he has seen the following on a tombstone:

IN MEMORY OF MARGARET. Erected by Her Grieving Children. What Is Home Without a Mother?

"PEACE, PERFECT PEACE." —Westminster Gazette.

Our Flag Is There.

ON THE SUMMIT OF THE NOBLE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.—FLUNG TO THE BREEZE WITH INTERESTING EXERCISES.

Cool blew the wind over the bay from the northeast, Thursday morning, and full clouds indicated an unfortunate time for the flag-raising at the High School in the afternoon, and the anxious faces of the children were an index of their disappointment. There was no prospect of a change at noon time. This did not detract from the public interest, for shortly after noon people commenced moving towards the school building, well knowing the limited area of the High School room, and realizing that the early comers would be best served as to seats. The attendance was large, and with the pupils of Miss Barnard's, Miss Hussey's, and Miss Ring's, and the High schools, every available inch of room was taken, while many of the children and spectators were afforded seats in the adjoining rooms, which were both filled.

The decorations were simple but very effective, the new flag having the position of honor as a covering to a pedestal at the front of the platform, surmounted by a bank of green, on which was inscribed in white immortalized "Our Soldiers." The doorway at the rear of the platform was draped with the stars and stripes, while the national colors were also hung at either side of the platform. The entire schoolroom presented a charming appearance as one entered, many of the girls being dressed in white, with sashes of red, white and blue, the boys wearing in their buttonholes ribbons of red, white and blue. At each desk was a miniature flag, and the whole presented a delightful picture.

The exercises commenced promptly at 2 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Canoll offering prayer. A song of welcome was sung by the school. Mr. Arthur H. Gardner, chairman of the School Board, was then called upon, and addressed the children briefly, reviewing the effect the national colors had upon the school children of a quarter of a century ago, when they were imbued with the spirit of patriotism through the civil war then raging, which, as a matter of course, inculcated intense loyalty to the flag of the free. He trusted that a very similar spirit might be stirred in the youthful breasts before him through the medium of the exercises and the flag-raising of the hour. A song by the school, "Who Would Leave His Native Land?" followed, Miss Lillian Murphey playing the accompaniment (which she did for the other musical selections). Rupert Folger was called upon for a declamation, his selection

being "The Rising in 1776." One of the prettiest features of the afternoon was the patriotic exercises by the pupils of Miss Barnard's room. Singing "American Hymn" followed. There were two essays (Two Holidays) by Misses Hannah Hatch and Anna B. Coffin, the former discussing "Fourth of July" and the latter "Decoration Day." There was prolonged applause after Miss Addie King's solo, "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which was sung with remarkable sweetness, the school joining in the chorus. The Decoration Day Exercise—"The Message of the Flowers"—by ten misses from Miss Hussey's room, was a touching tribute to the memory of the soldier and sailor dead. Each girl carried a flower or sprig of different variety, reciting a few words signifying the message of the particular flower, which at the close, was placed upon the mound of green upon the pedestal, the exercise closing with a memorial hymn. Miss Cassine Brown deserves unstinted praise for her very fine recitation of "Driving Home the Cows—1865," which she handled so feelingly as to touch a tender chord in the breasts of several of the audience, to whose eyes tears were forced by the recital. A flag exercise, by pupils from Miss Ring's room, told the story of our stars and stripes very clearly. Each of the lads participating carried a flag, representing the American ensign, from its inception to the present form, the misses, headed by the Goddess of Liberty, reciting alternately with the boys, the school singing several patriotic airs, and Miss Mabel Turner reading "Union and Liberty," all of which were included in the exercise. Rev. Myron S. Dudley was then called upon. In brief remarks he stated that he had been requested as a veteran of the late war, to give a short address, which should include reminiscences of the American flag. Mr. Dudley was an earnest speaker on a theme dear to his heart, and was listened to by young and old with the closest attention, deafening applause greeting him at the close of his remarks, which we print in full:

Every nation has its symbolic ensign,—some have birds, some fishes, some reptiles, in their banners. Our fathers chose the stars and stripes. The red is significant of the blood shed by the defenders of the flag for their country, as some suggest, or as others think, it was suggested by the significance of the red color in the days of the Roman Empire, when it was the signal of defiance and denoted daring. The blue tells of the heavens and the source of the young nation's protection. This color was taken from the edges of the Covenanters' banner in Scotland, and was significant, also, of the league and covenant of the United Colonies against oppression, and involved the virtues of vigilance, perseverance, and justice. The white tells of purity and is significant of the integrity and single-hearted devotion of our national founders. The stars tell of the separate states embodied in one nationality. What eloquence do the stars in their field of blue speak forth when their full meaning is known? What did this banner mean when it was first drawn to the breezes of heaven? A new

LIST OF FIRES ON NANTUCKET.

COMPILED FOR
THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR
BY TIMOTHY S. CHASE.

1736.—Friends' Meeting House, just west of the Elihu Coleman farm house, now owned by the Hosier brothers. Totally consumed. Loss, \$400.
1759.—Light house on Brant Point.
1762.—Peter Barnard's house. Loss, \$400.
1765.—Mill. Loss, \$500.
1769.—Several buildings on South Wharf. Loss, \$11,000.
Buildings on Brant Point. Loss, \$1000.
1774.—Enoch Gardner's barn. Loss, \$100.
1779.—Two barns. Loss, \$300.
1782.—Light house at Brant Point. Loss, \$1000.
1786.—Light house at Great Point. Loss, \$1000.
Nicholas Meader's house at Sesacacha. Loss, \$100.
1799.—Isaac Folger's shop. Loss, \$1500.
1802.—Nathan Beebe's bake house. Loss, \$2000.
1810.—George Russell's shop. Loss, \$350.
1811.—Matthew Myrick's rope-walk. Loss, \$3000.
1812.—Samuel Swain's house at Philip's Run. Loss, \$200.
Several building at South Wharf. Loss, \$6000.
1814.—George Myrick's farm house. Loss, \$300.
1816.—Light house at Great Point. Loss, \$500.
1820.—Jethro Dunham's house on Tuckernuck. Loss, \$400.
1822.—January 5th.—Building of Daniel Jones.
November 30th.—Latham Gardner's house.
1823.—Thomas & Henry Starbuck's shop. Loss, \$100.
March 15th.—House of Seth Russell.
November 25th.—Store of Henry Starbuck.
1825.—May 5th.—House of Edward Clark.
1827.—House of Jedidah Lawrence, corner of Main and Howard streets, slightly damaged in the basement.
1828.—December.—Paint shop of Thomas Smith, corner of Water and Cambridge streets, damaged about \$1000.
1830.—January 30th.—An alarm of fire in the evening, caused by the burning out of a chimney. Mr. William Dunham was instantly killed by being caught between an engine and a post in front of the house now occupied by Mr. George W. Burdick.
1831.—December.—An alarm of fire caused by the burning out of the chimney of the house of Abijah Gardner.
1832.—Isaac Coffin's barn on Charter street, totally destroyed. Loss, \$900.
1833.—May 7th.—The house of Seth Pinkham, at Siasconset, was burned.
1834.—January 20th.—The store attached to the dwelling house of Mrs. Elizabeth Chase, where the Coffin School house now stands, was badly damaged. Loss to store and goods, about \$1000.
The carpenter's shop of Mr. John R. Macy on Ash street, was burned during the summer of the same year. Loss, about \$800.
1835.—July 23th.—The cooper's shop of Mr. Charles C. Morris, head of Pearl street, was slightly damaged on the roof. Loss, about \$100.
1836.—January 2d.—The house of James Athearn, Jr., Centre street, was slightly damaged in the basement.
May 10th.—Washington House, kept by Elisha Starbuck, the house of Francis F. Hussey, the large three story building on the corner of Main and Union streets, and the building of Francis F. Hussey on Union street, were destroyed; the buildings covering the land east of the store now occupied by Mr. Asa C. Jones to the land of Dr. J. B. King, on Union street. The loss was estimated at \$15,000.
November 4th.—An alarm of fire from tar barrels burning on Brant Point.
1837.—March 13th.—The house of N. Ames was slightly injured.
October 8th.—The house of Edward B. Hussey, Centre street, was totally destroyed.
December 9th.—The house of Joseph P. Sylvia, on the Hensdale farm, was totally destroyed.
1838.—June 2d.—A fire broke out about 11 o'clock at night, in the lower end of the rope-walk of Joseph James, situated between Union and Washington streets, totally consuming that building, the candle factories of Daniel Jones, Philip H. Folger, Valentine Hussey, Matthew Crosby, James Athearn, and the dwellings of Harvey Crocker, James N. Bassett, Walter Folger, Jr., Thomas D. Morris, Samuel Dunham, Charles F. Gardner, William Hodges, Samuel Ames, Jabez Cushman, Jesse Crosby, the store of Gilbert Coffin, blacksmith shops of John Meader, Reuel Rawson, the boatbuilders' shops of Thomas G. Barnard, Leonard Fisher, the twine factory of Reuben R. Bunker, cooper's shop of John Elkins, and in fact everything between Union street and the harbor; a locality which at that time was covered with oil factories and oil sheds. Those who are now living, whose memory reaches back to that night, will never forget the sight of the blazing oil that covered the waters of the harbor south of Commercial wharf; nor the long tiers of iron hoops left standing in the place of the sheds stored with thousands of barrels of oil. So intense was the heat, that no charred remains of anything were left; but the whole district was burnt as bare as the shore beach. There were over one hundred sufferers by this fire, and the loss was estimated at from \$150,000 to \$300,000.
June 25th.—Blacksmith's shop occupied by Richard Swain. Partially destroyed.
November 21st.—Alarm of fire.
1839.—March 26th.—Cromwell Barnard's barn, and five other buildings rear of the block on Orange street.
1840.—January 12th.—James Sandsbury's house at Newtown.
January 31st.—The shop of Henry Gardner, south part of the town. Slightly injured.
October 17th.—Dwelling house on Union street. Damage trifling.
October 19th.—Candle factory of James Athearn, Liberty street. Damaged slightly.
1841.—January 5th.—Alarm caused by the burning out of a chimney.
October 12th.—Small building belonging to Mrs. Eunice Lawrence, New Mill street. Total loss.
1842.—January 29th.—Building in south part of the town called Guinea, occupied as a dance hall. Totally destroyed, but no loss to the community.
February 7th.—Cooper's shop of Coffin & Gardner, near the head of South wharf. Damage trifling.
February 22d.—Lawrence & Cobb's dry good's store, where the shop of Thomas B. Paddock now stands. Damage slight.
1844.—February 21st.—Burning of the Asylum at Quaise. The building was totally destroyed, and seven of the inmates perished in the flames.
April.—The farm house of Charles A. Burgess.

1846.—July 13th.—About 11 o'clock this evening, commenced what has since been known as the "Great Fire." It originated in the hat store of William H. Geary, where the tailor shop of G. F. Barreau now stands, and spreading up and down, burned all the buildings on the south side of Main street, between Orange street and the Straight and South wharves. Crossing Main street where the Citizens' Room is now located, it spread in all directions, consuming everything east of Centre street between Main and Broad streets, the buildings on the west side of Centre street between the house of Mrs. Upham and Quince street. Crossing Broad street, it burned the fine Episcopal Church, and all the buildings on the north side between that and the harbor, as also all the buildings on the east side of North Water street, as far north as the new cottage of George K. Long, and several houses on the west side. Between three and four hundred buildings were burned, and property to the amount of nearly \$1,000,000 destroyed. Had the efforts to save the Methodist Church proved unavailing, the probability is that the whole of the northeast section of the town would have been burned.
July 15th.—An alarm of fire, caused by sparks falling on the roof of a dwelling house on Union street.
December 12th.—Paint shop of John S. Thomas, on Federal street. Damage about \$1000 to building and stock.
1847.—January 9th.—An alarm caused by the burning of tar barrels on Brant Point.
February 19th.—Henry Coffin's barn, Liberty street. Total loss.
1848.—February 26th.—Burning out of chimneys in Miriam Prince's house, New Dollar Lane.
March 28th.—House of Thomas C. Hamblen, North shore. Partially destroyed.
September 7th.—The house of William Hadwen, now occupied by Joseph S. Barney. Damage very slight.
1849.—May 1st.—Levi Starbuck's barn, Fair street. Damage slight.
May 2d.—Jonathan Mooers's house, rear of the house of the late James Codd, Orange street. Damage slight.
May 10th.—Benjamin Ray's house, Pine street. Damage slight. Newbegins house, west of the town. Partially destroyed.
July 18th.—Mitchell & Coffin's candle factory.—Very slight.
November 24th.—Peleg Macy's building, head of South wharf. Damage small.
1850.—April 14th.—Barn of Charles H. Dunham, head of Old North wharf. Damage slight.
May 14th.—Shed rear of Reuben Meader's house, Orange street.
May 25th.—House of Zenas Coleman, Pearl street. Damage small.
June 20th.—Tin shop of Christopher C. Hussey, Federal street. Building and stock damaged by fire and water about \$500.
1851.—January 25th.—Alarm from burning tar barrels.
June 3d.—House of Daniel Moulton, head of Pearl street. Slight.
November 14th.—Cigar store of William M. Russell, Main street, next east of the house now owned by Mrs. Sarah M. Hallett.
December 4th.—Porch of Dennis Mullen's house, near South beach.
1852.—July 8th.—West Grammar Schoolhouse, west of the town. Totally destroyed.
1853.—May 31st.—A barn near the house of Thomas Barnard, 2d, head of Lily street, caused by some small boys setting fire to shavings.
1854.—July 5th.—Charles Starbuck's barn, Squam. Total loss.
1845.—May 13th.—Hezekiah Paddock's paint shop, Candle street. Damage about \$1000.
June 3d.—House of Justin Lawrence, Gay street. Slightly injured.
September 5th.—Alarm caused by a blacksmith setting fires.
1856.—February 19th.—Alarm caused by the moon shining in at the windows of the Fair street M. E. Church.
February 26th.—Frederick Arthur's barn, rear of his house, corner of Orange street and Plum Lane. Slight damage.
1858.—October 11th.—Collection of soot taking fire in the chimney of South Grammar Schoolhouse.
1859.—June 30th.—Dwelling house occupied by George Barrett, head of Main street. Totally consumed.
July 16th.—Cooper's shop of Freeman Parker. Slight.
August 23d.—Alarm caused by burning out a chimney.
September 20th.—Burning of the shoe store of A. D. Towle, Centre Street Block. Store badly damaged, and the goods of George R. Folger, who occupied the adjoining building, greatly injured by smoke.
October 12th.—Seth Clark house, corner of Union and Flores streets. Totally destroyed.
October 28th.—Burning of ship Planter, on the railway at Brant Point.
1860.—February 13th.—False alarm.
February 17th.—Alarm from burning out of a chimney.
March 5th.—Incendiary fire in the barn of Isaiah Nickerson. Put out without damage.
March 9th.—Burning of a small building west of the town. Incendiary.
March 12th.—David Folger's cooper's shop. Loss between \$3000 and \$4000. Incendiary.
March 16th.—Burning of John Winn's barn on Grove Lane, west of the town. Incendiary. Totally destroyed.
April 3d.—Building belonging to Joseph Starbuck. Incendiary. Damage trifling.
May 17th.—Alarm caused by the burning of some stubble near the Asylum.
July 29th.—Burning of beach grass, northwest of the town.
September 25th.—Alarm caused by the ringing of the bell at an unusual hour.
September 27th.—Burning of the Constant Randall house, west of the town. Incendiary.
November 1st.—Burning of the barn on the farm of Charles C. Folger, just west of the town. Totally destroyed, together with hay, farming implements, a horse and several cows. Incendiary.
December 3d.—House of David G. Hussey. Damage slight.
1861.—May 18th.—Alarm; cause unknown.
September 29th.—Barn belonging to Shubael Clark, rear of his house on Pearl street. Partially burned.
December 16th.—Burning out of a chimney.
1862.—January 31st.—Burning of a barn belonging to Allen Smith, in his lot just south of the town.
March 25th.—Barn belonging to Wesley Berry, south part of the town.
September 5th.—Burning of the barns of George Cressy and George Coffin, between York and Dover streets. Totally destroyed.
September 18th.—House rear of Union street, belonging to John Williams. Totally destroyed.

October 7th.—Burning of a house on New street, belonging to Margaret Lewis. Partially destroyed.
October 14th.—Alarm from unknown cause.
1863.—February 6th.—Thomas Coffin's house, corner of Milk and Vestal streets. Damage slight.
March 14th.—Burning of a house in the south part of the town, occupied by Julia Smith. Totally consumed.
March 18th.—False alarm.
March 20th.—Partial burning of a building on Broad street, now occupied by Dr. F. A. Ellis.
March 28th.—Burning of a portion of the Jail. Slight.
March 29th.—False alarm.
August 27th.—Alarm. Cause unknown.
September 5th.—Burning out of a chimney.
October 17th.—Alarm. Cause unknown.
1864.—August.—Barn of Henry I. Defriez. Slightly injured.
1865.—April 9th.—Alarm from burning of stubble west of the town.
April 10th.—Alarm from burning out of a chimney.
April 19th.—Burning of beach grass, northwest of the town.
November 6th.—House belonging to Cyrus Cooper, southwest part of the town. Slightly injured.
November 12th.—House of Shubael Clark, Pearl street. Badly injured.
1866.—January 30th.—Alarm of fire, caused by the burning of a bed in William Hussey's house, Quince street.
March 23th.—Farm house of William T. Swain, on what was known as the Albert C. Folger farm.
October 24th.—Henry P. Olin's boot and shoe store corner of Main and Orange streets.
November 9th.—Alarm from burning beds at house of Reuben M. Coffin, Liberty street.
1867.—October 15th.—Alarm from burning corn stalks on the farm of George C. Gardner.
November 10th.—Burning of George Clark's stable, with horses and carriages, water mill of Steamboat Company, &c.
November 16th.—Dwelling house on the farm formerly owned by David Joy Starbuck, in Squam.
1868.—March 7th.—House of Mr. Paul, at Siasconset. Slightly injured.
1870.—April 6th.—Try works on Commercial Wharf. Trifling damage.
April 17th.—Barn of John Winn, Grove Lane. Totally consumed.
1871.—January 13th.—House of Martin Terry, south part of the town. A total loss.
July 9th.—Barn on the estate of Uriah Gardner, northwest part of town. Entirely consumed.
1872.—February 22d.—Building of Benjamin W. Chase, rear of his house on Pearl street.
April 12th.—Barn of John M. Gardner, rear of his house on Liberty street.
April 24th.—House corner of Pleasant and Summer streets, occupied by Thomas W. Barrally. Slightly damaged.
1873.—August 3d.—Shoe factory of Mitchell & Hayden, just west of the town, entirely consumed, together with stock, machinery, &c. Loss estimated at \$18,000.
1874.—March 7th.—Alarm from bonfire at the head of Miacomet pond.
August 31st.—Try works of D. W. & R. E. Burgess, at their farm at Shimmo.
1875.—January 15th.—Alarm of fire from the North Church vestry.
October 2d.—Paul Clisby's barn, at Shimmo. Total loss.
1876.—January 16th.—Dwelling house of the late Gilbert Coffin, corner of Main and Winter streets. Damage estimated about \$2000.

FIRES.—In the list of fires published last week, several mistakes occurred, as it was very natural there should in a list compiled partially from memory alone. Among the errors the notice of the barn of Isaac Coffin, which was burned November, 1831, instead of 1832; the barn of Henry Coffin in 1847, should have been located on the Cambridge farm, instead of Liberty street; and the fire at the barn of Charles H. Dunham should have been 1860 instead of 1850. The shop of Mr. John R. Macy should have been in 1832 instead of 1834; and the barn of John M. Gardner in 1873, not '72. The incendiary fire at the candle house of Richard Mitchell in 1833 was omitted entirely, as was also the slight fire at the house of Capt. Moses Harris, at Newtown, in 1822 or 1823. The number of persons who perished by the burning of the Asylum at Quaise, should have been ten instead of seven, viz.: Paul Jenkins, Jonathan Cathcart, Wm. Holmes, Thomas Hull, William Hutchins, Abial Grew, Wealthy Swain, Phebe Jones, Sophia Beebe, Lydia Bowen.

Mr. Editor:

Allow me through the columns of your paper to indulge in a few reminiscences, and in doing so to call forth from others many things which I have possibly forgotten.

In 1824, a schoolhouse, afterwards known as the Coffin School, was erected on the east side of Fair street by Perez Jenkins, Thomas Davenport, Mr. Maffett, and other good Methodist people. It was called the Lancasterian school of Nantucket. Miss Almira Meech taught the girls in the large room, up stairs, (as she understood the Lancasterian system), while Mr. Thomas Macy instructed the boys in the large room down stairs. It may surprise some to learn that there was a large number of pupils in each room, with only one teacher. From those of the pupils best qualified there were chosen the so-called monitors, with a monitor-general over them. The scholars' seats were long benches with "forms" in front for books, and at the end of each "form" there was a raised seat for the monitors, who were chosen for a certain length of time to assist the teacher. The monitors wore upon their right arms badges of red morocco, and it was a proud moment when one could report to the home-circle that she had been appointed to bear this insignia of distinguished rank.

On either side of the platform were two large boards, with squares cut for printed letters; at the end of each square a cord was attached, and the classes were called to their recitations by the letters on the sign-board, manipulated by the monitor-general, whom I always remember as Miss Aria Coffin, although others may have shared her honors. When the cord was pulled, and we saw the letters H. U., we raised our hands above our heads, while at H. B., we folded them demurely behind our backs. When O. D. (open draughts), F. D. (form draughts), sprang up, we marched to the top of the room with the military precision of army officers. After Thomas M. Macy came William Coffin, jr., whose assistant was Miss Lydia Barney. All this happened before the Admiral bought the building. I well remember our school exhibition, particularly the music which was introduced. Miss Webb played on a harp, and I have the song that she played, "Two Orphan Boys of Switzerland." We spoke pieces, after which followed a dialogue called "Search after Happiness." Not many years after, this Lancasterian school gave place to the Coffin School. It must be remembered that the old building was bought by Admiral Coffin, so that the merging of the one school into the other was a natural result of this purchase. Miss Meech was sent for to resume her duties of teacher in the new institution; she remained, however, but a short time. Her successor was Miss Lydia Barney.

When Mr. William Coffin resigned his place of principal of the Coffin School, Miss Barney composed the following lines, to be sung by the pupils to the tune of "Bruce's Address to his Army" (the second line of the first verse to be repeated):

We our teacher loved so well
That we in his memory dwell
Tho' he goes away.

Friendship's halo round thee shine,
O be every blessing thine.
Whether human or divine—
Ever be thou blest.

MARY B. PLASKETT.

No. 2. In the north burial Nantucket are two graves which possess some interest for summer visitors, and are alluded to by the late Jane G. Austin in "Nantucket Scraps." The graves are those of Thomas Delop and Amos Otis, both of Barnstable, and the peculiar inscriptions on the stones set forth the fact, in each instance, that these two young men were cast ashore and perished in a snow storm on December 6th, 1771. Thomas Delop was the brother-in-law of Amos Otis, and the latter was one of the Otis family, from which came James Otis of the American Revolution, and, at a later date, Harrison Gray Otis, of Boston. Their vessel, which was proceeding to Halifax, was driven ashore during a violent gale and snow storm on Great Point, and was abandoned by officers and crew, all of whom reached the shore, only to succumb to the cold, with the exception of a boy 14 years old, and perhaps one or two others, who managed to crawl into a barn and buried themselves in the hay. Amos Otis, of Barnstable, a prominent citizen, and well-known genealogist, who died in 1875, aged 74 years, in alluding to this dreadful disaster in which his grandfather, Amos Otis, and his great uncle Thomas Delop, perished, states, that the boy who survived was named Weiderhold, and continued to live at Nantucket, where he died between 1830 and 1840. The question which I wish to ask is the following: Is there any old resident at Nantucket at the present time, who has seen and conversed with this survivor of the shipwreck; and are there any facts preserved concerning this particular storm, which is designated as "ye snow storm?" We are led to suppose that it was a storm of unusual character.

E. T. TUCKER.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.

John Weiderhold.

Mr. Editor:

Your correspondent, Dr. E. T. Tucker, can be informed that the boy 14 years old, named Weiderhold, who survived the wrecked vessel which was driven ashore on Great point in a severe snowstorm, Dec. 6, 1771, was well known to many of our aged people as John Weiderhold, from Germany. He was a ship-rigger, and married in Nantucket, of which marriage there were two sons, John and Isaac. John and his family removed from the island many years ago. Isaac married Phebe, daughter of Sylvanus and Margaret (Russell) Folger. Mrs. Stephen Hussey is a daughter of Isaac Weiderhold, and most probably remembers her grandfather. I know of no special facts concerning the storm of Dec. 6, 1771.

Concerning the prairie dogs, it is known that a summer guest at Nantucket introduced rabbits and prairie dogs about ten years ago, and both species of animal life rapidly multiplied. The rabbits have furnished game for sportsmen, and are a good food. The prairie dogs are a nuisance and quite destructive. They have no value, and sooner or later must prove a universal pest. To exterminate these pests will incur considerable expense, and the longer it is delayed the greater will be the job. Colonies of prairie dogs have been discovered in various parts of the island quite remote from the Nobadeer farm, where they were first introduced.

ALLEN COFFIN.

Nantucket, Sept. 20, 1899.

47

Robert Pitman Jr.

1822

June 24

To whetting saw 1/6 25

4 Windsor frames @ 9/- Labour & Hinge 12/6 8 25

Sawb - front door & frame 30/- repairing Calash 10/6 6 75

mending Cart 2/6 - 42

1823 Dec 20

Door & frame 5/- Labour & Hinge 30/- 5

Windsor frame 8/- 6 Sqr Sashes @ 7/- 1 75

1824 July 24

Whetting saw 2/6 25

Shingling Roof 12/- 2

1825 Sep

whetting saw 1/6 - repairing waggon 4/- 24 67

panel door 10/6 2 66

1826 -

Building Boat 8/- framing & whetting new saw 7/6 - 10 25

1827 August 12

whetting saw 1/6 25

1828 June

framing & whetting new saw 7/6 1 25

1829 August

Labour on Barn 6 66

29

whetting saw 1/6 - repairing Waggon 22/6 4

Paid Steward 13/6 for 6 bundles Shingles 2 25

1830 August

whetting saw 1/6 25

1831 August 12

Building stable 4 38

Sept 26

whetting saw 1/6 25

1832 Sep

1/- 1/6 - Windsor frame & sash 2.70 3 1

Oct 23

12 Sqr sashes @ 7/- 84

60 72

1833 Feb 12

To Balance from above 3 36

28

repairing Calash 6/- 1

Sept

Shingling house 10/6 - 4 Sqr sashes @ 7/- 2 03

1834 March

whetting saw 1/6 - 1/6 be 50

1835 July

Chest for Box 21/- whetting saw 1/6 3 75

1836 June

Building Wood house 36/- whetting saw 2/- 6 33

37 July

mending Cart 2/- whetting saw 25/- 58

38 March

making Waggon 13 00

39 June

3 1/2 days labour & his Hinge @ 9/- 5 25

June

repairing Chest 2/- & Cart 23/- 58

June

Labour & Hinge 15/- whetting saw 1/6 2 75

1841 March

Labour & Sconset 5 50

1843 Jan

Windsor 4/6 75

12 Sqr sashes @ 7/- 84

Contract

1831

month

1831

By go feet hoars

1 80

Feb 1832

By his pile end to date casting
fish - and sundry

55 50

57 36

Balance to new put

3 36

60 72

By 3 dollars cash

48

Daniel Jones *Sc* *Sc*

1824
 Aug-18 To Ballance disaccount with D Jones — 0 53
 July 13 1825 — Cash for Ballance — 3 03
 10 10

June 1826 To 5 1/2 days labour & Barr @ 10/6 — 3 1/2 5 0/0 — 13 12
 1827 March 7 Labour & his House of — 83
 April 14 days & Egypt @ 10/6 — 7 5 0/0 — 23 25
 Schooner Washington built — 9 03
 Sept Labour & Store of — Shingling Barrs — 2 1/2 0/0 — 11 08
 1828 July Labour & Store of — oak plank for thresholds of — 1 33
 69 84

Daniel Jones *Sc* *Sc*

1828 July 27 To Ballance from Mr. Daniel Jones *Sc* — 44 83
 Ship Americans Price — 6
 Labour & Boat Gelston House of — 1 50
 July 12 2 Joiners @ 13/6 — Crook of — 5 33
 August 22 Labour & Boat Gelston House — 4 87 1/2
 5 days Labour & his House & Egypt @ 10/6 — 20 84
 7 1/2 0/0 — 3 0/0 — 23 87
 Sum 1828 — 12 59 1/2 Payers @ 7 1/2 — 83 37

Contract

Page
18-1824

By then bill sundry, mostly
then bill sundry,

THE COLUMN VENDOME.—Here is a
versicle which was once attached to the
column in the Place Vendome, when the
statue of the first Napoleon stood on that
monument:

Tiger standing there so high,
If the blood that thou hast shed,
Were gathered here thou might'st well
nigh
Drink, nor yet incline thine head.

THE world, says Thackeray, deals good-
naturedly with good-natured people, and
I never knew a sulky misanthropist who
quarreled with it, but it was he, and not
it, who was in the wrong.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD says that in Eng-
land a man meets a marvelous energy
and "go" that he finds nowhere else. "I
of course except America," he says, "for
with us we work life at a high boiler
pressure; but the Yankees do more—
they sit on the valves."

July 24
1868-

By then bill sundry, mostly
Ballance to m

Carried to Act. of Dan Jones

69 54

Contract

1829-july

By his bill sundry, mostly
Ballance more the

75 53

7 84

83 37

Ballance comes to page 58 -

49

David Joy Jr.

D^c

1824	August	To Building Shed 21/	3 50
	Oct	4 1/4 days labour & his House @ 9/	6 37 1/2
	Novemb	1 1/4 days self & boy @ 12/6 - 41 feet first 2/8	4 38
	Jan 1825	Draw 2/ - labour on Brant point - 12/6	2 58
	April	1 1/2 day self & boy Brant point 12/6	3 37 1/2
		18/ due an acct	3
		28/ days labour on store @ 10/6	49
		11 1/2 d. @ 4/6	8 02 1/2
		5 Window frames @ 9/ - 120 sq ft of paper 2/	15 90
		front door 12/6 - plank 24 ft.	2 49
		Bed Cord 30 ft	30
	Oct 14	Coping 10 ft Candlemasler @ 10/6	17 50
		repairing 1/ - 12/ - 2 1/2 bed @ 10/6	2 25
	Novemb	Labour & his House 9 1/2 days @ 9/ - 5 ft @ 5/	13 41
			137 69

1825	Feb 1	To Ballantr boat down	64 29
	May	labour & House 15/ - 1/6 Shop 3/6	3 8
	June	labour & Store	8 42
	July 18	labour & Shop 5/ - 2 oricat barrels @ 6/	2 34
	1827 Jan 7	2 Beef Barrels & 2 Half d.	3
	Sept	Shingling House	11 62
	Sept	labour & his House 14/ - Board & plank for Link 60	2 93
	1828 Feb 8	Repairing Crase 2/ - labour & Candlemasler 10/6	2 18
			98 26

1828	Oct	To 2 Howl plains @ 18/ - Iron face to Round plain 4/6	8 75
	1829 July	labour & House 3/ - 2 frames @ 4/6 for Shed	2
		10 Days & Shed @ 10/6 - 10 ft @ 9/	32 50
		Repairing planes for Ship 2/6	42
	Sept	3 1/2 days & Candlemasler @ 10/6 - 3 1/2 d @ 9/ - 1 frame @ 6/	12 37
	Nov	6 days @ 5/ - 10/6	10 50
	1830 Feb 19	Labour & d. 3/	50
			65 4

Contract

Q^d

July 1
1826

By Lis Bill sundry merchandise
Balance to run av

93 40
64 29
137 69

Sept-1826

By 21 Feb Board

1828 August
21

By Lis Bill merchandise

100
98 2
2 98

Balance to run av

By 27th Dec 1828

1830 Jan

By Lis three sundry Groceries

43 38

Balance to run av

21 66
65 4

Balance carried to Page 63

50

Grafton Gardner

Dr

44 87
22 40
22 101

Oct

Nov

Benjamin Knowles Dr

182

To Building Shop

38

18

25

Contrac

25

1827 Feb - By Lin. Cole Ironwork

126

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tears

J^r J Barney D^c

1826	To Callan's tree from page 27	102 52
April - 5	Chimney piece 12/6 - b ^c 12/6 - b ^c 8/	5 50
May 1826	Shingling T. Folger House	5 50
July	S. Barclay, Bill 15.87 - Station b ^c 45.77	61 84
Sept 12	Labour & T. Folger House	2 33
1827 Feb 2	labour & Candlehouse 3/ - Steps & T. Folger House 9/	2
Sept	labour & T. Folger House 42/	7
1828 Jan 2	labour & Candlehouse 76 - & his House 4/	1 90
28 June	Repairing steps & Thos. Folger House	2 62
		191 22

George Cobb D^c

Nov 26 April	To repairing fence 2/6 - washmachine 12/	2 58
May	wood horse 6/ - labour & house 18	1 25
July	Sink 10/6 - Whitting Repairing Saw 35	2 60
1829 9 Jan 2	3 1/2 days on Bain & 9/ - f ^r lingers 35	5 60
Feb 2	4 days b ^c 9/	6
		18 13

"THE OLD SPANISH BELL."

MESSENGERS. EDITORS:—Having been applied to in several instances of late for the history of the "old Spanish bell," as it has been designated by travelling literary writers for magazines, and having been kindly furnished with a correct translation of the inscription on the bell, the purport of which probably gave rise to the mythical account of its having been obtained in some clandestine manner, I think a republication of the true history, with the correction of a matter of date, and the Portuguese Vice-Consul's translation referred to, would be interesting to many of your readers. From the inscription on the bell it appears it was intended for one of six bells for some sanctuary; but not having been consecrated at the time of sale it could be disposed of and another substituted to perfect a chime of six, the desirable number. It is said that bells that have been placed in a sanctuary, and consecrated, can never thereafter be disposed of.

This splendid bell, which is said by travellers to be the finest in the country, was purchased in Lisbon by Capt. Chas. Clasby of this town, in 1812, and brought to this port by Capt. Thomas Cary, in the schooner William and Nancy, a vessel owned by Samuel Cary, Esq., and others. Capt. Cary gave to the writer hereof the following history of the procurement of this bell: He said, "Clasby invited me to go to the foundry with him, and assist in selecting a good toned one. They had in the yard where the bells were a lever for raising them from the ground, when they were about to ascertain their quality or peculiar tone. Well, they applied the lever to one, and struck her; that will not answer, said I. Then they raised another, with the same result. When they raised the third one, and struck her, 'ah, Clasby, you need look no further; that's the bell you want; she is a beauty, she sounds on B.' 'Well, sir,' remarked the gentleman of the foundry, 'we consider that to be the sweetest-toned bell that we have in our yard.'"

Capt. Cary had ears that paired precisely, which enabled him to discover the slightest discord in what was intended for musical harmony; and well do I remember, when seated near him, as I occasionally was, in church, in the "olden time," how charmed I was with the melody of his voice during the congregational singing, which was much practiced in that day, and as I think, might have been profitably continued.

While in Lisbon, Capt. Cary said they heard of the declaration of war with Great Britain, and on the passage home they were spoken by a British sloop-of-war, which had been at sea some time, and was not aware that war had been declared. The commander asked Capt. Cary the news, but Capt. C. said he took especial good care not to tell him all he knew.

The bell was landed here and placed in the store cellar of Samuel Cary, where it remained till 1815, when it was purchased and placed in the tower where the present one now stands. About \$500 was given for the bell; the society paid about \$350, and the balance was raised by subscription. Some Friends subscribed. Obed Mitchell gave liberally, saying, "Friends did not use bells for religious purposes, but as they were very useful in giving fire alarms, &c., he would assist in the purchase." Some little time after the bell had been in use, the sound of its mellow tones had reached the "Hab of the Universe," and so be-

witching were the musical vibrations of this queenly bell(e) of Nantucket, to many of the good people of the renowned "City of Notions," that the agents of the Old South Church negotiated with the agents of the Unitarian Church, saying, that they had a very fine clock in their tower, that they had been so unfortunate as to have their bell broken, and wished to know at what price this bell could be procured. The agents of the Unitarian Church replied that they had a very fine bell in their tower, and would like to be informed at what price the Old South Society would sell their clock. The bell weighs 1575 pounds; the Boston gentlemen offered \$1 a pound for it, and finding they could not get it at any rate, they asked where it came from, and having ascertained its history, sent to Lisbon, to the same foundry, and procured that which they now have, which is a remarkable good one. This bell of ours was rung the first time on the 28th of December, 1815. On that day was born the first child of one of Nantucket's most humorous sons, who was at sea. On his return he said he gave directions before sailing to have that bell put into the South Tower, and rung on the joyous occasion. All who remember Capt. E. will perfectly understand this last incident.

In this connection the following anecdote of Capt. Cary may not be out of place: Capt. C. possessed an original language and wit to excess, and his full and smoothly-rounded sentences would cause laughter so deeply as to convulse every muscle and fibre of his listeners. Yet he had reverence, also; he was a constant attendant at church; he possessed nobleness of soul. When the First Congregational Society, of which he was a member, were about to make some general improvements in their old meeting house, Capt. C. said to me, "If I had the *coriander* sufficient, I would build on the site of the old house, instead of repairing that, a superb granite church. I would have a large, strong, and permanent tower, into which I would place a bell large enough to kill a sheep on Nantucket every time she was struck."

F. A. Wellington, Esq., hearing considerable discussion respecting the history of the famous bell in the South Tower, and that the inscription on it had been differently interpreted, it being to most of us hereabouts in an "unknown tongue," repaired to the tower and made an accurate copy of the lettering on the bell (which he discovered to be in the Portuguese language), which is as follows:

"AO BOM JESUS DO MONTE COMPLETAO SEUS VOTOS OS DEVOTOS DE LISBOA, OFFERECENDO LHE HUM COMPLETO JOGO DE SEIS SINOS PARA CHAMAR POS OVOS ADORALO NO SEU SANTUARIO.

JOZE DOMINGUES DACOSTA OFEZ EM LISBOA NO ANNO DE 1810."

He sent it to the Portuguese Vice-Consul, residing at Boston, with a request for a translation, and that gentleman, with his wonted courtesy, promptly forwarded to him the subjoined reply:

BOSTON, May 25th, 1876.

FRED A. WELLINGTON, ESQ.

Dear Sir:—I have received yours of the 22d, and in answer have the pleasure of forwarding you the interpretation of your request. I have to observe to you that *Mountain* is a place in Lisbon where is a church of great veneration, and for which the bells were made, according to the legend. Consider me

Truly Yours,

JOAO JACINTHO REBELLO,

V. Consul.

The following is the translation of the inscription:

To the Good Jesus of the *Mountain* the devotees of Lisbon direct their prayers, offering Him one complete set of six bells,

to call the people and adore Him in sanctuary.

Jose Domingos da Costa has done Lisbon on the year 1810.

W. R. L.

Different Paths.

I lately talked with one who strove
To show that all my way was dim,
That his alone—the road to heaven;
And thus it was I answered him:

"Strike not away the staff I hold,
You cannot give me yours, dear friend;
Up the steep hill our paths are set
In different ways, to one sure end.

"What, though, with eagle glance upfixed
On heights beyond our mortal ken,
You tread the broad sure stones of faith
More firmly than do weaker men;

"To each according to his strength;
But as we leave the plains below,
Let us carve out a wider stair,
And broader pathway through the snow.

"And when upon the golden crest
We stand at last together, freed
From mists that circle round the base,
And clouds that but obscure our creed;

"We shall perceive that though our steps
Have wandered wide apart, dear friend,
No pathway can be wholly wrong
That tends unto one perfect end."

—Selected.

A TROUBLESOME FLY.—An editor of a Western paper makes the *amende honorable* in following style: "There is a fly in our office, one particular, aggressive fly, distinguished from his brethren by a pertinacity and unerring energy that, if properly directed, is enough to make him President. Other flies we can dispose of by whisking a paper at them or putting them out of the window. But this fly we can't manage. We don't like to kill flies. There is something so confiding about them, that it seems like a breach of hospitality to kill them. That fly tumbles into our inkstand, crawls out and dries his little feet walking over our paper as we write. The compositor has hard work to decipher our manuscript sometimes. And in this connection, we would make a slight correction. In the last number of our paper, we called the Hon. Mr. — an unprincipled demagogue. We should have said 'a high-toned patriot.' It was all the fault of that fly. The brother of the Hon. Mr. — came into our office this morning with a new and substantial-looking cane, and reminded us of the misprint."

VERY SLOW TRAINS.—A correspondent of the New York Sun thus writes: "A railroad runs from Oswego to Syracuse. It is six miles long. I rode on it, and those who moved so slow that if you want the driver to look at your face you have to ride backward to get at him. They never have hot journals on that road, the great danger is, the stuffing and grease around the axles will freeze. The screeching of the locomotive is very faint, kind of like the warble of a four-year-old boy, blowing through a knot-hole in a board fence. It is capable of giving a grasshopper a thrill of alarm, but won't scare a cow worth a cent. The conductor, engineer and fireman always walk ahead of the train to look for broken rails, and the cows always run ahead of the train to keep out of the dust. I tried an experiment. Two trains were passing, and I stuck my head out of the window and let the head of a passenger car. It went so close that I couldn't strike a light. If you ever take a trip from Oswego to Syracuse over that road, you want to take lots of clothing, a whole ham, and a barrel of corned beef along with you."

A LOVE STORY.—"Phairest of the phair," sighed the lover, "phancy my phellings when I phoorsee the phaeerful consequences of our phleeing phrom your phather's phamily. Phew phellows could have phaced the music with so much photitude as I have; and as phickle phfortune to smile upon our love, I phind myself phored to phorego the pleasure of becoming your husband, Phare Phrances, phare well phor ever." "Hold Phranklin, hold!" screamed Phrances. "I will phollow you phorever." But Phranklin hled, and loving Phrances phainted.

God grant they read the good with smiles
And blot the bad with tears.

P. J. Ever

1/10

1826 June 3	To Cooper's Joiner 9/-	1 3/4 days labour @ 15/-	5 8 1/2
Sept 28	13 1/2 eels @ 10/-	15 1/2 days @ 10/-	15 10 1/2
			43 9 1/2
			49 8 1/4

P. J. Easton

1/10

April	To making Crosse 2/6	Whetting Saw 25/-	66
August	Labour @ Shop 2/-	Whetting Saw 1/8	58
24 July	Whetting Saw 1/6	Mortising 10 posts 2 8 1/2	1 5
28 July	Repairing Joiner 1/-		16
28 July	2 1/2 days @ 10/-	4 1/2 @ 8/-	
28 July	4 1/2 days @ 10/-	15 1/2 @ 10/-	
May	Joining 2/6	Repairing Lashed 1/-	2 25
1826 Sept	Labour on his House 1/-		3 10
Oct	do do 12/6		2 8
1826 August	7 days on Barn @ 10/6		12 25
	6 1/2 eels @ 8 1/2/-		10 55
			22 74

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at rub
law I

Contract

1826

June
July 4

By 28 ft board

1 lb flour — 1 lb from John
1 9 sqs Sash & glass 81 00
1 lb Flour from John Phares

not 19

1827

Cash for Ballance

Contract

1827

By 9 ft agh Board

22 1/2

Sept 1830

his Bill milk

Discount with Ruth Taylor

24

Cash received for

FIG LEAVES.

I blush and shame myself to see
My sweet first mother's old fig tree,
So few and scant its small leaves be.

It seems a pity gentle Eve
Should thus for fig leaves lose and leave
Her Paradise, and sigh and grieve.

I wish the Lyons' web of silk
And satins smooth and white as milk,
With other fabrics of such ilk,

And all that modern woman knows
Of fringes, tassels, bugles, bows—
Fair mother, fresh as any rose—

You might have worn on that dark day
When all your dower slipped away.
Do you not hate all apples, pray?

With not a single shred of lace,
Nor mirror for her blissful face,
The Garden was a dreary place;

And not a single shining ring,
Of diamond, pearl, or anything
Of gem about her glittering.

Perhaps she wore some wild bird's wing
Or rose-bud of that far-off spring;
But no bright chain, no golden string.

Her daughters for her sad lot grieve,
How could she live, our mother Eve,
Before men ever learned to weave—

Before the looms were made to run
With threads out of the rainbow spun,
And needles flashed beneath the sun?

And as for Adam, mother fair,
Without a hat or coat to wear,
Old-fashioned in his style and air,

How could you look with loving eyes
On such a man in Paradise,
Unclad before the open skies?

Poor girl, poor mother, much we fear
Your life derived no warmth nor cheer
From those fig leaves that cost so dear.

CHURCHYARD POETRY.—It seems hardly fair to place on the tombstone of one who cannot expostulate or resist such lines as these, which may be seen in a churchyard in the Isle of Wight:

"To the memory of Miss Martha Grim. She was so very pure within, She cracked the shell of her earthly skin, And hatched herself a cherubim."

"At last he's dead—and here he lies, And now his soul at ease is, With the end of his nose and the tips of his toes Turned up to the roots of the daisies."

"UNCLE SAM'S A HUNDRED."

Oh, ye Powers! what a roar,
Such was never heard before—
Thundering from shore to shore,
"Uncle Sam's a hundred!"

Cannon boom and trumpets bray,
Fiddles squeak and fountains play—
'Tis his great Centennial day—
"Uncle Sam's a hundred!"

Stalwart men and puny boys,
Maids and matrons swell the noise,
Every baby lifts its voice,
"Uncle Sam's a hundred!"

Nervous folks who doat on quiet,
Though they're half-distracted by it,
Can't help mixing in the riot,
"Uncle Sam's a hundred!"

Brutes that walk and birds that fly,
On the earth or in the sky,
Join the universal cry,
"Uncle Sam's a hundred!"

Well, suppose he is—what then?
Don't let us act like crazy men,
Must we take to fooling when
"Uncle Sam's a hundred?"

There he stands—our modern Saul—
Head and shoulders above all;
"Yet, 'Pride goes before a fall,'
E'en though one's a hundred."

"What's a hundred in our day?"
Foreign Uncle Sam's will say;
"Let us sit and watch the play—
He is but a hundred."

"Granted he's a shapely youth—
Fair and ruddy—yet, forsooth!
He's too young—and that's the truth!
Only just a hundred."

"When he's twice as old, pardie!
'Twill be easier to foresee
What will be his destiny.
Now he's but a hundred."

"When he plays his boyish pranks,
Should he seek to join our ranks,
We'll reflect. But now—no, thanks!
Why, he's but a hundred."

Yes, our uncle's years are few;
He is young—the charge is true;
Let us keep that fact in view,
Though he counts a hundred.

Don't let's tempt him to ignore
Warnings that have gone before;
Perils both by sea and shore,
Now that he's a hundred.

Let us strive with earnest heart,
Each of us to do his part,
So that he may 'scape the smart,
Seeing he's a hundred.

And with solemn, graceful thought
Of the deeds that he has wrought
Guided, cherished, favored, taught
Till he reached a hundred

Let us, as we vaunt his worth, listen through
Mingle soberness with mirth, use or true;
While we shout to all the earth, as turn
"Uncle Sam's a hundred years;
God grant they read the good with smiles
And blot the bad with tears."

Tristram Starbuck

\$5^c

1822 April	To making 2 Doors @ 2/-	18 Sq ^d Sashes @ 7 th	4 26 01
	2 Cellar windows @ 4/8	1 1 st @ 3/-	2
1827 May	4 Sq ^d Sashes @ 7 th	Scuttle & frame 12/8	2 53
			<u>8 79</u>

Benj^m Winslow

\$4¹

1827 Oct	To Labour @ Newston 6 days @ 2/-	9 10
	7 50	8 16
	3 1/2 50	4 8

MARK TWAIN ON NEW ENGLAND WEATHER.
At the dinner of the New England Society in New York, on Friday evening, Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), responded to the toast, "The oldest inhabitant—the weather." His speech was one of the wittiest ever heard, and excited continual merriment. Mr. Clemens spoke as follows:

I reverently believe that the Maker who made us all makes everything in New England but the weather. I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the weather-clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how, in New England, for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article, and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it. (Laughter.) There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. (Laughter.) The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs, and trying them on the people to see how they will go. (Laughter.) But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours. (Laughter.) It was that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvellous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial, that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all the climes. I said, "Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do, in the way of style, variety and quantity. (Laughter.) Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety! Why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity; well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blamished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor. (Laughter and applause.) The people of New England are by nature very forbearing; but there are some things which will not stand. Every year they kill a lot of poets for writing about "Beautiful Spring." (Laughter.) These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of spring from somewhere else, and cannot, of course, know how the natives feel about spring. And so, the first thing they know the opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by. (Laughter.) Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the paper and observe how crispy and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be, on the Pacific—down South—in the Middle States—in the Wisconsin region—see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England—and then see his tail drop. He doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many Presidents of the United States there's going to be next year. (Applause.) Well, he mulls over it and by and by he gets out something like this: Probably nor-east to sou-west winds, varying to the south'ard and west'ard and east'ard and points between; high and low barometerswapping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail and drouth, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning. (Loud laughter and applause.) Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind, to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the programme may be wholly changed in the meantime." (Loud laughter.)

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it; you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather (laughter)—a perfect grand review—but you can never tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drouth; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your spitting-pot, and ten to one you get drowned (applause); you make up your mind that the earthquake is done; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you get struck by lightning. (Laughter.) These are great disappointments, but they can't be helped. (Laughter.) The lightning there is regular; it is so convincing. When it strikes a thing it doesn't leave enough of that thing behind for you to tell whether—well, you'd think it was something valuable and a Congressman had been there. (Loud laughter and applause.) And the thunder! When the thunder commences to merely time up, and scrape, and saw, and key up the instruments for the performance strangers say: "Why, what awful thunder you have here." But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins, you'll find that stranger down in the cellar with his head in the ash-barrel. (Laughter.)

Now as to the size of the weather in New England—longways, I mean. It is utterly disproportioned to the size of that little country. (Laughter.) Half the time, when it is packed as full as it can stick, you will see that New England weather sticking out beyond the edges, and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring States. (Laughter.) She can't hold a tenth part of her weather. You can see cracks all about where she has strained herself trying to do it. (Laughter.) I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof. So I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on that tin? No, sir; skips it every time. (Laughter.) Friends, in this speech I have been trying merely to do honor to the New England weather. No language could do it justice. (Laughter.)

But after all there is at least one or two things about that weather (or, if you please, effect produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. (Applause.) If we hadn't our bewitching autumn foliage we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice-storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-twigs, frozen dew-drops, and the whole tree sparkles cold and white like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. (Applause.) Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and flash with all manner of colored fires, change and change again with inconceivable rapidity from blue to red, from red to green and green to yellow; the tree becomes a spraying fountain, a very n of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the climax, the supremest possibility, in art or in nature, bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificent. One cannot make the words too strong. (Continued applause.) Month after month I lay and grudge against the New England weather; but the ice-storm comes at last, I say, "There—

I forgive you now—the books are square between us, you don't owe me a cent; go, and sin no more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing—you are the most enchanting weather in the world!" (Applause and laughter.)

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BEST AS IT IS.

CITY LYRICS.

A Tribute to James Lick.

James Lick, how very quick
They make of you a saint;
Before you die the poets vie,
Your virtues rare to paint.
In shaly verse how they rehearse
Your noble, generous life,
The princely gifts, the aids and lifts
Which of late have been so rife.

James Lick, it's very sick-
Ly is such shallow praise;
They blessings send, without an end,
In milk-and-water lays.
Pioneers hurrah, and horses neigh
Their praise; and orphans bless you;
Scientists do laud, the press applaud,
And orators address you.

James Lick, you are a brick!
To open thus your heart;
On arts and creeds, by noble deeds,
You've acted well your part.
When life is past, may you at last
Go soaring thro' the sky
On angel's wing, and sweetly sing,
"Oh! how is this for high?"

SAN FRANCISCO, June 9th. J. H.

Wings—Some Day.

NATURE had failed in her measure,
Made a mistake in her plan,
Fixed to the limbs of an infant
The trunk of a man.
Down on the deck, while the ferry
Crossed and recrossed the stream,
And faces were changing about him
Like those in a dream.

Down on the deck in his wagon
He sat all the day selling books;
But far beyond price was the story
I read in his looks.
Eyes that grew bright 'neath the burden
That breaks many strong men down,
Looked into mine from that wagon,
Beaming and brown.

Eyes that had laughed at the sorrow
From which a worldling flies,
Eyes that were full of to-morrow;
Beautiful eyes.
In them I saw peace sitting,
Who keepeth the world's heart warm;
Peace, who comes after the battle,—
After the storm.

Tearful the eyes of a lady
Crossing that river with me,
As she said, when she saw how helpless
A creature might be:
"To what can the poor boy look forward
Through all life's wearisome way?"
Quick as his smile came the answer:
"To wings—some day."

Men were passing, complaining
God had forsaken their part;
Better the crippled in body
Than crippled in heart.
Let us remember the answer
Of that boy in his hopeful way,
And ever look upward, forward
To wings—some day.

A LOVE-SONG, BY DEAN SWIFT.

Apud in is almi de si re,
Mimis tres lno ver re qui re,
Alo veri find ita gestis,
His miseri ne verate st is.

BY THE SAME.

Mollis abuti,
Has an acuti,
No lasso finis,
Molli divinis,
Omi de armistress,
Imi na distress,
Cant udi recover
Meas alo ver?

The following epitaphs were lately
found in a country church-yard:

"Stranger, pause—
My tale attend,
And learn the cause
Of Hannah's end.

Across the world
The winds did blow—
She ketched a cold
What laid her low.

We shed a quart
Of tears, it's true,
But life is short—
Aged 82."

"Oh! mournful day
That stole away
Poor Mrs. Ely,
Who chanced to die
Of a sky-
Rocket
In her eye-
Socket."

A YOUNG lady asked of the poet Whit-
tier his autograph, and he responded
with the following lines:
Our lives are albums, written through
With good or ill, with false or true;
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years;
God grant they read the good with smiles
And blot the bad with tears.

55

Wm Barney

1831

1827 Jan	To Balance from old acct	29
Sept	12 8 th saps 27 th whetting saw 20	14
1828 August	whetting pine saw 10	25
		<u>338</u>

1831 July 4

Contrae

1828

May 19

By 1 of Jan 1828

Jan 12 - 1828

Check on Jan 12

BEST AS IT IS.

I said, if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of the earth;
Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my sufferings stricken out;
If I could have known in the years now gone
The best that a woman comes to know;
Could have had whatever will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;
Have gained the highest and purest bliss
That the bridal wreath and the ring enclose;
And chosen the one out of all the world
That I might, or could, or would, have chose;
And if this had been, and I stood to-night
By my children, lying asleep in their beds;
And could count in my prayers for a rosary,
The shining row of their golden heads;
Yes! I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me at my bidding—still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And to let my future come as it will.
I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even, more straight or wide;
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that, to either side.
My past is mine, and I take it all,
Its weakness—its folly, if you please;
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been my helps not hindrances.
If I have saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand;
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less—you will understand—
It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of death withheld from crime.
Who knows its strength by trial, will know
What strength must be set against a sin;
And how temptation is overcome,
He has learned who has felt its power within.
And who knows how a life at the last may show?
Why look at the moon from where we stand?
Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it shines
A luminous sphere, complete and grand.
So let my past stand just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may grow old;
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best—or had it not been, I hold.
—Phebe Cary.

Cure for a fellow-felon to the penitentiary.

The cause of woman suffrage—scarcity of husbands.

Somebody says the wisest man was not Solomon, but Knower.

To shoot a grizzly it is only necessary to bring the gun properly to bear.

A timid boy clings to his ma, but a ship-wrecked sailor clings to his spar.

Why is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage like an exhausted pedestrian? Because he can't "go" a step-father.

The wicked flea. "It ain't so much the biting, if only the plaguey thing wouldn't keep getting up and sitting down all the time." Exactly.

THE INNER LIFE.

BY ROBERT LIVINGSTON.

We know there is a life within the life
Of each who, toiling, treads the chequered way;
Ever a fiercer strife behind the strife
That each is seen to wage from day to day.
We find ourselves contending with a world
In which ambition rules and pride holds sway;
We drink, and soon like others are possessed;
With zeal to grasp the baubles as we may.
So we are judged to be alike as base
As he who sells for pottage all he hath,
Who yields not only love, and joy, and truth,
But yields for this his soul's immortal worth.
Be thou serene before this heartless judge;
Brave heart that hath with unseen valor fought;
Strive not to hold against the world a grudge
And sell the sunshine of thy life for naught.
The world can never know thee as thou art,
Much less with truth can judge thee as it ought;
But if thou hast with courage done thy part,
For thee there's nothing further to be sought.
'Tis well for us to toil and strive to win
All that our comfort and our health require;
But let the angel still within us reign,
That we may aid the world to something higher.
Then let the inner life be full and free—
Let mind rule with the scepter of its might;
Let heart and soul with aspiration burn
Toward all that's great in nature, grand in thought.
Then be the world in judgment true or false,
The heart secure in consciousness of worth
Can find within its battlements of truth,
The greatest pleasure possible to earth.

De

1823

25

1835 June	To Steps for house	13/6	2	25
1836 Decr	4 1/2 days labour at his house	10/6	7	87 1/2
1837	Sink for his house	13/6	2	25
	2 Gates	21/-	7	

Contract

1828 Dec 20 By building chimney
 1829 Jan - 220 feet square base & joint
 4 ft hinges
 Dec 4 - By his Wife sundry glass, labor
 By cash for balance

Contract

1837 By Bill groceries from David Park

Jonathan, by a British Artist.

I sing the Yankee, latest human growth;
 A hero seldom stupid, slow or flat;
 But often over-sharp, or fast, or both—
 A self-willed, many-titled democrat.
 Squire in New York, and captain in the West;
 A judge on California's golden strand;
 In the sunny south a colonel, at the least;
 But deacon in the true old Yankee land.
 A rapid traveler to walk with,
 Alike through flowers and thorns bound to get on;
 Easy to trade, or smoke, or drink, or talk with,
 But very hard for any one to sit on.
 Who storms a battery like an old crusader;
 Gives freedom to a race some careless minute;
 But would buy Satan's homestead as a trader,
 And ardently aver: "There's millions in it."
 To whom equality's a precious gem,
 Though sometimes he may kick Chinese or darkies,
 And in his secret bosom doth contemn,
 All foreigners—below the rank of marquises.
 In Maine who ranks in Calvin's fire-proof class;
 In Kansas worships God with strapped revolver;
 Blythe dances in New Orleans, after mass;
 In Brooklyn sobs—a tear-o'erflowed dissolver.
 Who thinks a school-house is a sacred place;
 And education cures all moral phthisies;
 But looks askance at high scholastic grace,
 On Greek and Latin, French and metaphysics.
 Heedless what charm on painted canvas glows;
 Indifferent, oft, to strophe and to stanza;
 But listening with loving ears when blows
 The western wind from newly-found bonanza;
 Yet who, though willing after gold to dash
 Through sea and fire, and gloomy ore-lined cavern,
 Not oft hoards his hardly gathered cash—
 But nobly builds a fourteen-story tavern.
 Such is the subject of these brief remarks;
 A lawless, pious, free-souled money-maker;
 Who his cigar would light at Pluto's sparks,
 And then try buying heaven by the acre.
 —London Globe.

"LOVE," says an amorous writer, "is an internal transport." An exchange remarks: "The same might be said of a canal-boat."

DECLINED.—The Connecticut Valley Advertiser, having received a lengthy poem on "The Fall of Adam," says it is sorry that Adam fell, and trusts that he will yet recover from his injuries; but really for a fresh news item the poem will not be available for its columns.

A POET'S CREED.

—At the request of several ladies, we publish the following "Creed." Whoever finds infidelity in it might discover heresy in the Sermon on the Mount and immortality in the Ten Commandments:—

As other men have creeds, so I have mine;
 I keep the holy faith in God, in man,
 And in the angels ministrant between.
 I hold to one true church of all true souls;
 Whose churchly seal is neither bread nor wine;
 Nor laying on of hands, nor holy oil,
 But only the anointing of God's grace.
 I hate all kings, and caste, and rank of birth;
 For all the sons of man are sons of God;
 Nor limps a beggar but is nobly born;
 Nor wears a slave a yoke, nor craves a crown,
 That makes him less or more than just a man.
 I love my country and her righteous cause;
 So dare I not keep silent of her sin;
 And after Freedom may her bells ring Peace!
 I love one woman with a holy fire,
 Whom I revere as priestess of my house;
 I stand with wondering awe before my babes,
 Till they rebuke me to a nobler life.
 I keep a faithful friendship with my friend,
 Whom loyally I serve before myself;
 I flock my lips too close to speak a lie;
 I wash my hands too white to touch a bribe;
 I owe no man a debt I cannot pay;
 Save only of the love men ought to owe.
 Withal, each day, before the blessed Heaven
 I open wide the chambers of my soul,
 And pray the Holy Ghost to enter in.
 Thus reads the fair confession of my faith;
 So crossed with contradictions of my life
 That now may God forgive the written lie!
 Yet still, by help of Him who helpeth men,
 I face two worlds and fear not life or death.
 O, Father, lead me by the hand! Amen.
 —Golden Age.

—Somebody says a wife should be like a roasted lamb—tender, and nicely dressed. A scamp adds: "And without any sauce."

The man who carries all before him—
 The wheelbarrow man.

—An epitaph on a tombstone in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., reads:
 Beneath this stone my wife and I,
 Back to back together lie,
 More blest than when in life's short space,
 We lied like others face to face,
 Now free from trouble, free from fear,
 If she should scold, I could not hear,
 When the last, last trump the air shall fill
 If she gets up, then I'll lie still.

which jealousy has a part. Do you think because I love you I can see no good in others, have care for others? No, Rebecca, unless you can cast out that demon from your heart and feel sure I have shown above all other women we had better

Whom do Great Men Marry?

Women, of course. But they show the same diversity of taste that is seen in the lower ranks, and, on the whole, make worse mistakes. They, however, show the same sense in choosing wives that they show in managing other people's affairs, whether that be good or bad.

Robert Burns married a farm girl, with whom he fell in love while they worked together in the plow-field. He was irregular in his life, and committed the most serious mistakes in conducting his domestic affairs.

Milton married the daughter of a country squire, but lived with her but a short time. He was an austere, exacting literary recluse, while she was a rosy, romping country lass that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her, so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were consins, and about the only example in the long line of English monarchs wherein the marital vows were sacredly observed, and sincere affection existed.

Shakespeare loved and wed a farmer's daughter. She was faithful to her vows, but we could hardly say the same of the great bard himself. Like most of the great poets, he showed too little discrimination in bestowing his affections on the other sex.

Byron married Miss Millbank to get money to pay his debts. It turned out a bad shift.

Benjamin Franklin married the girl who stood in her father's door laughing at him as he wandered through the streets of Philadelphia, with rolls of bread under his arms, and his pockets filled with dirty clothes. She had occasion to be happy when she found herself the wife of such a great and good man.

Washington married a woman with two children. It is enough to say that she was worthy of him, and they lived as married folks should—in perfect harmony.

John Adams married the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman. Her father objected, on account of John's being a lawyer; he had a bad opinion of the morals of the profession.

John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and, besides this, was fifty-two years old, while he was but twenty-five. He would not take "No" for an answer, and they were married and lived happily together until her death, which occurred two years afterward.

Peter the Great, of Russia, married a peasant girl. She made an excellent wife and a sagacious empress.

Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they were happy.

It is not generally known that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living. She was an uneducated but amiable woman, and was most devotedly attached to the old warrior and statesman.

John C. Calhoun married his cousin, and their children, fortunately, were neither diseased or idiotic, but they do not evince the talent of the great "State Rights" advocate.

Edward Lytton Bulwer, the English statesman and novelist, married a girl much his inferior in position, and got a shrew for a wife. She is now insane.

THE HERMITAGE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could scarcely earn
A living that would serve his turn:
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit:
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes enjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from enjoyment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow come to bear it;
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O, rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all other level stands:
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten soft white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O, poor man's son, scorn not thy state—
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign!
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet in sod,
Are equal in the world at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

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Feb. 25th 1880

WOMAN'S WORK.

Brilliant Success of the N. R. A. Supper.

Tea and Toasts—An Entrancing Scene—Original Songs—Notes and Incidents.

It has never before been our good fortune to attend an occasion which surpassed, in points of exhilarating beauty, literary excellence and tempting viands, the supper given by the Nantucket Relief Association in Athenaeum Hall, last Wednesday evening. The occasion, which has been the topic of discussion for several weeks, has been awaited with intense interest by the community, and those who were successful in securing seats can never lose sight of the brilliant scene before them, nor will they fail to accord the credit due the ladies, who made the fete an unqualified success only by herculean efforts and the tact for which their sex is noted.

By 5.30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon the tide of humanity had set towards the hall, and it gradually strengthened until the seats were filled, the systematized arrangements of the tables allowing the rush without the least confusion. The Hall was neatly trimmed, festoons of white and green reaching from the ceiling to the tops of the window-casings, giving a light, airy appearance, which was greatly increased by the white linen, the floral displays, china-ware, etc., upon the tables, while the sea of happy faces gave the bright, glowing tint required to finish a picture which it was really refreshing to contemplate.

The exercises were opened by the glee club (Mrs. M. A. Wakeman, Mrs. H. A. Hanaford, Mr. B. G. Tobey, Mr. J. W. Hallett and Miss Clara Cook, pianist), who sang the Marsellaise hymn with excellent effect, Mrs. Wakeman and Mr. Hallett accompanying with violins. Rev. R. Burn followed with a prayer, and the glee club with a sweet chant, when Rev. J. B. Morrison, president of the evening, called upon Rev. H. A. Hanaford for a blessing to precede

THE SUPPER.

At 6.50 o'clock the manual of knife and fork was commenced, and for an hour the bevy of white-robed waiters were furnished with active duties in supplying the cravings of the multitude. The tables groaned beneath the weight of good things, and even the hearty attacks of the three hundred and more assembled seemed to decrease the amount but little, so generous had been the donations to the larder. A supper of this class is always fraught with pleasures, and the one under discussion was in no manner the exception, the general jollity, and the sparkles of wit which prevailed about the several tables, doubtless serving as a sufficient antidote in the cases of dyspeptics,—if any such were present,—allowing them to indulge their appetites from the tempting spread. In the

WEST ROOM,

where some forty or more persons had secured seats, the scene was one of enjoyment as well as that in the main hall, the room being neatly decorated. When the waiters in each room had been served, the company below repaired to the upper hall to enjoy the

POST PRANDIAL EXERCISES,

which were opened with a chant, "Cast thy Bread upon the Waters," by the glee club. The president of the evening arose, and made an address, stating in brief the design of the supper, and turning into a hu-

morous vein complimented our young ladies,—whom he supposed he was thought to be the most interested in,—as being highly interesting, handsome and witty, but considered Nantucket old ladies as the most interesting of any he had yet met, characterizing them as true, honest and delightful, and the pre-eminent charm of Nantucket society. He made several other happy hits, provoking applause and laughter at various points, and closed his lively speech by introducing as Master of Ceremonies, Rev. Daniel Round, who accepted the honor with gracefully-rounded remarks, which were laden with pleasant words, concluding by calling up Mrs. Elizabeth Starbuck, president of the Relief Association, who responded as follows:

Mr. President, Gentlemen and Ladies:—As the representative of the Relief Association, in its name, I thank you for the liberality with which you have responded to its call. Our object in this gathering, is not only to increase our funds, but also to create a more general interest among the sons and daughters of our island, in this holy cause,—the cause of the respectable destitute, sick and aged,—the cause of humanity. Our community, unlike any other in the world, is like a large family. It is, as it were, of one kith and kin. The interests of one of its children are the interests of all; whether it be its child blessed with youth and prosperity, or its child bending beneath the weight of age and adversity. But I will conclude my remarks by reading a few lines penned by one of the members of the Association who is friendly to every good cause, and friendly in every sense of the word.

Who's here to-night that came with grudging heart?
Who's here to-night that feel they have no part
In the rich service of these willing friends,
Whose kindness gathers means for generous ends?
Who's here to-night ne'er touched by sorrow's sigh?
Who's here to-night would pass misfortune by?
Who's here to-night these kindly ones to scan
Or doubt the value of their generous plan?
If any such, I would but rouse their sense
Of love to others, yet give no offence.
If any such, I truly own their right
To give their judgment by their better light.
Friends, let us pause, turn backward to the time
When this plan opened by a thought sublime.
It is not mine to that one heart to trace
Love's germ unselfish, born of living grace.
I only know its first impellent dawn,
A few hearts warmed by love, together drawn.
They saw, and wished to aid life's burdened years;
They saw, and wished to stay some widow's tears;
They saw, and wished to stay some widow's tears;
They saw, and wished to stay some widow's tears;
That shrinking gentle ones will ne'er disclose.
A little aid to bridge the dark day o'er,
A little means to help the slender store,
A little sympathetic counsel in the hour of grief,
A kind and unobtrusive hand to minister relief.
These needs they felt, and they resolved at length
To find in union the so-needed strength.
We may not know how oft the tears were checked;
We may not see the oft-saved self-respect;
We may not see dispersed the gathering woes,
Nor see the grateful eye at life's soothed close.
Good messengers of joy, still keep your quiet way,
You need no herald of your deeds to day;
The Omniscient Eye will every act approve,
And make the record in the courts above.

Mr. Benjamin C. Easton was next introduced, replying happily as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

One of our charities—The Nantucket Relief Association. An appeal to the benevolence of our people to aid in the relief of the aged, has met with a hearty response, which these bountifully supplied tables, in addition to their generous gifts, give evidence. Humanity in want, suffering for the necessities of life, awakens many emotions in every noble heart. I take pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, in offering a toast received from our late fellow-townsmen, now of Foxboro, Mr. William C. Macy:

The Relief Association of Nantucket—No creed, no warring belief; but a practical working of Christianity. May its success and work be as comprehensive as the platform on which it stands—"Love to God and love to man."

The Master of Ceremonies, in fitting words, called a life-long friend of the anti-slavery movement—Mrs. Eliza Barney, whose response and sentiment will speak for itself:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—While my spirits are raised with pleasure at the festive scene around me, and my best feelings inspired by the countenances of the present company, my thoughts have turned to the foundation of this institution in which we are now gathered. To the two noble-hearted men who in their prosperity saw that without mental culture, without the training that books afford to the people, and also the mental enjoyment that the printed page offers, the isolation of Nantucket as a residence would be gloomy, and its brave-hearted people would degenerate. Often has this hall rung with the voice of oratory that exalts and refines the taste, while anon the tear of sympathy has flowed at the heartfelt pleading for the relief of human suffering. Then again, mirth and song have been allowed free scope to raise the dejected and spread cheerfulness around, while the majestic finger of science has pointed us to higher research in the path of learning. Allow me to offer these sentiments: May the blessings of this institution, especially that of its library, be ever more scattered as they heretofore have been broadcast over our whole population, and may the one living benefactor, (the other has gone to his reward,) realize, when he leaves the post of guardian which he now holds, the promise of the Savior, Well done, etc. May the mantle of the present accomplished and efficient librarian, when in the far future it drops from her form, fall on one equally well qualified to wear its important and graceful folds.

In response to the closing sentiment of the above, Mr. Matthew Barney arose, his

duced, and read a beautiful letter from our former townsman, George H. Folger, Esq., which was followed by a song, written for the occasion by the reader. We present them below:

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS., Feb. 14th, 1880.

Mrs. Elizabeth Starbuck, President Relief Association:

ESTEEMED FRIEND:—It would give me great pleasure to attend the "Tea Party" in aid of the Relief Association, because tea is recommended as a healthy beverage to take; there will also be assembled a large number of friends to whom with kind remembrance my heart is warming, but chiefly because it is to aid in procuring funds to assist those upon whom misfortune and sickness have laid their hands very heavily, and who by our aid may drop more easily into their quiet and silent sleep. As I cannot make it convenient to be present, I will venture to offer a sentiment, which, if you think best, and a suitable opportunity occurs, I will thank you to name.

I will first state the circumstances under which I heard it pronounced with great effect, in the hope that in some degree a similar response may follow in the present instance. During the terrible war of the rebellion, no portion of our country suffered greater hardships than the loyal inhabitants of East Tennessee. Situated on the border, between the contending forces, they suffered all the losses and depredations of that unfortunate position. In addition they paid the price of integrity to the union by the most cruel treatment from their southern neighbors, exasperated to the most intense hatred at the sight of loyalty in their midst. Their farms were pillaged, their houses burned, their sons conscripted to fill the rebel army, and their daughters driven to the mountain for safety. Homeless, homeless, starving and destitute they appealed to their northern friends for aid and not in vain. Mr. Everett gave his matchless booming words, "apples of gold in pictures of silver," literally, for they turned into ingots to relieve their distresses. He went through our large cities and sympathizing crowds filled the halls and churches to listen to his words and respond to his call. At the close of his speech he poured out this unanswerable appeal, which I would offer on this occasion as nearly in his words as my memory will permit: "Whosoever giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," with all the countless treasures in the azure vaults of heaven pledged for its security."

My friends, if you like this security, subscribe liberally to the loan, and your gift shall not go unrewarded, even if it consists of but two mites. Very truly and respectfully, your attached townsman,

GEORGE H. FOLGER.

A touch of mirth, a tone of song,
Will ever bring to mind,
The pleasant hours together passed
In days of auld lang syne.
O, happy voices, happy hearts,
Sweet recollections bind,
As we the cup of kindness take
For auld lang syne.
CHORUS—For auld lang syne, my friends, &c.

Our aged friends we'll ne'er forget,
But ever bear in mind,
Some tender chord in every heart,
Responds to auld lang syne.
The charm that dwells in songs of old
Is in the heart enshrined,
And blends with hours of calm delight
In days of auld lang syne.
CHORUS—For auld lang syne, &c.

which jealousy has a part. Do you think because I love you I can see no good in others, have care for others? No, Rebecca, unless you can get out that demon from your heart and feel sure I have more reason all other women we had better

Whom

Women, of diversity of taste and, on the whole, however, show that they show whether that be Robert Burns fell in love with field. He was the most serious domestic affairs.

Milton married but lived with austere, exacting, romping the restraint. Subsequently, lived tolerably Queen Victoria and about the English monarch sacredly observed Shakespeare. She was faithful to the same of the great nation in best.

Byron married his debts Benjamin in her father's derided through rolls of bread filled with happiness when great and good Washington. It is enough and they live harmony.

John Adams, a Puritan clergyman of John's but the morals of John Howard his nurse.

John Howard his nurse. Social life and was fifty-two five. He was they were in her death.

Peter the girl. She impresses.

Humboldt her. Of course it is not married a She was a statesman.

John O. children, famous, but great "Star" Edward and novel position, insane.

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PART I.

I'll sing a song about our home, and, with your approbation.
I'll introduce to you our pet—The Relief Association.
But first, I'll say as I thank them 'ere, what's got up this collation.

We've shown our taste, as well as they, of the Relief Association.

We're going to have a merry time, inviting all creation
To help us get a cent or two for the Relief Association.
When trucks of *ice* rolled down our streets, giving light to all the nation,
There wasn't no need for us to have a Relief Association.

Nantucket boasted stalwart men, captains, merchants and mechanics;
Old croakers then was quite unknown; just right to give the panics.
We owned some ninety good whale ships that needed no laudation;
They made, united, the best kind of a Relief Association.

Some ships was builded at Brant Point. Of idlers we'd no fears,
The anvil's ring and cooper's march was music to our ears;
The clink of hammers then was heard, and money too was plenty;
I tell you, them was right good times, when I was one-and-twenty.

But 'tain't no use a looking back; 'twont put no corn to cribbing;
Let's make the best of what we've got, and try to get a living.
We ain't so dead as many think, for there's a good time coming.
We soon shall have the iron horse, then things will go a humming.

PART II.

Mild Wannacomet's come with Joy and perseverance blending;
The music of the babbling brook, through all his pipes he's sending.
Old Sankoty, with lenses bright, guides the sailor on the ocean.
His flashing light, says he, belongs to the Relief Association.

Our Uncle Sam has given us some new Life Saving Stations,
He knows full well how much we need Relief Associations.
We'll ask dear Uncle one thing more, not to think our case too petty,
But open wide his great big purse, and give to us a jetty.

Small stock we take in politics; a friendly people this is;
We care not who is president, or the third term of Ulysses;
But our opinion is, that Hayes, had he declined the station, (till elected),
Next time he'd a had the vote of the whole nation, (and the Relief Association.)

Of late this supper's all the go, as proved by demonstrations,
No tickets went so like hot-cakes as the Relief Association's.
We hope next time we toast and sing, speechify and ask donations,
Each ticket will a dollar bring for the Relief Association.

Miss Anna Gardner was introduced, and she responded with the fitting poem and sentiment printed below:

Welcome to friends with smiles so bland
And patronage so free—
Who have endowed with open hand
This noble charity.

The vlands now before us spread,
This bountiful repast,
Show that our people have been led
Like bread their gifts to cast

Upon the waters—to return
To them in after years.
Full many blessings do they earn
Who dry the widow's tears.

The sons and daughters of our isle—
Wherever they may be—
Upon our efforts seem to smile
And act responsively.

Most tangible the evidence
Of the regard they feel
(A greenback and hard-earned sense)
For old Nantucket's weal.

Your agents, now, with beaming face
Gladened by ampler funds,
Can go about from place to place
Like good Samaritans

Not only freely offering
Material aid to bear,
But with all soul-sick suffering
Through sympathy to share.

The child of fortune and of wealth
Who *we* has always fared,
Should learn that riches are but pelf
Unless with others shared.

No man can act a noble part
And self-approving live,
Who does not find it in his heart
A luxury to give.

'Tis fixed in God's eternal plan,
His positive decree,
"That all the true delights of man
Shall spring from sympathy."

Then let this cheery, festive scene
So innocently gay,
Prove recreation meat between
The working, toilsome day.

Though here 'tis well to laugh and sing
As merrily as elves,
Let us go home remembering
We live not for ourselves.

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the tender rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesses him who gives and him who takes."

I appropriate these significant lines of Shakespeare—so familiar to you all,—as a sentiment with which to call out *one* whose versatility is equal to any subject or any occasion.—Rev. J. H. Temple.

Rev. J. H. Temple caught the idea in the sentiment, and his remarks were well chosen, and elicited applause.

Song, "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," by the glee club.

Rev. J. E. Crawford was "next" on the programme, and in answering the call for a sentiment, he spoke briefly, touching upon plantation life and the negro exodus, ending with a call for a song, to which Mrs. M. A. Wakeman responded with an original piece, "Old Folks at Home," the glee club joining in the chorus.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Way down upon the ocean flowing,

Quiet and alone,

There where the skies are rich and glowing,

There is the good old home

All thro' the wide world, sad and weary,

Care-pressed, I roam,

Still longing for the love to cheer me,

Of the dear old folks at home.

CHORUS—

Where the billows, wildly surging,

Dash their snowy foam,

There's where my heart is ever turning,—

There to the old folks at home.

When sunny hues of life were beaming—

Brightening our way,

Pure love, in all its freshness streaming,

Chastened our childish play.

Through happy hours we gamboled gaily

O'er grassy plain;

Wreathed was our life in glorious halo

That ne'er shall come again.

CHORUS—Where the billows, wildly, etc.,

Linked round by holy ties, remembered,

Of childhood's home,

Oh! Mother, sweetly then we slumbered,

Lulled by thy gentle tone.

Coldly the world may frown and leave us,

Friendless, alone,

Kind hands are ever stretched to greet us

There by the old folks at home.

CHORUS—Where the billows, wildly, etc.,

Oh! Is it all of joys that meet us,

Or, do sorrows come?

God cherish all the old and dear ones

Down in the good old home.

When time doth bid me cease life's acting,

Hushed my heartstrings play,

Oh! place me gently down beside them,

There where the old folks lay.

CHORUS—Where the billows, wildly, etc.,

Mrs. Joseph Winslow responded to a call with the following lines:

Among the good things our table boasts,

We must not forget to serve the *toasts*;

And if they're *dry* we can wash them down,

Since Wannacomet has come to town.

A long array of talent bright,

Has graced our banquet-hall to-night;

Assembled in this goodly throng

Are poets, printers, queens of song,

With lawyers, doctors and scores of others,

Both noble dames and worthy brothers.

Tho' hard to choose 'mid such a host,

To the *Clergy* I tender this bit of *toast*;

In our highest esteem they will ever have place,

And their presence here lends an added grace.

Rev. H. A. Hanaford responded at some length, and from his remarks we make a brief extract. After some words of commendation, addressed to the ladies and gentlemen who had been so industrious and efficient in furnishing the sumptuous entertainment for body and for mind, the speaker said:

"But my fair friend said something in her toast about the clergy, I believe. They will have high place, in your esteem, ever, she says. Well, I hope they will. They will if they deserve it. I am certain there are black sheep in every flock, (a common saying, am not on oath, can not vouch for its truth); there are tares in every waving field of grain, but the great body of the clergy, as of other professions, you and I, if not prejudiced, both know are honorable, pure, and self-denying men. If gentlemen of the cloth would win the confidence and respect of the laity, they should be first pure, then peaceable, cultivating a spirit of independence, (not coveting gifts, donations, etc.,) and quitting them like men. Some clergymen I have known, seemed by their conduct to expect a certain reverence for themselves, from the world, merely on account of their profession, which their character as individuals would hardly commend. I would have the members of my profession (the highest and the holiest) consecrated, honest, learned men, distinguished for purity of word and life, for courteousness, gentleness and compassionate regard for all, bearing relief and comfort to all who are distressed. These traits at which I have just hinted, are the traits of character which constitute true manhood in pew or pulpit, on ship board or "on change," everywhere and always. These traits are our maces or ensigns of authority, our badges and escutcheons, our only titles to respect and confidence. Of the Good Parson, Chaucer wrote: 'The love of Christ and his apostles twelve, he taught, But first, he followed it himself.'"

Song, "Silver Moon," by the glee club.

is records: —

my wife
not laid here
her disease
or friends to please.

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Take care
[From an old ceme
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My husband—God
[From a lonely gra
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Here lies ye precio
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nevolent, and pious,
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Soul, and Learn to
[Inscription in
cemetery.]

RAYMON

Bo
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W

We doubt whether "Old Ireland"

AY, JANUARY 21, 1899

EPITAPHS EXTRAORDINARY

I.
Death caused by swallowing the tip of
an umbrel rib into the lungs. He lived
seven weeks and expired.

[For a boy aged four years, buried in
Spencer, Mass.]

II.
I dreamed that, buried in my fellow-clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay.
Such a mean companion hurt my pride,
And like a corpse of consequence I cried:
"Scoundrel, begone, and henceforth touch
me not;
More manners learn, and at a distance rot."
"Scoundrel," in still haughtier tones cried
he,
"Proud lump of earth, I scorn thy words
and thee.
All here are equal; thy place now is mine;
This is my rotting-place, and that is thine."

[From a gravestone in Grace Church
Cemetery, Providence: to which this is
added: "The above was repeated by my
mother the day before she died. Dedicated
by Ann J. Hunt, John G. Kerr and John G.
Kerr, Jr."]

III.
What says this transportation of our child?
It bids us love the place where now she
dwells,
And scorn this wretched spot she left so
poor.

[At the grave of a girl aged fifteen years,
in an old cemetery in Leicester, Mass.]

IV.
Farewell my dear Parents, Brothers, Sis-
ters and Friends,
Mourn not to excess, but prepare for your
ends.

[Grave of Alvan Duncan, aged twenty-
two years, Leicester, Mass.]

V.
Died.
May 6, 1835.
Mrs. Pamella P.,
wife of
Rev. J. V. Wilson,
aged
19 years and 8 months.

She said to him, "We must part, dear com-
panion," when the hand of death was upon
her.

—and, smiling, exclaimed: "I believe we
shall meet again and everybody else."
O blessed truth.

[From an old cemetery in North Charl-
ton, Mass.]

VI.
As young as beautiful! and as soft as
young! and gay as soft! and innocent as
gay!

[From an old cemetery in Plymouth,
Mass.]

VII.
He glanced into this world to see

A sample of our misery.

[From a child's grave in Plymouth, Mass.]

VIII.

An impenetrable mystery.

[On the headstone of a man of seventy
years, North Westport, Mass.]

IX.

Sacred be her name, for she was a
mother.

[From a Cornish, N. H., graveyard.]

X.

His honest virtue, and not his belief in
any particular theological Doctrin, enabled
him to face death, that King of terrors to
the multitude, with a serene countenance
and an unruffled mind.

[Inscription for John Smith, buried 1798,
in Cornish, N. H., cemetery.]

XI.

In ever loving memory of my dear
brother, Thomas Jones, stone-mason, late
of 4 Barnford street, who died suddenly
April 15th, 1897:

Oh, my lost brother, my own dear brother,
The one that I loved so;

Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen to words from below?

[Inscription in a Rochdale (Eng.) ceme-
tery.]

XII.

In This
World We
Jogged Along
Together.

Betty and Sam.

[From monument to Sam and Betty Wat-
son in Oak Grove Cemetery, Fall River,
Mass.]

XIII.

Come, Mamma, Come, Oh, Come, Come,
Papa.

[Three inscriptions divided between three
footstones of children's graves, on the backs
of which they appear, in Oak Grove Ceme-
tery, Fall River.]

XIV.

Here lies Dame Mary Page,
Relict of Sir Gregory Page, Bart.;
She departed this life March 11, 1723,
In the 56 year of her age.

In 67 months she was tapped 66 times,
Had taken away 240 gallons of water,
Without ever repining at her case,
Or ever fearing the operation.

[From Bunhill Fields burial ground, Lon-
don, Eng.]

XV.

Here lies the body of Richard Thomas,
An Englishman by Birth,
A Whig of '76,
By occupation a Cooper,
Now food for the worms.

Like an old Rum-puncheon, marked, num-
bered, and shooled, he will be raised again
and finished by his Creator. He died Sept.
28, 1824, aged 75 years. America, my
adopted country, my advice to you is this:
Take care of your liberties.

[From an old cemetery in Winslow, Me.]

XVI.

My husband—God knows why.
[From a lonely grave in Thomaston, Me.]

XVII.

Here lies ye precious dust of that desre-
able woman, Mrs. Mary Williams, consort
of ye Rev. Eliph Williams, Courteous, Be-
nevolent, and pious, a pattern of Conjugal
and Parental affection, a rich blessing to
her family; how rich this Stone han't
power to tell. She departed this life in
hope of a better, June 28th, 1776, in ye 50th
year of her age. Go, Reader, Love thy
Soul, and Learn to die.

[Inscription in East Hartford, Conn.,
cemetery.]

RAYMOND &

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Barney's sentiment was as follows:

What do I hear, did my ear catch the sound?
Was my name called by our good pastor Round?
It is a pity, I'm not apt to speak;
I've not much humor, and but little wit,
I'm but a woman.

Judge T. C. Defriez offered a sentiment as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,
Occur and

BY MRS. ELIZABETH STARBUCK.

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Invitations are out in Cincinnati for a novel anniversary, that of the 21st birthday of triplets, consisting of Millie, Alexander and Solomon Bloch. The Cincinnati papers state that such an event is not on record in this country, and perhaps not in any other. It is also reported upon the same authority that the German Government has a standing offer of a munificent present to any triplets who should all live to reach their majority, but that none have ever yet been found who had passed the age of 17 years without the occurrence of a death among them.—*Boston Journal*.

There is now living in this town a widow lady, Mrs. Mary L. Paddock, who, with two brothers, was born *seventy* years ago last Christmas, and *all are now living*. We called upon this lady yesterday afternoon, and upon learning our errand, she became very communicative, and furnished us with facts which will be of interest, not only to our own readers but to those of our exchanges, who may have copied the article above which calls out the following statement:

In the fall of 1809, James C. and Jedidah Lawrence, with their five children, were residing on Nantucket, when the father, thinking to better his circumstances, conceived the idea of removing to Alexandria, Va., where his parents resided. Putting all his possessions on board a vessel, and taking with him his eldest child, a girl, he set sail from here, leaving his family to await his return in the spring. Shortly after leaving here a violent gale sprang up and the vessel was never heard from. On the 25th of December the mother gave birth to triplets, who were named Francis, James C., and Mary L., respectively.

Realizing her destitute condition with seven little children on her hands she laid the helpless trio in a row on the bed and remarked, "Somehow or other a living *will* be provided for all of you." Being a woman of remarkable energy, she immediately set about earning a livelihood. Kind friends rendered her what assistance they could but she relied principally on her own exertions. She opened a store for the sale of dry goods and small wares, and prospered. She also varied her occupation by taking in washing and keeping boarders, always managing to support herself and children comfortably and gave each of the seven a good common school education.

The triplets are all living to-day, and have each reared a large family of children, Francis residing in California, James in Wisconsin and the daughter, Mary, in Nantucket. The parents were strict Quakers and the children were brought up by their mother to attend Friends' meeting, though none in after life identified themselves with that denomination.

A TOMBSTONE has been unearthed in Gastonburg, Conn., bearing date June, 1719, and the following epitaph:

Here lies one whos
lifes thread's cut
Asunder; she was
struck dead by a clap
of Thunder.

Retrospective.

Gleanings from our Files for 1880.

We present below a few of the more important events which have happened in our town during the year 1880, including a list of marriages and deaths, which will be found handy for the purpose of reference:

Jan. 10.—Meeting of citizens at Athenaeum Hall, to take action on the proposed jetty.

IN GENERAL.

Feb. 14.—Work of surveying for the Nantucket Railroad commenced.

Feb. 17.—Slight fire at the Sea Foam House, at the Haulover.

Feb. 25.—Supper of the Nantucket Relief Association.

March 5.—Brisk thunder storm in the evening.

March 10.—Mr. Andrew B. Coon, one of the voyagers of the little boat Golden Gate, arrived home.

March 16.—Special town meeting to consider the expediency of leasing the large ponds upon the island. Referred to a committee of three with full power.

March 18.—The initiative step in the Coffin reunion matter taken, by the formation of the Tristram Coffin Reunion Association.

March 28.—Schooner West Wind went ashore in the outer bay.

April 19.—Charter granted to the Nantucket Railroad Company.

April 25.—Farewell sermon preached by Rev. J. B. Morrison.

May 4.—Ground broken for the Nantucket Railroad.

May 14.—Mr. and Mrs. Leander Cobb celebrated their silver wedding.

Mrs. Phebe Ann Barnard fell down a flight of stairs, sustaining injuries from which she died on the 16th.

May 15.—*Inquirer and Mirror* appeared enlarged to twenty-eight columns.

May 24.—New boiler for the water works placed in position.

June 23.—Pilgrimage of Annawan Encampment, No. 8, I. O. O. F., of New Bedford, accompanied by Nemasket Encampment, of Brockton, to our island.

July 1.—Dedication of the Nantucket Skating Rink.

July 21.—Conference of Unitarian ministers in the vestry of the Unitarian church.

August 1.—Bug light discontinued.

August 16.—Meeting of the Executive Committee of the Coffin Reunion Association. The date of the jubilee fixed for August 16, 17, 18, 1881, and a vote passed to erect two bronze statues.

August 17.—Conference of Evangelical clergymen, who had renounced liberal tenets, at the North Congregational Church.

August 29.—Celebration of the Nantucket Union Temperance Society.

August 30.—Slight fire in the house of Rev. W. H. Fish, at the Cliffs.

September 1.—A carrier pigeon was set loose from Steamboat wharf, and reached Fall River in an hour and forty-five minutes—a distance of seventy-two miles.

September 6.—Accidental shooting of a lad named Lester Ellis by Everett Gibbs.

September 28.—Organization of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

October 7.—Schooner Anawanda went ashore on Great Point Rip.

October 14.—Trial of Wannacommet Water Works.

October 18.—Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Smith celebrated their silver wedding.

October 24.—Rev. John A. Savage entered upon his duties as pastor of the Unitarian Church.

November 9.—Golden wedding celebration of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Easton.

November 22.—Dwelling house of Mr. Benjamin F. Worth, at Polpis, destroyed by fire.

December 13.—Nantucket Institution for Savings re-opened for business.

MARRIAGES.

January.

4. George M. Lewis and Ida Frances Hall.

12. Edward C. Mowry and Mrs. Lizzie S. Woodworth.

March.

15. Thomas Hussey and Nancy Pinkham.

16. Edgar F. Whitman and Annie A. Mooers.

23. Barzillai S. Thomas and Sophia L. Backus.

April.

18. Capt. Joseph Mitchell, 2d, and Susan R. Hallett.

21. Capt. William H. Tice and Avis Swain Macy.

28. Daniel C. Brayton, Jr., and Lydia H. Chadwick.

May.

16. George S. Pease and Ella F. Grant. George W. Brown and Emma C. Bearse. Daniel T. Dunham and Annie C. Borison.

30. Robert K. Appleton and Helen E. Folger.

July.

22. Hadwen Swain and Susie A. Winslow.

August.

15. Robert C. Mooney, Jr., and Agnes Collins.

22. Benjamin F. Williams and Susan C. Appleton. Edward W. Folger and Sarah E. Fish.

October.

2. David Parker and Susan H. Chase.

12. William H. Chase and Lena Krebb.

21. Charles S. Bunker and Elizabeth L. Cathcart. Charles F. Whelden and Stella M. Turner.

November.

11. John B. Norcross and Helen W. Chase.

14. Edward G. Thomas and Florence Chase.

18. Alexander M. Myrick and Lydia B. E. Smith.

21. Uriah S. Coffin and Hepsabeth Sprague.

25. Charles B. Brooks and Josephine S. Sylvia.

DEATHS.

January.

1. Henry W. Swain, 74.

2. William A. King, 83, 9.

12. Mary Ann Raymond, about 79.

29. Harriet S. Whiting, 46, 7.

February.

3. Lydia Coleman, 82.

4. William Bartlett, 84, 11, 15.

12. Lucretia Barnard, 28, 6.

13. Sarah J. Eldridge, 34, 2.

22. Nancy Swain, 70, 4.

25. Charlotte H. Coffin, 30.

26. Joseph William Hamblen.

27. Rosanna Collins, 49.

March.

4. Phebe D. Austin, 65, 5.

6. William H. Sherman, 45, 5.

8. Walter Folger, 93, 3.

10. Phebe S. Pinkham, 88, 4.

11. Sally M. Bowen, 74, 3, 10.

12. Clarinda Ramsdell, 71, 10.

18. Judith C. Chadwick, 54, 8.

25. John Case, 82, 8, 14.

27. Sarah Jane King, 24, 10, 3.

April.

2. Daniel Howell Dunham, 20, 6, 22.

Capt. Joseph Pease, 85, 9, 18.

19. Obed Bunker, 77, 11.

20. George H. Warren, 21, 5, 20.

21. Mary J. Burgess, 71, 9.

24. Capt. Frederick A. Easton, 56, 1, 12.

25. Capt. Frederick A. Chase, 79, 4.

28. James F. Snow, 26, 11.

May.

5. Sarah F. Folger, 82, 11.

14. George Swain, 86, 6, 14.

16. Phebe Ann Barnard, 67, 5, 8.

26. Capt. David M. Bunker, 81, 6.

June.

3. Abby L. Cannon, 65, Elizabeth A. Swain, 70, 2.

13. George W. Stevens, 69, 11.

16. Reuben P. Folger, 72, 8.

19. Phebe A. Haggerty, 66, 3.

21. Eliza S. Douglass, 82, 11, 18.

22. Eva F. Gilbert, 25, 4.

23. Abby J. Chase, 85, 8.

26. Winslow Gray, 75, 8, 2.

July.

1. An infant of George A. and Susie W. Ray.

8. Eunice G. Riddell, 85, 3. Eliza Crocker, 89, 5.

9. Mary Manter, 79.

10. Capt. Alexander Macy, 87, 11.

12. Eliza Ann Chase, 70, 11.

14. Susan Holmes, 73.

16. Harvey Smith, 73.

21. Ariel Cathcart, 83, 4, 12.

23. Capt. Charles A. Gardner, 66.

26. Jesse Coffin, 90, 10, 9.

28. Capt. George Palmer, 72, 10.

28. Oscar Hull, 8 months.

29. Almira Coffin, 55, 7.

31. Eunice A. Macy, 82, 5, 14.

August.

2. Eliza J. Gardner, 55, 6.

3. Edward S. Folger, 4 months, 10 days.

8. Otis H. Fisher, 6 months, 10 days.

19. Capt. John Ray, 64.

30. Clementina Dearing, 38.

September.

1. Lydia H. Grew, 87, 11.

5. Capt. Joseph C. Chase, 70, 6, 18.

11. Infant of Charles and Catharine Killeen.

11. Susan T. Sylvester, 52.

14. Emily Manter Ray, 1, 2, 21.

21. Nancy B. Allen, 76.

30. Joseph Morey, 85. Dionis Lottiel Coffin, 2 months, 24 days.

October.

5. Henry Fisher, 80, 6.

10. Ayer A. Langdon, 41.

15. Lydia A. Coon, 54, 5.

17. Winifred Custis, 71, 5.

18. James G. Edwards, 68, 9.

20. Avis Linda Coffin, 8 months, 17 days.

21. Ethelinda O. Ramsdell, 40, 9, 21.

28. Charlotte Coffin, 93, 9.

November.

3. Nabby Maxey, 88, 6.

3. Isaac Hallett, 74, 4.

6. Phebe Mitchell, 85, 6.

7. Charles H. Ellis, 70.

8. Emeline Coffin, 76, 6.

11. Capt. Charles W. Hussey, 64, 10.

16. Capt. Richard C. Gibbs, 69, 8, 14.

24. Delia M. Tracy, 71, 6, 6.

27. Ann Harden, 80, 6.

December.

3. George C. Barnard, 77, 4.

3. Sophia S. Eldredge, 71, 7, 8.

5. Rebecca D. Allen, 82, 9, 9.

6. Josiah Macy, 75, 1, 7.

10. Frederick F. Parker, 79, 8 days.

20. Elizabeth Grant, 89, 7, 20.

23. Barzillai Grew, 80, 4, 23.

26. Sarah Townsend, 69, 10, 7.

27. Eliza A. Folger, 73, 6, 8.

31. Mary J. Chase, 51, 2, 14.

31. Freeman Atkins, 83, 6.

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Father Abbey's Will.

Matthias Abbey was a bed-maker
and resided at Harvard College,
Cambridge, for many years. He is
supposed to leave his wife
(also a bed-maker) the whole of his
estate, as follows:

To my dear wife
My joy and life,
I freely now do give her
My whole estate,
With all my plate
Being just about to leave her.

My tub of soap,
A long cart-rope,
A frying-pan and kettle
An ashes' pail
A thrashing-flail
An iron wedge and beetle.

Two painted chairs
A new warden peatter,
A large old dripping pail
This bed of hair
On which I do matter.
An old sauce pan for

A little mug.
A tin quart jug,
A bottle full of brandy
A long glass.
To pour face

A musket tube, as ever flew,
A pound of shot and wallet,
A leather sash,
My calabash.
My powder-horn and bullet.

An old sword-blade,
A garden-spade,
A hoe, a rake, a ladder,
A wooden can,
A close-stool pan,
A clyster-pipe and bladder.

A greasy hat,
My old cat,
A yard and a half of linen,
A woolen fleece,
A pot of grease,
In order for your spinning.

A small tooth-comb,
An ashen broom,
A candlestick and hatchet,
A coverlid,

Strip'd down with red,
A bag of rags to patch it.

A ragged mat,
A tub of fat,
A book put out by Bunyan,
Another book,
By Robin Cook,
A skein or two of spungarn.

An old black muff,
Some garden-stuff,
A quantity of borage,
Some devil's weed,
And burdock seed,
To season well your porridge.

A chafing-dish,
With one salt-fish,
If I am not mistaken,
A leg of pork,
A broken fork,
And half a fliche of bacon.

A spinning-wheel,
One peck of meal,
A knife without a handle,
A rusty lamp,
Two quarts of samp,
And half a tallow candle,

My pouch and pipes,
Two oxen tripes,
An oaken dish well well carved,
My little dog,
And spotted hog,
With two young pigs just starved.

This is my store,
I have no more,
I heartily do give it,
My years are spun,
My days are done,
And so I think to leave it.

Thus Father Abbey left his spouse,
As rich as church or college mouse,
Which is sufficient invitation
To serve the college in his station.

Squeezing-Point.—The city of Washington is laughing over an incident which occurred at a recent ball in that city. The night was oppressively warm, and the weather was the principal topic of conversation among the guests. General Greeley, grave, sedate and dignified, stood talking with one of the brightest women in Washington society. The latter, suddenly shifting her position, struck the Chief of the Signal Bureau with her fan playfully upon the arm and exclaimed, with a pretty blush, "Speaking about the weather, General, answer me this. If thirty-two above zero is the freezing-point, what, pray, is the squeezing-point?" General Greeley, who is one of the most modest men living, replied with some embarrassment that he did not know; and then he added, "Do you?" "Why, certainly!" the pretty woman replied. "It's two in the shade, of course!"

A woman in the western part of the State wants to have her pastor dismissed on the ground that he rides a bicycle and studied medicine in his earliest years, which suggests the story of the woman who wrote the following note to the teacher: "Please don't teach my Mary Jane any physiology. I don't want her to know about her innards."

(7561.) The following poems are wanted:

- 1.—"I Want to Go to Morrow."
- 2.—"To the Boy," by Edgar E. Guest.
- 3.—The song "School Days," the first line of which is "School days, dear old golden rule days."
- 4.—François Villon's poem "Where Are the Loves of Yesterday?" as recited in the play "If I Were King."
- 5.—"The School Master's Guests," by Will Carleton. J. E. C.

[1. "I Want to Go to Morrow"]

Words and Music by Lew Sully

I started on a journey just about a week ago
For the little town of Morrow in the State of Ohio;
I never was a traveller and really didn't know
That Morrow had been ridiculed a century or so.
I went down to the depot for my ticket and applied
For tips regarding Morrow, interviewed the station guide.
Said I, "My friend, I want to go to Morrow and return
Not later than tomorrow, for I haven't time to burn."

Said he to me, "Now let me see if I have heard you right:
You want to go to Morrow and come back tomorrow night.
To go from here to Morrow and return is quite a way.
You should have gone to Morrow yesterday and back today.
For if you started yesterday to Morrow, don't you see,
You should have gone to Morrow and returned today at three.
The train that started yesterday, now understand me right—
Today it gets to Morrow and returns tomorrow night."

Said I, "My boy, it seems to me you're talking through your hat.
Is there a town named Morrow on your line, now tell me that?"
"There is," said he, "and take from me a quiet little tip.
To go from here to Morrow is a fourteen-hour trip.
The train that goes to Morrow leaves today, eight thirty-five,
Half after ten tomorrow is the time it should arrive.
Now, if from here to Morrow is a fourteen-hour ride,
Can you go today to Morrow and come back today?" he cried.

Said I, "I want to go to Morrow, can I go today
And get to Morrow by tonight if there is no delay?"
"Well, well," said he, "explain to me and I've no more to say.
Can you go anywhere tomorrow and come back today?
For if today you get to Morrow, surely you'll agree
You should have started not today but yesterday, you see.
So if you start to Morrow, leaving here today, you're flat;
You won't get into Morrow till the day that follows that."

Now if you start to Morrow, you will surely land
Tomorrow into Morrow, not today, you understand.
For the train today to Morrow, if the schedule is right,
Will get into Morrow by about tomorrow night."

Said I, "I guess you know it all, but kindly let me say,
How can I go to Morrow if I leave the town today?"
Said he, "You cannot go to Morrow any more today.
For the train that goes to Morrow is a mile upon its way."

Finale

I was so disappointed I could only wildly stare—
The train had gone to Morrow and had left me standing there.
The man was right in telling me I was a howling jay.
I didn't go to Morrow, so I guess I'll go today.

Russell
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Starbuck
Starbuck,
Starbuck,
Starbuck, A
Summerhays,
Swain, Freder
Sweet, Edward
Sweet, John C.

...jealousy has a part. Do you think because I love you I can see no good in others, have care for others? No, Rebecca, unless you can

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Barney's sentiment was as follows:

Judge T. C. Defriez offered

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standing there was almost a full moon, no object was discernible, but by the help of some artificial light, which, when seen from the neighboring houses and other places at a distance, appeared through a kind of Egyptian darkness which seemed almost impervious to the rays."

A letter published in the *Independent Chronicle*, another paper of the period, speaks of a brassy appearance which attended the darkness, and a letter published in the *Boston Gazette* of May 29, that year, in giving an account of observations made at the house of Rev. Mr. Cutler in Ipswich, also speaks of the brassy appearance of the clouds. This brassy appearance was one of the most notable features of the phenomenon yesterday.

The people of a hundred years ago were much more liable to be excited by strange natural phenomena than are the people of to-day, and there was terrible consternation at the unusual state of affairs. People sat at their tables but had no appetite for their food; ordinary labor was abandoned; and flocking to the meeting-houses the panic-stricken ones heard from their ministers telling sermons in relation to the wrath to come. There was at least one man in New England, however, who did what his hands found to do without fear, and kept at the work he had in hand, confident that he could not be better employed even were the trump of doom about to sound. Whit-
tler has immortalized him in verse. Col. Abraham Davenport was one of the Revolutionary patriots, the son of Rev. John Davenport, minister of Stamford, Conn. A man of the sternest integrity, he held the office of Judge, was a legislator 25 years, serving in the Senate from 1766 to 1784, and was a member of the Executive Council, filling every position with the utmost faithfulness. He was also a man of generous heart, and in a time of scarcity he sold the product of his farm to the poor at old prices. As will be seen by this brief sketch of his history he was a Senator at the time the "dark day" occurred. The Senate was in session when the darkness fell. Senators were but men, and the terror which had taken possession of the people filled their hearts also. A motion was made to adjourn, and Col. Davenport opposed it. "I am against the adjournment," said he. "Either the day of judgment is at hand, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjourn-

ment. If it is, I wish to be found in the line of my duty. I wish candles to be brought."

The cause of the darkness of that day was much discussed at the time, and has been often discussed since. It is possible that the scientific investigation of yesterday's phenomenon may throw some light on the question. Meanwhile, we will state in conclusion some of the theories advanced by the men of a hundred years ago. A writer in the *Massachusetts Spy* supposed that at the time the darkness occurred there were in the atmosphere "vast quantities of elastic, heterogeneous vapors, generated in consequence of the great body of snow which covered the earth so long the winter past and exhaled during the warm, dry weather immediately preceding this time, which then had congested and condensed into thick clouds, which extended through the atmosphere for a vast distance." He considered that there may have been various strata of clouds, some of the more gross hanging near the earth, especially as the air was much rarified, that consequently the rays of light suffered so many reflections and refractions that but few could possibly be transmitted, and that the vast extent of the clouds and their nearness to the earth prevented the obscured region from receiving much advantage from the reflection upon the under side of the clouds of the light from any portion of the atmosphere which was not clouded.

This theory is the same in effect as that advanced by Samuel Stearns, M. D., LL. D., of Paxton, a well known astronomer of the time, and the calculator of the first nautical almanac published in America. Writing to the *Independent Chronicle* he said: "It is my candid opinion that that darkness was not caused by any eclipse, transit, blazing star or mountain, but by an admirable condensity of large quantities of exhaled particles that consisted of different qualities."

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Swain, Frederick

Sweet, Edward N.

Sweet, John C.*

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Barney's sentiment was as follows:

Judge T. C. DeFriez offered

AN ACTOR ABOUT ACTORS.

Early Professions of Our Histrionic Artists.

The Names Which They Assume Upon the Stage.

The Cause of High Salaries and the Way to Lower Them.

A cosy little room just small enough not to seem cold and dreary whenever its occupant was there alone with his books, and just large enough to hold comfortably all the appurtenances necessary for a bachelor, with good swinging space left provided the owner wished to indulge in the storied pastime of whirling a feline to measure the size of his apartments; a room provided with two most comfortable and inviting easy chairs drawn up before a bright, open fire, surrounded by a fender so temptingly close to the chairs that St. Anthony himself could not have resisted the allurements of toasting his feet that near to the fire—what wonder that the visitor is enticed to enter such a room, to drop into one softly-cushioned chair and to listen for an hour or more to the rambling, yet ever interesting, historical talks of the well-known actor who claims this room as his abode. His refuge from critics, his hospitable home for friends.

"Yes, indeed," said this histrionic artist, "our ranks are recruited from all trades and professions. There's Joe Jefferson—well, he came pretty near to his final choice in his early days, for he devoted his time then to painting scenes at a salary of \$18 a week, throwing in a little acting of minor parts now and then. Lester Wallack, who, I suppose, will play juvenile parts till the last call is heard, used to be in the English army, an officer on duty in India. You wouldn't believe it, would you, but his sixty-five years old. Edwin Forrest, the graceful Forrest, acquired his agility and perfection of easy style by daily performances in a circus, tumbling and leaping. Lawrence Barrett—by the way his real name, you know, is Larry Brannigan—was a bell-boy in a Detroit hotel, while Barney Williams, another Irish lad who changed his name, but who embraced an entirely different branch of our profession, began by setting up ten pins for wages barely sufficient to gain a livelihood, and died worth \$400,000. Williams's real name was Bernard O'Flaherty. That wouldn't do very well for a stage name on the part of the Vere-de Veres and Montmorencis, would it? Joe Emmet, before he entered upon the stage, used to paint signs and houses in St. Louis. Frank Mayo, who has so often delighted audiences with his exciting melodramas, lived a very tame life at first; he was waiter in a restaurant in New York City, and used to call out 'Beefsteak and rolls,' 'Hashed meat and onions,' with little idea that any phrases were sensational than these would ever pass his lips in public. His real name, by the way, is McGuire. Then there is James E. Murdoch, he was a printer, and to go a little outside of our line, I understand that Charlie Brown (Artemus Ward) and J. H. McVicker, the manager, of the printing trade, too. Another manager, John H. Haverly, used to work as apprentice to a florist; he managed the goose well then, and managed it well afterward in his later profession, till he killed it to get the golden egg which isn't there. Of the veterans of the stage, Edwin Kean, John P. Kemble and Dion Boucicault are strolling players, wandering about and picking up what few pennies they could.

Speaking of Kean reminds me how many actors have changed their names. His, you know, was Carey. I think it's safe to say that eight out of ten on the stage to-day play under assumed names. Of course, they have reasons for so changing, some good and some bad. I've mentioned a few names which you must acknowledge wouldn't sound well on the stage, and you can't blame an ambitious young fellow for casting off such a ridiculous sounding cognomen as, for instance, Sanders Bruzwarmer. I knew a bright actor who was weighted down with that name; the only trouble was, however, he assumed a more ridiculous, though perhaps more euphonistic, stage name, Alvard de la Reil. Such a title as that might do in olden days, but it's too flimsy for this age.

Then there are other actors who don't want their family names brought out conspicuously before the public, either through natural aversion, modest desire for retirement when off the stage, or, I am sorry to say, from the influence brought to bear upon them by relatives who believe that their social standing will be lowered if their family name appears upon a playbill. As to the charges made, you must have noticed that it is always the small-try of the profession who choose the highest sounding appellations. Some of our actresses carry to the stage the maiden name under which they were well known in order not to lose their identity by assuming their husband's name after marriage. Mme. Janauschek, for instance, is the stage name of a well-known actress.

though if the rumored divorce suit is successful she will have to drop all claim to his name, perhaps to acquire that of Solomon. Miss Maggie Mitchell is really Mrs. Paddock. Charles Barron of our Museum Company carries an assumed name; his real name is Charles Brown. Mrs. Scott-Siddons obtained her dual stage name by a series of objections. She married a young gentleman by the name of Canter. The young man's father was highly incensed even at the mere suggestion of bringing the revered name of Canter out in public on the stage, so to do away with this objection, his son took, by law, the maiden name of his mother, Scott. Here came another objection, however, for Miss Siddons was determined not to give up her maiden name so that the matter was finally compromised by both assuming the name Scott-Siddons. Mrs. W. J. Florence, the comedienne, who recently appeared in Boston with her husband, on their annual tour, is a sister of Mrs. Barney Williams; her maiden name was Malvina Pray; she married first Mr. Joseph Little, but was afterward divorced from him. Miss Adeline Patti—well, 'tis rather hard to say exactly what her name is now. She was christened Adele Juana Maria Patti. Then, you know, she became the Marchioness of Caux; afterward both husband and wife sued for divorce, and the Marquis has just had his petition granted. But meanwhile, I have understood from Col. Mapleson, Patti has been married twice to her favored tenor, Nicolini, and proposes to marry him twice more, so as to straighten out certain claims of hers to property in the south of France. She married Nicolini once in England, and once, according to the Greek rite, in Russia; she intends to marry him again according to the French and the Italian forms. That certainly ought to settle the matter. Then there is Miss Ellen Terry. Her first husband was Watts, the painter, whom she married twenty years ago. The story goes that they were separated because she appeared before his invited guests at a dinner party, in one of her old costumes, suit of tights and trunks. At any rate, they were divorced, and after a while she married Kelly, the English actor. But she grew tired of him and left him, and since then has devoted herself to art exclusively. Lots of course everybody knows, is Miss Charlotte Crabtree, rather too heavy a name for the sprightly little actress to dance under on the stage. Mme. Modjeska is a lady of rank, the Countess Bozenta.

There were three brothers who possessed a good variety of names—the Josephs. Harry Joseph retained his name upon the stage, John H. changed his to Selwyn, and under that name managed the old Selwyn's Theatre, now the Globe, in this city, while the third brother, after a brief period on the stage, attained fame in the pulpit as the Rev. Dr. Geo. C. Lorimer, one time pastor in Tremont Temple, in Boston, now preaching in Chicago. Harry Bloodgood, the minstrel, claims as his real birth name Carlo Moran. Agnes Robertson is Mrs. Dion Boucicault. The celebrated violinist, Ole Bull, had also a middle name, which I venture to say few people ever knew; he was Ole Borneman Bull. John T. Raymond's right name is John O'Brien. E. A. Sothern's right name was Douglas Stewart. Adelaide Ristori is the Marchioness Capranica Del Grillo. By the way, Ristori made her appearance behind the footlights at an early age. When two months old she was introduced in a basket in a play called "New Year's Gifts." When only four years old she began to play children's parts, and when twelve she was a very good soubrette. The maiden name of Edwin Booth's wife was Mary McVicker—I believe, though, if I remember correctly, that her real name was Mary Runyon; his first wife was Mary Devlin.

But I could go on through the whole list of my acquaintances, present and past, and weary you out with the long series of stage names, assumed for 'good and sufficient reasons.' Here is a list I made out the other day, during an odd hour, just for my own amusement. It gives first the name under which the artist is generally known and after that the real name. You see, here it is:

Miss Rose Eyttinge, really Mrs. G. H. Butler.
Miss Rose Temple, really Mrs. Jones.
Miss Clara Morris is Mrs. Fred Harriott.
Miss Kate Claxton is, or was before her divorce, Mrs. Dore Lyon.

Mrs. F. S. Chaufray's maiden name was Henrietta Baker.
Pauline Arkham's maiden name was Margaret Hall; she afterward became Mrs. McMahon.
Adelaide Neilson was Mrs. Lee.

Ilma Di Murska had six real names, for she married five times, No. 5 being a Mr. Hill.
Mlle. Pauline Lucca, really Baroness Von Walhofen.

Miss Leona Dare, known at home as Miss Bridget McCarthy.
Henri Laurent, tenor in comic operas, is the assumed name of Henry L. Gisleng.

Oliver Doud Byron, recently performing at the Howard in this city, has transposed his name from Oliver B. Doud.

Miss Marie Walnwright bore the unpleasant sounding name of Mrs. Slaughter.
Miss Kitty Blanchard, as she once was called, is now known under her real name of Mrs. McKee Rankin.

Buffalo Bill is the Hon. William F. Cody. Texas Jack was John Omohundro. Wild Bill was William Hickok.

Mlle Christine Nilsson bore the real name of Mrs. Rozaud.

Mlle. Jenny Lind bore the real name of Mrs. Goldsmid.

Alice Oates's maiden name was Alice Merit.

Mlle. Marie Roze is Mrs. Henry Mapleson, son of Col. Mapleson, the manager.

Miss Maud Brauscombe, really Mrs. Stuart.

Miss Emily Jonesville had as her maiden name Miss Emily Jones. She afterward became Mrs. Derby.

Lydia Thompson, really Mrs. Alex. Heiderson.

Miss Ada Gray is Mrs. Charles Watkins.

Gen. Tom Thumb was Mr. Charles Stratton.

Mrs. William Anderson was Miss Euphemia Jefferson, eldest daughter of Joseph Jefferson, Sr.

Mrs. Daniel E. Bandman's maiden name was Miss Alice Herschel.

Mrs. Lawrence Barrett's maiden name was Mary F. Mayer.

M. Blondin, the rope walker, had as his real name Emile Gravelot.

Mrs. George C. Boniface's maiden name was Miss Hofferling.

Agnes Booth's maiden name was Marian Agnes Land Bookes; she became Mrs. Perry, the second wife of Harry Perry, and afterward Mrs. Booth, the third wife of J. B. Booth, Jr.

George N. Christ was George Harrington.

John Davenport's maiden name was

Matilda Heron was Mrs. Robert Stoepeel (divorced.)

Laura Keene's maiden name was Lee; she married a Mr. Taylor.

Mrs. Charles Kemble's maiden name was Miss De Camp.

Oliver Logan is Mrs. Wirt Sykes.

Fanny Morant is Mrs. Charles Smith.

Rachel, the great tragedienne, was the contracted stage name of Elizabeth Rachel Felix.

Sebastian (the circus rider) bore the full name of Sebastian Valci Mora.

Mrs. Jenny Van Zandt's maiden name was Jenny Blitz.

Mrs. Frank Lawlor was, before marriage, Josie Mansfield.

Emma Nevada, the talented young singer, is the daughter of Dr. Wixom. She assumed the name 'Nevada' from the State, as Albany assumed her name from the city of Albany, N. Y.

Henry Lee, the new leading man to Fanny Davenport, is really Heinrich Rozenzweig.

Miss Fortesque, who has recently been brought prominently forward on account of a suit for breach of promise against Lord Garmoyne, the son and heir of Earl Cairns, is really Miss Finney.

There is a good sprinkling of titles in these lists, and some of the owners thereof get incomes which would astonish almost any titled or untitled lady in Europe. Think of Mlle. Patti, ex-Marchioness of Caux, drawing as nightly 'wages' \$4000. Then below her are such artists as Modjeska with her \$400 a night and Theo with her \$300, down to the ordinary stock leading lady with \$40 or \$50 an evening. But as long as these actresses can get enormous sums you cannot blame them for claiming the salary. If Patti can obtain \$10 for every single note she warbles in a concert, it would be foolish in her not to demand of the manager a golden eagle for each breath. And the manager, to pay this amount, must charge a high admission price. Don't blame him for running up the prices. It's the fault of the people themselves, the theatre-goers. As long as they will persist in paying \$3 or \$4 a seat so long will the present system continue. When they recognize the absurdity, the almost criminal waste, of such an outlay of money, then they will refuse to attend the high priced entertainment. The managers will see their profits diminishing, and instantly the competition among them for high priced artists will diminish, and Mlle. Patti *et alii* will find themselves apparently less in demand. But they will not retire from the stage; if they can't get a gold dollar they will take a silver one, and the result will be that their demands will come down to a legitimate level, and the people will then be able to hear the best singing and see the best acting for a fair and just sum. It's all a matter of supply and demand: lower the demand and the supply on hand will fall in price. For that reason I am not sorry to see our expensive operas drawing small houses. If not merely a temporary lull, the result will be of advantage to every one, outside of a few bright particular stars. I think, too, you will find every honest lover of the histrionic art agreeing with me."

CHAS. L.

CONUNDRUM SUPPER,

Write your name at the top of the menu and mark with a cross your choice of six orders for fifteen cents. Each extra order five cents.

Then followed a list of dishes to be served, which ran something in this order:

A dish of Shivers!

"Feel, masters, how I shake."—Henry IV. (Jelly.)

A Message from the Sea!

He was a bold man that first ate it.—Swift. (Oysters.)

A Delicate Monster.—Tempest. (Lobster.)

Something to be taken with a grain of salt. (Almonds.)

Wolf's meat.

Pray you who does the wolf love.—Coriolanus. (Lamb.)

Christmas Martyr!

Nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it.—Macbeth. (Turkey.)

Eagles' Food. (Chicken.)

A Jay of Italy.—Cymbeline.

Olfactory Greens!

So near will I be that your best friends shall wish you had been further.—Julius Caesar. (Onions.)

Ireland's Pride!

Under the earth I dwell.—Aldrich. (Potatoes.)

Trifles light as air.—Othello. (Bon Bons.)

A Frosty Friend!

Who's that calls so coldly.—Taming of the Shrew. (Ice Cream.)

Nature's Dish!

Nature's Elixir!

I have not slept a wink.—Cymbeline. (Cold Water.)

Twisted Sweetness!

Snow Bound!

(Frosted Cake.)

A number of the above quotations are taken from Katherine Woods's book of "Quotations for Occasions," published by the Century Company. A little thought and examination will enable one to prepare a long menu with suggestive names for a variety of dishes.

Our Boys.

Whereabouts and Occupations of the Boys who Attended the Nantucket High School from 1860 to 1872.

We have spent much time and labor in preparing the following list, which gives the names, places of residence and occupations of the boys who attended the High School between the years 1860 and 1872, and believe that we present it as correctly as is possible to obtain it. The boys are widely scattered throughout the United States, and we cannot doubt that the record will be read with interest by such of them as may happen to see a copy of the paper, and by their relatives and friends. We have, also, compiled a list of such as who attended the Coffin School during the same period embraced in the record below, as do not appear in the High School roster, which we shall print very soon. Our idea is to give these classmates and schoolmates the whereabouts of their fellows, in what pursuits they are engaged, and thus enlighten them upon a matter that is always coming up when any two of them meet. We are proud of the record, which shows many of them in business for themselves, others in positions of trust, while but a very few are out of employment:

1860.

Ackley, Seth M., Lieutenant U. S. N., with squadron in Chinese waters.
Barnard, George B.*
Barnard, George W., Boston, engineer of steam engine.
Baker, Charles H., Providence, R. I., book-keeper with Gorham Manufacturing Co.
Bunker, Paul W.*
Bunker, William M., San Francisco, Cal., firm Bunker & Heister, proprietors *Daily Report*.
Cary, George H., Boston, real estate broker.
Cary, Alfred G., China, master steamer White Cloud, of Hong Kong.
Coffin, George F., California.
Coffin, Barzillai, New York, produce and commission merchant.
Coffin Thomas A.*
Coffin, Levi S., Nantucket, Sconset, farmer.
Coffin, George W., Washington, D. C., Commander U. S. N.
Cook, Richard H., New York, printer.
Coleman, Arthur, South Abington, Mass., box maker.
Cooper, Cyrus B., San Francisco, Cal.
Defriez, Joseph H., Boston, in office of Atchinson, Topeka and Kansas R. R.
Folger, Isaac H., Nantucket.
Folger, David B., New Bedford, Mass., grocer.
Gardner, George H., Boston, photographer.
Gibbs, Edmund G., Nantucket.
Hallett, John W., New York, dealer in fancy goods.
Hiller, Alfred, Nebraska, farmer.
Hiller, William W., Brooklyn, N. Y., clerk with ink condensing company.
Hussey, Andrew G., Jr., Chicago, Ill., auditor of Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R. R.
Joy, Joseph N., Pelhamville, New York.
Kiernan, John, Providence, R. I., machinist.
Macy, Cromwell, G., New York, lawyer.
Macy, Walter N.*
Mitchell, William S.*
Paddack, George B., Nantucket, carriage builder.
Paddack, Charles F., Newport, R. I., carpenter.
Remsen, Roland C., San Francisco, Cal., carpenter.
Riddell, Benjamin F., Fall River, Mass., apothecary.
Rivers, Alonzo M., New York, clerk Gilbert House.
Robinson, William B., Boston, with Foster & Cole, insurance agents.
Russell, Eugene, Boston, with Morse & Smith, produce dealers, book-keeper.
Starbuck, Walter, Boston, broker.
Starbuck, J. Bradlee, Nantucket.
Starbuck, Horace, Boston.
Starbuck, Arthur.*
Summerhays, William C.*
Swain, Frederick M.†
Sweet, Edward N.†
Sweet, John C.*

Williams, Frederick C., Boston, firm of Faxon, Williams & Faxon, flour dealers.
Wyer, Henry S., Yonkers, N. Y., photographer.

1861.

Allen, Charles R., San Francisco, Cal., dealer in coal.
Brown, Isaac F., Boston, carpenter.
Bunker, Lauriston, Boston, clerk in freight department, Boston & Albany depot.
Chadwick, William H., Nantucket, cashier Pacific National Bank.
Coffin, William H.*
Coffin, George C., Jr.*
Easton, John A., Boston, agent James M. Beebe estate.
Elkins, Richard G., Boston, firm of F. A. Hawley & Co., bankers.
Folger, Peter, Jr.*
Gardner, Walter R., Boston, one of the Fathers at the Church of the Advent.
Gardner, George Hobson, Chelsea, night watchman.
Hayden, George C., New York.
Hodges, Albert, Mare Island Navy Yard, Cal., machinist.
Macy, Roland C., New York, boat builder.
Macy, George G., Boston, clerk with Timothy Gay & Co., grocers.
Mitchell, Stephen G.*
Mitchell, Richard, 3d, Hilton Head, Lieut. U. S. N.
Parker, Charles F., Boston, travelling salesman with Timothy Gay & Co., grocers.
Rexford, Charles W.*
Robinson, Edwin B., Pawtucket, R. I., employed in bleachery.
Riddell, Henry, Nantucket.
Spencer, Thomas B.*
Swain, Arthur, Rock, Ks., owner of sheep ranche.
Swain, Laban W., Pittsburg, Pa., engineer.
Turner, William Parker, near Bradford, Pa., employed at the oil wells.
Whitney, John D., New York, professor of mathematics in a Catholic school.

1862.

Baker, Edward N., Pawtucket, R. I., machinist.
Bradbury, Charles W., New Haven, Conn., grocer.
Bunker, Charles W., Boston, salesman with R. H. White & Co., dry goods.
Barnard, William M., Poplar Ridge, N. Y., farmer.
Barney, Alanson S., New York, book-keeper for W. H. Schieffelin & Co., wholesale druggists.
Cathcart, Obed S., East Boston, clerk in dry goods house.
Chase, Sidney, Boston, firm of Chase & Barstow, bankers.
Coleman, Charles E.*
Caswell, David B., New Bedford, Mass., machinist, with Morse Twist Drill Co.
Gardner, Herbert, Leominster, Mass., harness maker.
Jenks, George M., Cambridge.
Macy, I. Augustus, New York, firm of Macy & Dunham, brokers.
Nickerson, Alfred C., Templeton, Mass., pastor Unitarian Church.
Pitman, Henry L., New Bedford, Mass., marine reporter of *Standard*.
Robinson, Henry J., Providence, R. I., agent for Charter Oak Life Insurance Co., and book-keeper for I. S. Booth, wool broker.
Rivers, Arthur.*
Starbuck, Henry P., New York, lawyer.
Swain, Thurston C., Pittsburg, Pa., firm of Stuart & Swain, dealers in mourning goods.
Tobey, Horace, Haverhill, Mass., stationer.
Taylor, Levi R.*
Worth, Benjamin F., Nantucket, farmer.
Weeks, Isaiah S. P., Missoula, Montana, civil engineer Northern Pacific R. R.

1863.

Adams, Horace M.*
Allen, Edgar L., San Francisco, Cal., lumber dealer.
Arthur, Stephen, Merced City, Cal., hotel clerk.
Bodfish, William F.†
Barney, William Mitchell, Boston, book-keeper North National Bank.
Chase, Washington M., Nantucket, Mass.
Coleman, Henry R., San Francisco, Cal., with A. L. Bancroft & Co., book publishers.
Dunham, Harrison G. O., New York, firm of Macy & Dunham, brokers.
Fisher, Charles F., Pawtucket, R. I.,
Hallett, Frederick G., New York, agent for E. M. Benjamin, dealer in silks.
Hinckley, Allen M.*
Hull, Frederick D., South Boston, conductor on horse car.
Hussey, Charles W., Clinton, Iowa, book-keeper in paper mill.
Jenks, Roland M., Boston, agent Hartford Life Insurance Co.

Macy, Wilson, New York, with John A. Gifford, dealer in every description of carriage trimmings.
Pierce, David H., Syracuse, N. Y., with A. C. Chase, piano dealer.
Turner, Abner, Nantucket, grocer.

1864.

Brock, Andrew H.*
Burnell, Barker, Elmoro, Col., with Colorado Trading Co.
Caswell, William S., New Bedford, Mass.
Coffin, Joseph C.*
Cobb, Leander G., at sea.
Easton, Charles A., Boston, clerk with N. G. Wood & Son, jewellers.
Easton, John C., Brockton, Mass., carpenter.
Hussey, Roland B., Nantucket, firm of Hussey & Robinson, publishers *INQUIRER* and *MIRROR*.
Jones, George C., Brockton, Mass., decorative painter Toby's furniture manufactory.
Myrick, George A., Peru, S. A.
Morse, Frederick M., Somerville, Mass., travelling salesman for C. E. Moody & Co., grocers, of Boston.
Remsen, Joseph G., at sea, in ship *Invincible*.
Ray, Charles F., Lawrence, Mass., carpenter.
Stevens, William B., Nantucket, farmer.

1865.

Allen, Avery T.*
Allen, Alfred M., Boston, clerk with Bell Telephone Co.
Alley, Robert H., New Bedford, Mass., travelling salesman for T. G. Wing & Co., dealers in spices, etc.
Bearse, Thomas A.*
Cary, James H.†
Gardner, John J., Brockton, Mass., machinist.
Grant, Charles W.*
Macy, Francis H., San Francisco.
Pratt, Charles G., Boston, travelling salesman for Jordan, Marsh & Co., dry goods.
Riddell, Alexander C., Nantucket, engineer.
Sayer, Thomas S., Jr., Boston, compositor on *Herald*.
Sylvia, Ferdinand A., at sea.
Swain, David G., Brockton, Mass., builder.

1866.

Coffin, Clarence U., Newport, R. I., carpenter.
Coffin, Frederick H.*
Coffin, Charles D., Boston, clerk for Chase & Barstow, bankers.
Hussey, James, East Boston, wood carver.
Hinckley, Charles F., Union, Oregon.
Moore, Charles H., Plymouth, Mass., in Loring's tack factory.
Roach, James F., Fall River, Mass., curate under Father J. A. Brady.
Spencer, Reuben B., Sitka, Alaska, of U. S. steamer *Wachusett*.
Worth, Herbert G., Clinton, Ct., farmer.

1867.

Appleton, John S., Jr., Nantucket, mason.
Alley, Alfred G., New Bedford, Mass., grocer.
Brown, Alexander B., Hopedale, Mass., carpenter.
Brown, W. Frederick, Cincinnati, O., designer for carved work.
Cash, W. Murray, Brockton, Mass.
Cathcart, Zimri, South Abington, Mass., painter.
Codd, William F., Nantucket, marble worker and civil engineer.
Coffin, John A., Gloucester, Mass., superintendent gaslight company's works.
Derby, Edgar, Boston, Mass., compositor on *Herald*.
Easton, William C., Brockton, Mass., carpenter.
Folger, Ellery B., Philadelphia, Pa., superintendent Hale & Kilburn's furniture manufactory.
Folger, James W., Nantucket, wood carver.
Gardner, Arthur H., Nantucket, publisher *Nantucket Journal*.
Harper, Richard.†
Harps, John, Nantucket, farmer.
Joy, Charles A., Oak Bluffs, painter.
Joy, Moses, Jr., Milford, Mass., president and builder Milford Water Works.
Joy, Walter H., Providence, R. I., blacksmith.
Joy, William P., at sea, mate of ship *Invincible*.
Long, Albert B., Boston, clerk with Cobb, Bates & Yerxa, grocers.
Long, Reuben C., Nantucket, grocer.
Macy, John E.*
Macy, Henry I., St. Louis, Mo., printer.
Nicholson, John S., Boston, travelling salesman for C. E. Moody & Co., grocers.
Paddack, Edgar F., Ironton, O., shoe manufacturer.
Porte, William C.*
Robinson, William M.*
Robinson, J. H. Barker, Providence, R. I., shipmaster.
Spicer, John E., South Boston, employed in an oil factory.
Tracy, Charles H., Milford, Mass., engineer at water works.
Warren, William F., Nantucket.
Washburn, Francis H.†

Waitt, Henry M., Lehi, Utah, civil engineer on Denver, Rio Grande and Western R. R.

1869.

Gardner, R. Fletcher, Cumberland, Me., Universalist preacher.

Cobb, gents' furnishing goods.
Nixon, Emery.†

Taylor, Alexander C., Nantucket.

1870.

Derby Harry J. Boston, Mass., jeweller with

Fuller, Walter N., Worcester, Mass., Technical School, teacher of the science of machinery.

Hussey, Walter R., San Raymon, Cal., school teacher.

Paddack, Arthur C., Boston, employed in a

Spencer, Walter J., New York, with J. B. Hoyt

1871.

871.

Woodward, William M., Boston, student.

*Deceased.
†Residence and occupation unknown.

WIND AND WEATHER.—At a recent meet-

WIND AND WEATHER.—At a recent meeting of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, Mr. A. J. De' Voc, of Hackensack, N. J., sent the following ten short rules by the use of which a person can stand beneath his own vine and fig tree in any part of the Northern Hemisphere (north of latitude fifteen) and for hundreds of miles around him he can form an accurate opinion how the wind and weather are progressing.

1. When the temperature falls suddenly there is a storm forming south of you.
2. When the temperature rises suddenly there is a storm forming north of you.
3. The wind always blows from a region of fair weather towards a region where a storm is forming.
4. Cirrus clouds always move from a region where a storm is in progress toward a region of fair weather.
5. Cumulus clouds always move from a region of fair weather, toward a region where a storm is forming.
6. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the north or northwest there will be rain in less than twenty-four hours, no matter how cold it may be.
7. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the south or southwest there will be a cold rain storm on the morrow if it be Summer, and if it be Winter there will be a snow storm.
8. The wind blows in a circle around a storm, and when it blows from the north the heaviest rain is east of you; from the south, the heaviest rain is west; from the east, the heaviest rain is south; from the west, the heaviest rain is north of you.
9. The wind never blows unless rain or snow is falling within one thousand miles of you.
10. Whenever a heavy white frost occurs, a storm is forming within one thousand miles north or northwest of you.

Mme. Janauschek, for instance, is George IV, &
Fred Elliot. Lillian Russell is

Fred Pilot. Lillian Russell is
a well-known

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THE OLD YEAR'S RECORD.

IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE OLD YEAR
BRIEFLY SERVED FOR EASY REFERENCE—
SPONSAL AND NECROLOGICAL REGISTER.

Below we present a complete chronological review of the departed year 1884, made up from our files. While errors may have crept in, we believe they are but few, and that the record will be found particularly valuable for handy reference:

January.

7. Harbor sealed with ice.
9. Tremendous surf at the south side of the island, which made serious inroads into the bluff at Surf-side.
17. Ice was plowed for cutting at Wanaomet pond.
- 19-20. Heavy snow storm.
21. Excellent sleighing.

February.

14. Annual supper of the Equal Suffrage Association at the Veranda House.
20. Brig Meriwa went ashore on Great Point.
23. Mount Vernon Cemetery Company organized.
25. Steamer River Queen left for Boston to be furnished with a new boiler.

March.

17. Memorial service in memory of Wendell Phillips held at North Hall by the Equal Suffrage Association.

Schooner Imogene Diverty (Mary E. Crosby afterwards) arrived here.

22. New bell-buoy placed on the bar.
25. The Helping Hand (a charitable society) organized.

Polpis road relocated by the County Commissioners as far as Milton farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Coffin celebrated their silver wedding.

30. Terrific northeast snow storm. Alarm of fire in the evening, caused by burning lime on a barge lying at Straight wharf.

Schooner Adell, of Falmouth, stranded on Brant Point.

31. Schooner Vashti R. Gates, loaded with coal, went ashore on 'Sconset beach.

April.

5. Special Town Meeting to act upon the question of establishing a fire department in 'Sconset.
16. Contract for building first section of Polpis road awarded D. W. & R. E. Burgess.

17. W. Clarence Jernegan run over by a loaded lumber team on 'Sconset road.
21. Town debt cancelled by the generosity of Charles O'Connor.

27. Slight fire in the house of Mrs. Margaret McCann, Lyons street.
29. Capt. Edward B. Hussey had a leg broken by being run over by a team.

May.

3. Two young lads—Bert Everett and Harry Hildebrand—drowned in the upper harbor by the upsetting of a canoe in which they were sailing.

Mrs. William C. Mooers sustained a fracture of the knee-pan by falling at the head of Pearl street.

5. Teachers' Institute held in Atheneum hall.
6. The dead body of James Maroney discovered in a shed near the gas works.

10. Body of Harry Hildebrand recovered from the waters of the upper harbor.
14. Body of Bert Everett recovered as above.

June.

16. Cape Cod Unitarian Conference held its annual session.
- Thomas J. Hall run over by a train on the Nantucket Railroad and killed.

July.

4. Commemorative exercises at 'Sconset in honor of the completion of the Nantucket Railroad to that village.
- First public appearance of Mechanics Band.

12. Rev. Robert Collyer preached a sermon in memory of Lucretia Mott at the Unitarian Church.

August.

9. Fire in the house of Mrs. Walker at 'Sconset.
10. Shock of an earthquake felt all over the island.

21. Grand illumination at Siasconset.
26. Celebration of the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Mowry at the Springfield House.

September.

- 3-4. Annual Cattle Show and Fair.
10. Hottest day of the year. Mercury at 88°.

October.

25. Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Manter celebrated their silver wedding.
27. Schooner Hannah F. Carleton stranded on Tuckernuck shoal.

November.

4. National and State election.
17. Democratic celebration in honor of Cleveland's election.

30. Commemorative services in honor of the semi-centennial anniversary of the North Congregational meeting-house held in the church.

December.

6. Schooner Mary E. Crosby, of this port, sunk by collision in Long Island Sound.
19. Severe snow storm.

Cross Rip lightship having broken from her moorings, made this port.

20. Severe cold. Mercury at zero.
22. Weather mild. Mercury at 60°.

Thunder storm in the evening.

Schooner Warren Sawyer went ashore on the south side of the island. Crew were taken off at midnight by life-saving crew.

MARRIAGES.

February.

27. Charles A. Burgess and Mrs. Julia A. Williams.

March.

2. Leonard Morris and Mrs. Mary C. Ellis.

April.

3. Timothy M. Dunham, 2d, and Catherine Kriegel.
20. Henry W. Brown and Margaret Kling.

27. Stephen Bailey and Mrs. Carrie M. Macy.

May.

1. Alonzo M. Thomas and Etta M. Orpin.

June.

1. Herman Benda and Fredericke Eckardt.
29. Parker Mann and Julia P. Mullany.

July.

12. George M. Winslow and Carrie Louise Owen.
19. Josiah G. Young and Mrs. Susan J. McGarvey.

20. Alexander D. Coffin and Mrs. Eunice C. Swain.

September.

14. Eugene L. Clark and Edith Gardner.
25. Benjamin F. Burdick and Susan R. Ellis.

October.

29. Albert M. West and Lynda S. Kelley.

November.

1. John R. Sylvia and Amelia E. Phelan.
4. Alonzo D. Fisher and Margaret MacQueen.

6. George N. Hall and Lillian M. Allen; Edward A. Harris and Lizzie S. B. Ray.
15. Arthur J. Clough and Sarah C. Robinson.

December.

8. W. Frank Hayward and Emma F. Chinery.
16. George N. Flack and Lottie Brooks.

DEATHS.

January.

1. George A. Sylvia, 21 days.
3. Jennie S. Thomas, 1 month, 5 days.
4. Charles P. Swain, 86, 5, 18.

11. Charlotte Pitman, 69, 10.
25. George W. Lewis, 63, 2, 13.
29. John Fish, 76, 4; Ada Mason Hull, 8, 6.

February.

15. Abbott Remsen, 9 months.
22. Hepsabeth G. Russell, 52, 11, 22.
24. Lillian Taber, 4, 6.

26. Arthur Brown, 15 months, 14 days.
28. Alexander I. Macy, 63, 10.
29. Mary Chase, 85, 3, 23.

March.

1. Alexander C. Paddock, 79, 21.
2. Joseph Fisher, 57, 6; Elisha Parker, 65.

4. Mary F. B. Ceely, 70, 1, 25.
5. Manuel Enas, 81.
9. Valentine O. Holmes, 69, 7.

12. Joseph Thomas, 18, 11, 12.
18. Frank E. Coffin, 10 months.

April.

13. Sarah C. Simmons, 72, 9.
14. Eliza Orpin, 71.
17. Angeline M. Coffin, 55, 8.

21. Bethiah Hall, 89.

May.

1. Timothy W. Austin, 78, 5.
3. Charles W. Hussey, 78, 4; Bert Everett, 17, 24; Harry Hildebrand, 14, 10, 21.

7. John B. Orpin, 90, 11, 20.
8. James Maroney, 24, 7.
11. Samuel S. Hussey, 64, 7, 10.

12. Charles O'Connor, 80, 3, 19.
14. Sarah McCleave, 78, 4.
26. Paulina Whippey, 76, 4.

June.

12. Peleg Ray, 85, 3.
19. Louisa Adelaide Myrick, 5, 2, 23.
22. Andrew Hayden, 73.

23. George F. Barney, 72, 9.

July.

2. Margaret G. Upham, 73.
9. Phebe Allen, 83, 10; Sidney Heath, 41, 11, 6.

14. Charles B. Ray, 85, 8, 7.
16. Eliza S. Thurston, 41, 4.
18. Clarissa F. Fish, 67, 5.

25. Lydia Bowcut, 81, 6.
30. Alice Nickerson (infant.)

August.

3. Martin Terry, 46.
5. Sarah Davis, 91; Louis O'Brien, 19.
11. Ida E. Ray, 3.

14. Lydia H. Brooks, 45, 2.
25. Charles F. Chase, 89, 7, 4.
27. Deborah Sherman, 86, 10; Thomas B. Paddock, 61.

28. Hannah Coffin, 79.
30. Harriet F. Colesworthy, 56, 5.

September.

3. Rosie Maria Burgess, 14, 7, 12.
5. Florence E. Thomas, 11 months, 4 days; Susan F. Thomas, 9 months, 11 days.

7. William F. Whelden, 9 months, 3 days.
8. Rupert M. Coffin, 10 months.
10. Marion F. Ray, 6 months, 9 days.

15. Alice M. Fisher, 3 months.
29. Nancy Freeman, 79; Harriet Peirce, 90, 3, 3.

October.

8. Embree Bullard, 73, 8.
11. Benjamin Chase, 90, 2.
14. Judith Burnell, 86, 9.

16. Mary J. Sandsbury, 45.
20. Stephen Gorham, 63, 1, 9; Johnnie F. Howard, 3 months, 20 days.

23. Barzillai Worth, 85, 6, 5.
30. Edward C. Morris, 72.

November.

4. Lydia Maria Francis, 7, 7, 7.
5. John Murray Francis, 3, 8, 6.
8. Alexander B. Dunham, 56, 4, 8.

10. Addie Francis, 6, 1, 20.
15. Frank A. Williams, 8, 11, 12.
17. Charles C. Macy, 75, 8.

21. Artemas Davis, 93, 26.
24. Harriet A. Ray, 78, 11.
27. Moses P. Folger, 85.

December.

2. Charlotte C. Ray, 56.
10. Reuben Harps, 75, 10, 24.
19. Eliza Ann Spencer, 57, 10, 25.

21. Martha A. Hull, 80, 10.
29. Albert Wood, 71, 3, 13.

RECORD FOR A TWELVEMONTH.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN NANTUCKET DURING THE YEAR PAST.

As usual we present the yearly record of marriages and deaths that have occurred in Nantucket during the year 1885. The usual record of local events for the twelve months we are compelled to omit, owing to the pressure of other matters of present moment.

MARRIAGES.

January 1st, George T. Carter and Minnie Hathaway.
February 12th, Charles H. Vinal and Anna Veeder; William Field and Mrs. Harriet A. Smith.
April 30th, Arthur C. Manter and Addie Fisher.
August 19th, Harry C. Chase and Sadie Francis.
October 1st, Thomas Childs and Mary C. Chase; 6th, Charles W. Pitman and Edith Cartwright; (at Siasconset) Andrew J. Swain and Phebe A. Pitman; 21st, Charles Sawyer and Alice Coggeshall.
November 11th, Walter B. Clark and Florence A. Macy; 16th, Charles E. Burges and Lizzie Gardner; 19th, Sylvester Swain and Eunice S. Barney; 26th, Frank Cooper and Ella M. Brock.
December 7th, Charles A. Joy and Emma Winslow.

DEATHS.

January.

3.—Owen C. Spooner, 79, 5, 5; Elizabeth McCleave, 64, 6.
5.—Love Smith, 85, 2, 23; Joseph Mitchell, 75, 3.

9.—Hannah Winslow, 81, 5.
11.—Julia E. Macy, 78, 5.
12.—George Robinson, 69.
27.—Lewis A. Porte, 1, 2.
29.—Eunice F. Smith, 77.
30.—George Haggerty, 76, 10, 20.

February.

1.—Hannah Gardner, 83.
4.—Maria Swain, 59.
6.—Nancy Dunn, 83.
7.—Benjamin F. Wyer, 59, 4.
8.—Thomas B. Ray, 76, 3.
10.—Ellen Macy, 31, 10.
12.—Hiram F. Chase, 2 months.
13.—William S. Coffin, 1 month, 14 days.

17.—Maria B. Cooper, 70, 11.
22.—Martha F. Alley, 51.
24.—Mary W. Myrick, 73, 1; Jesse Crosby, 81, 5; Eva A. McCann, 9, 9.
27.—Nathaniel Fitzgerald, 88, 10.
28.—William Perkins, 82, 7.

March.

10.—Lydia M. Hussey, 86, 8; Mary Folger, 72; Hannah Whippley, 72, 2.
27.—Sarah C. Cushman, 46, 7.
28.—Catherine F. Folger, 57, 3.

April.

8.—Delia Johnson, 63, 11, 17.
10.—Frederick S. Grant, 8 months, 12 days.
14.—Charles C. Coffin, 65, 2; Sidney S. Thurston, 36, 3.

17.—Thomas G. Folger, 76, 6, 4.
21.—Benjamin F. Swain, 76, 6.
23.—Sophronia N. Dunham, 75.
24.—Elizabeth A. Hussey, 67.
26.—Joseph Mitchell, 78, 11.

May.

2.—Pattia Hallett, 92, 11.
4.—Hannah Clisby, 65, 7.
6.—Hepsabeth A. Edwards, 83, 6.
10.—Glyndon Rand, 26.
15.—Anne Bunker, 80, 10, 8; William C. Swain, 83, 11, 26.
18.—Charlotte C. Riddell, 78, 10, 3.
19.—Mary Harris, 86, 2.
26.—Nancy Fish, 47, 3.

June.

2.—Mary A. McNamee, 47.
6.—Joseph Vincent, 71, 6.
26.—Linus A. Hooper, 63.

July.

16.—John P. Tilton, 32, 3, 24.
21.—Faith H. Ray, 2, 7.
22.—Frank S. Thomas, 63.
—Henry A. Sylvia, 1, 8, 3.
—Joseph H. Nickerson, 76.

August.

1.—Jerusha C. Baker, 71, 4.
3.—Albert C. Snow, 10 months.
5.—Francis Colburn, 78, 10, 17.
8.—Louisa L. Bradley, 8.
10.—Hattie A. Coffin, 20, 10; Hilam F. Bennett, 55, 7, 6.
15.—Mabel Thomas, 3 months.
16.—Novella Shaw, 2, 6.
18.—Leonora E. Roberts, 42.
21.—Frederick A. Dunham, 58, 3, 3.
22.—Eben M. Hinckley, 80, 2.
23.—Judith Nye, 82, 3.
29.—Ernest V. James, 10 months.
31.—Grace D. Whelden, 5 months.

September.

1.—Bessie Stott, 4, 11, 11.
2.—Mary S. Hendricks, 30, 11, 5.
6.—Mary E. Swain, 5, 2; Edith W. Holmes, 3, 1, 8.
7.—Eliza Russell, 93, 2, 19.
9.—Viola L. Mooney, 1, 1; William H. Rivers, 81, 6.
11.—Sarah M. Starbuck, 68; Eliza M. Whitman, 3 months.
17.—Ann G. Easton, 70, 4.
24.—Charles W. Spencer, 6, 8.

October.

1.—Betsey Joy, 89, 11.
6.—Irene S. Fish, 69, 4.
18.—Olive G. Coffin, 72, 2.
19.—Eunice Keys, 74, 12.
21.—Edward Marvin, 53, 10.
23.—Harriet A. James, 53.
29.—Patience Cooper, 75, 8.

November.

6.—Roland C. Beekman, 5.
8.—Eliza R. Clisby, 16; Alexander E. Gardner, 83, 7.
17.—Mary W. Beekman, 3, 5.
20.—Edward G. Coffin, 71, 2, 13.
23.—Ann E. Beekman, 12.
28.—Nathan Chapman, 78, 8, 1.
30.—John L. Beekman, 11.

December.

2.—Mary E. Macy, 22, 1, 11.
6.—Mary F. Bliss, 42.
9.—Hannah S. Coffin, 56, 8.
11.—Martha Fish, 90, 4.
12.—Clarissa S. Robinson, 82, 10, 16.
16.—Elizabeth Manter, 2, 2.
17.—Thomas S. James, 74.
25.—William H. Orpin, 60, 4, 13.
30.—Lucretia Hathaway, 86, 6.

The clergyman who officiated at the funeral of Mrs. John Butterfield, a venerable and distinguished lady of Utica, closed his eulogy of her by saying:

Try so to live you may each be worthy of this epitaph:

"A Sarah to her husband,
A Eunice to her children,
A Lois to her grandchildren,
A Lydia to God's ministers,
A Martha to her guests,
A Dorcas to the poor, and
An Anna to her God."

—The following epitaphs can be found on tombstones in a New Hampshire Shaker burial ground:

My sledge and hammer lay reclined,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind,
My fire is extinct, my forge decayed,
And in the dust my vlee is laid,
My coal is spent, my iron is gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.

A blooming youth as once was I,
You now may be, but you must die.

Ho, passenger! 'tis worth thy pains to stay
And take a dead man's lesson by the way.
I was what now thou art, and thou shalt be
What I am; now what odds 'twixt me and thee.
Now go thy way, but stay, take one word more.
Thy staff, for aught thou knowest, stands next the door.

Death is the door; the door of Heaven or Hell.
Be warned, be armed, believe, repent, farewell.

PUNCH ON THE PURITAN.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip,
As Sir Richard well knows, by the Puritan whopped;
He won't bring it back to old England this trip,
From Yankee yachtland, where so long it has stopped.
That the fancy Genesta had not tried in vain
Were what he, and we, too, would vastly prefer;
But take the lick bravely, and try once again,
Why, Suttonly, sir."

ETCHINGS AND ECHOES.

'Twill be Puritan this and Puritan that
And Puritan all the way through,
The Puritan suit and the Puritan hat,
And the Puritan necktie, too.

The Puritan bonnet, the Puritan cloak,
And also the Puritan car,
The Puritan brand of tobacco we'll smoke
And the Puritan native cigar.

The Puritan stove, the Puritan toy,
The Puritan horse, and last,
We'll give the name to the college boy
Where'er he's inclined to go last.

grave of a dentist there run the lines:—

"View this gravestone with all gravity,
J. is filling his last cavity."

SHIPWRECK!

AND LOSS OF LIFE.

At the South Side of the
Island Sunday.

The wintry blast blew cold and piercing Saturday evening whirling the light-fallen snow into fitful drifts, and anon driving it in smothering clouds in the faces of belated pedestrians who wended their steps homeward with the convictions that 't would be a "bit ter nigh," and from many a heart went up a silent, but fervent prayer that no ill-fated vessel might be plying near the coast. As the night wore on the fury of the gale increased, the cold grew more intense, and when day dawned on Sunday the storm still raged with unabated fury. Dense clouds of drifting snow obscured the landscape and the mercury stood at 16 deg., and few ventured out unless compelled to. Shortly after seven o'clock it lighted up somewhat and the discovery made that

A Large Three-masted Schooner

was ashore at the south side of the island near the head of the Little Mioxepond. About this time the ill-fated craft was descried from the tower by Clark who immediately communicated the fact to the proper authorities and then perambulated the town announcing the dread intelligence which carried consternation and dismay to every hear.

The wrecking crew was promptly alerted and the humane society with coal, went ashore on Sconset beach.

April.

5. Special Town Meeting to act upon the question of establishing a fire department in Sconset.
16. Contract for building first section of Polpis road awarded D. W. & R. E. Burgess.
17. W. Clarence Jernegan run over by a loaded lumber team on Sconset road.
21. Town debt cancelled by the generosity of Charles O'Connor.
27. Slight fire in the house of Mrs. Margaret McCann, Lyons street.
29. Capt. Edward B. Hussey had a leg broken by being run over by a team.

May.

3. The vessel lay about two hundred yards from the beach. A fearful sea was raging which broke over her continuously sending clouds of spray masthead high and threatening her immediate destruction. Her boat was washed away and the fragments lay scattered along the shore. Several of the crew had taken refuge in the rigging and their movements were eagerly scanned. Finally the station crew succeeded in

Shooting a Line Over the Vessel,

to which was fastened a cable and word was shouted to them through the speaking trumpet to haul in. Faintly above the roar of the sea and howling gale came back the answer, "we can't, we are frozen." Finally, one of the crew more active than the others, secured the line and attempted to haul it in. By some means he lost his footing and

Fell into the Sea,

but clung to the line tenaciously. Willing hands began drawing him toward the land, but when half-way

ashore the line parted, and he was swept along on the resistless current for some distance parallel with the shore. He was evidently a good swimmer and struggled manfully for life, but without avail, and those who followed his course along the beach, ere long saw him swallowed up by the angry sea.

A second line was shot over the vessel and secured, but those on board were still unable to haul off the larger line. At this stage

An Heroic and Daring Attempt

was made to reach the vessel from the shore. The life-raft, manned by Messrs. Joseph M. Folger, Jr., Benjamin Beekman, Charles Small, Charles H. Cash, John P. Taber, William Morris, Horace Orpin, Benjamin Fisher and Everett Coffin, was launched, and at the risk of their lives they started to haul off by the small line attached to the vessel at the same time plying the oars. When about a third of the way from shore a big combing wave broke over the raft, knocking Mr. Beekman overboard and drenching the rest to the skin. Beekman clung to the raft and was taken on board. The shock snapped the line and the raft was hauled back to land by a rope fastened to it which had been paid out from shore.

Meantime these efforts were watched with intense anxiety by the men in the rigging, whose movements had become less and less active. Indeed, one of the number was evidently already dead, and soon after

Another Succumbed.

One arm and leg were thrust through the shrouds, the others hung listlessly down. His head drooped and he hung by the rigging in a horizontal position until a list of the vessel shook off his hold and the sea. His body was hauled ashore, secured and brought here it was taken to the society's house on Water street where it was subsequently as that of the captain.

Securing the Hawser.

Afternoon a third line was shot over the vessel. The shot mizzentopmast, glanced far outside the vessel, attempt planted the line across the vessel's bow. time but two active men were seen on the vessel and one of these only occasionally—the other only issuing forth occasionally from the forecabin. This line was secured to the forerigging. To it was attached a running block with a line rove through, the ends of which were retained on shore. When this block was securely fastened a large hawser was attached to one end and thus hauled off to the vessel by those on the beach.

Another Deed of Heroism.

The hawser was finally secured to the vessel after considerable trouble and delay, and an effort made to send off the breeches chair, but the lines had become so tangled that those on the vessel were unable to haul it off. At this juncture, Mr. Joseph M. Folger, Jr., volunteered to make the attempt to work himself off to the vessel in the breeches and had proceeded a short distance, but the line sagged so that it was evident that he must have been submerged long before reaching there,

and he was drawn back to land.

Two Survivors Rescued.

Meantime by dint of persistent effort those on board had succeeded in hauling the chair off little by little, until night coming on, obscured the vessel and the movements of the hapless crew from those on shore, and many left for home with heavy hearts. A number remained, however, and their ears were soon gladdened by hearing a voice from the vessel calling to "haul ashore!" Willing hands seized the rope and soon a man, more dead than alive was drawn, part of the way through the surf, to land. Eager hands conveyed him tenderly to a carriage in waiting and he was wrapped in blankets and quickly conveyed to the life-saving station. He proved to be the mate. Meantime another man was similarly landed, though in better condition, as during his transit the vessel heeled off shore, drawing taut on the hawser. From him it was learned that they two were the only survivors, four bodies remaining on the vessel, and three having been washed overboard.

The Particulars of the Disaster,

so far as learned, though somewhat meagre, are as follows: The vessel is the three-masted schooner "T. B. Witherspoon," of Rockport, Me., Capt. Alfred H. Anderson, bound from Surinam to Boston with a cargo of molasses, sugar, cocoa, pickled limes and spices. Her crew consisted of Burdick Berry, of Bristol, Me., mate, Maurice Ryder, of Lincolnville, Me., second mate, John Phillips, of the West Indies, cook, Charles Wulff (a German) of Boston, John Mattis, of Liverpool, ——— Nichols, of Amsterdam, and August Chase, seamen. There were also on board the mate's wife, Sarah F., aged 39, and child Sidney, aged 5. They had experienced bad weather for several days past and

Stranded about 5 A.M., Sunday,

during a thick snow squall. They were discovered by Patrolman Jonathan O. Freeman shortly after on his return from his western beat. About the same time they were seen from the station by Capt. Veeder. The station crew immediately hastened to their assistance, but with the result as already stated.

The Cook Was First to die.

Soon after the vessel struck he broke into a cask of rum, became intoxicated, and was drowned. Next one of the seamen was washed overboard and drowned, and subsequently the other seaman (probably Mattis.) The mate's wife was drowned in the cabin and the child soon after. At this calamity the mate became indifferent to his own fate and retired to the forecabin, from whence he was only induced to emerge through the persistent efforts of Wulff. The latter stood the severe exposure exceedingly well, being fully protected by thick clothing and continually exercising. He made persistent efforts to rescue the woman and child, but was unable to save them.

From documents etc., found on the body of the captain it was ascertained that he was a Freemason, also a member of the Masonic Mutual Relief Association and his remains will probably be buried by Union Lodge as will doubtless the wife and child of the mate, should their bodies be

recovered, Bristol Lodge. Me. News o'clock this breaking cargo strev Of the which have this is on ever know tails, and entire c have been been great ton, Newt instances t as overw happy vict many we inches in ing dista eager, yet assistance the beach witnessed thoughts faced whi

recovered, he being a member of
Bristol Lodge, F. & A M., of Bristol,
Me. News from the wreck up to 4
o'clock this morning reports her as
breaking up and a portion of her
cargo strewn along the beach.

Of the many cases of shipwreck
which have occurred upon our coast,
this is one of the most harrowing
ever known, considering all its de-
tails, and has cast a gloom over the
entire community. Others there
have been where the loss of life has
been greater, as the Earl of Egling-
ton, Newton, Haynes, but in those
instances the disaster was as sudden
as overwhelming, but here the un-
happy victims lingered along through
many weary hours, perishing by
inches in full sight and within speak-
ing distance of hundreds on shore
eager, yet powerless, to render them
assistance, and those who stood upon
the beach that dismal Sabbath day
witnessed scenes and experienced
thoughts which will never be ef-
faced while memory endures.

...because I love you I can see no good in others, have
care for others? No, Rebecca, unless you can
out that demon from your heart and feel sure
I hold you above all other women we had better

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Raymond's constant work.

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Below we publish the marriages and deaths for 1886.

MARRIAGES,

January.

2.—Dr. Nicholas E. Soule and Lucy R. Weaver.

February.

4.—Charles L. Marks and Alice Gibbs.
18.—James C. Woodside and Lydia B. Hallett.

April.

21.—George R. Folger and Elizabeth C. Macy.

May.

23.—Marcus Howes and Emeline B. Chadwick.
30.—Elliot Brown and Mary H. Eldridge.

June.

20.—John C. Jones and Sarah E. Chadwick.

July.

4.—Mark True Worcester and Mary Ingraham Pease; George W. Barrett and Agnes S. Marshall.

August.

31.—John P. Conway and Stella Johnson.

September.

1.—Everett H. Bowen and Annie S. Brock.
5.—William F. Neil and Lizzie B. Foley; Alexander McKennon and Nettie Sylvia.
7.—William F. Soverino and Lillian A. Barnard.
26.—John Fisher, Jr., and Emily C. N. Ruggles.

October.

2.—Albert P. Gibbs and Lilla Gibbs; Henry L. Fisher and Margaret Draper.

November.

28.—Stephen Hnssey, Jr., and Nellie Harps.

December.

4.—Oliver W. Cope and Mary A. Kite.
8.—George W. Gifford and Lizzie M. Bennett.
19.—Bailey F. Cornish and Ida A. Fisher.
21.—George H. Gardner 2d, and Phoebe G. Royce

DEATHS

January

6.—Elmer Smith, 7.
7.—Eliza C. Mitchell, 3, 5, 18.
18.—Lydia G. Smith, 10, 7.
22.—Annie M. Beebe, 29, 2.
25.—Albert C. Underwood, 7, 2.

February.

5.—Jennie W. Taylor, 9 10; Charles H. Taylor, 7, 5, 19.
8.—Lydia Frank Hull, 15, 5.
9.—Infant child of Frederick C. and Amelia C. Taylor.
10.—Frederick C. Taylor, 41.
—Bertie Swain Ray, 9 months, 26

—Anna F. Kelley, 24

—Stella Robinson, 14; Phebe Barnes

2.

—Roland C. Hinckley, 76, 8.

March.

—John R. Quinnell, 66, 7.
—Infant child of William H. and Anna Norcross; William C. Sylvaro, 9 months, 7 days.
8.—Charles H. Coffin, 52, 6.
11.—Harriet B. Worrton, 49, 5, 18; Lillian M. Taylor, 12, 10.
17.—Edwin Coffin, 85.
19.—George Parker, 73, 9, 7.
28.—Henry Gibbs, 29, 6.

April.

2.—Martha S. Cathcart, 61.
7.—Annie J. Burgess, 20, 2, 5; Sarah B. Dunham, 53, 6, 23.
9.—Lillie Ella Nickerson, 4, 4, 13.
11.—Lydia Ray, 75, 2.
16.—Samuel Woodward, 76, 9.
27.—Jasper F. Brown, 1, 6, 4.
28.—Bertha L. Worth, 5, 2.
29.—Charles C. Ceely, 7, 7.

May.

1.—Obed B. Worth, 1, 8, 11.
C.—Catherine Bowen, 65, 8.
6.—Phebe H. Folger, 45, 4.
9.—Raymond West, 4, 2.
13.—Emeline Swain, 77, 5.
23.—Joseph T. Sylvia, 73, 7, 11.
26.—Lottie R. Mandley, 5, 9.
29.—Lottie P. Holmes, 3.
31.—Mary E. Lewis, 30, 17.

June.

5.—Ethel S. Barrally, 6, 1, 15.
7.—Lucien M. Barrally, 7, 4, 15.
8.—George Lewis, 17, 9.
9.—Harriet Swain, 75, 4.
12.—Frederick S. Raymond, 58, 11.
13.—Eliza G. Barrally, 12, 3.
20.—Alexander Folger, 50, 9.
26.—James W. Gibbs, 33, 4.

July.

7.—Alexander M. Chase, 81, 10.
10.—Harry Sullivan, 11 months, 14 days.
11.—Elmer C. Williams, 5.
14.—Dennis Mack, 13, 11.
15.—Emma Wood, 42, 5.
27.—Samuel H. Winslow, 91, 4.; Lizzie S. Young, 41, 10, 18.
30.—Alice M. McCann, 9, 1.

August.

10.—Mary R. Norcross, 23, 7.
30.—Rebecca A. Enas, 67, 6.

September.

5.—Lydia R. Brown, 82.
8.—Charles M. Stackpole, 46, 9, 25.
11.—Charles S. Jenkins, 70, 10.
15.—Paulina F. Nicolson, 63, 26.
16.—Elizabeth G. Macy, 84, 5.
19.—Frederick Calder, 64.
20.—Lydia L. Howard, 11 mos.
21.—Alfred Swain, 82, 2, 6.
30.—Edward L. Harps, 49, 7.

October.

1.—Esther G. Gardner, 75, 1.
5.—Edith Thomas, 5 mos.
3.—Charles K. Manter, 57, 8.
4.—Heman Eldridge, 90.
7.—William C. Folger, 3d, 65, 7.
24.—Seth G. Folger, 46, 9.
27.—Stephen W. Keys, 46, 8.
31.—Emeline Elkins, 77.

November.

20.—Lydia Marshall, 86, 6.
21.—George B. Turner, 60, 9, 10.
23.—Stella Swain, 5, 24.

December.

19.—Angelica Sylvia, 76; George D. Coffin, 26, 1.
24.—Lurana S. Boden, 58.

Whose Name Will Be Added?

Below we present the names of persons who have served this place in the General Court from 1706 to the present time, as gleaned from the records of the town on file in the office of Town Clerk. The dates given indicate the year of election, which occurred in May (April in one or two instances) up to 1832, when the time of election was changed to November. There are one or two cases where no elections were held, which will account for missing dates:

- 1706—Richard Gardner.
- 1707-12—James Coffin.
- 1713—Ebenezer Coffin.
- 1714-16—James Coffin.
- 1717-18—Joseph Coffin.
- 1719-21—George Bunker.
- 1722—Jeremiah Gardner.
- 1723-40—George Bunker.

It being put to vote whether the Town will choose some person to serve for and represent them at the Great and General Court or assembly this year to be holden at Boston May the 27th, 1741. It passed in the negative.

At a town meeting July the 6th, 1741. Capt. Josiah Coffin is chosen by a major vote to serve for and represent the town at the General Court to be held at Boston, July the 8th, 1741, during their session and sessions for the year ensuing.

- 1742-43—George Bunker.
- 1744—John Bunker.

No record of a Representative from May 14, 1744 to 1746.

- 1747-65—Abishai Folger.
- 1766—Stephen Hussey.
- 1767—Timothy Folger.
- 1768-74—Stephen Hussey.
- 1774—Stephen Hussey (at Salem.)

At a legal town meeting at Sherborn June 1st, 1779, it was voted "that some suitable man be sent to the General Court to make answer to a Requisition sent to us from them; and to make a full and true Representation of the State facts that led us to send a memorial to the Commander of the British Army and Navy at Newport and New York, and that Stephen Hussey, Esq., be the man to go to the General Court in order to make answer to the Requisition as above."

At a Town Meeting held at Sherborn May 23d, 1780, it was voted "that the town will take some measures to get repealed a resolve of the General Court that passed the 23d of June last, respecting this town and the inhabitants thereof, and that Timothy Folger be the man to proceed to the General Court in order to endeavor to obtain a repeal of the said resolve."

- 1783-84—Alexander Coffin, Peleg Coffin, jr., and Stephen Hussey.
- 1785—Timothy Folger.

- 1786—George Hussey.

1789—Peleg Coffin and Alexander Coffin, the latter not to attend, unless the Selectmen thought necessary.

- 1790—Peleg Coffin.

1791—Micajah Coffin and Alexander Gardner.

- 1792-1807—Micajah Coffin.

1808—Micajah Coffin, Walter Folger, jr., Uriah Swain.

1809—Micajah Coffin, Uriah Swain, Shubael Coffin, Archalus Hammond, Daniel Whitney, George Cannon, Martin T. Morton, Jedidiah Fitch.

1810—Micajah Coffin, Daniel Whitney, George Cannon, Jedediah Fitch, Archalus Hammond, Shubael Coffin, Micajah Gardner, Obadiah Folger, George Gardner, 2d.

1811—Micajah Coffin, Shubael Coffin, Archalus Hammond, Jedidiah Coffin, Obadiah Folger, Micajah Gardner, George Cannon, Coffin Whippy.

1812—Micajah Coffin, Shubael Coffin, Micajah Gardner, Coffin Whippy, Archalus Hammond, George Cannon, Obadiah Folger, Simeon Coleman, Jedediah Fitch.

- 1813—Gilbert Coffin.

- 1814—Micajah Gardner.

- 1815—Micajah Gardner.

- 1816—Thaddeus Coffin.

- 1817—Walter Folger, jr.

- 1818—Josiah Hussey.

- 1819—Jonathan J. Barney.

- 1820—William Coffin.

1821—Francis G. Macy, Barker Burnell, Jethro Mitchell.

1823—Hezekiah Barnard, Gideon Folger.

- 1824—Francis G. Macy.

- 1825—Francis G. Macy.

- 1826—Hezekiah Barnard.

- 1827—Hezekiah Barnard.

- 1828—Peter Chase.

- 1830—George W. Gardner.

1831—Isaac Folger, David Baxter, Hezekiah Barnard.

1832—Isaac Folger, David Joy, George Myrick, David Baxter, Seth Pinkham, Jonathan Briggs, Jared Coffin.

1833—George Myrick, David Baxter, Seth Pinkham, Jared Coffin, Frederick Arthur, William R. Easton, Seth F. Swift, Jonathan C. Briggs.

1834—Seth Pinkham, William Jenkins, David Baxter, Rowland Hussey, Jonathan C. Briggs, William Watson, George M. Bunker, William R. Easton, Thaddeus Coffin.

1835—Benjamin Gardner, Jonathan C. Briggs, William Jenkins, Seth Pinkham, Frederick Arthur, George M. Bunker, Samuel H. Jenks, William Watson, William R. Easton.

1836—Barker Burnell, George M. Bunker, Jared Coffin, William Jenkins, Frederick Arthur, William Watson, Jonathan C. Briggs, Benjamin Gardner, Geo. B. Upton.

1837—Jonathan C. Briggs, George M. Bunker, Daniel Whitney, William S. French, William Watson, William R. Easton.

1838—Jonathan C. Briggs, Samuel H. Jenks, George Bradburn, Isaac Brayton, Frederick C. Macy, Josiah Swain.

1839—David Joy, George Bradburn, Benjamin Gardner, Jonathan C. Briggs, Samuel H. Jenks, William B. Mitchell.

1840—George B. Upton, Jonathan C. Briggs, Benjamin Gardner, George Bradburn.

1841—David Joy, Obed Barney, George G. Folger, Charles G. Coggeshall.

1842—George G. Folger, Obed Barney, Hiram B. Dennis, David Baker.

1843—George G. Folger, David Baker, Daniel Jones, jr., Charles Wood.

1844—George Harris, David Baker, Charles Wood, William C. Starbuck.

1845—Frederick Arthur, George Harris, David Thain, Justin Lawrence.

1846—William Barney, Joseph Mitchell, Obed Barney, Sanford Wilbur.

1847—Joseph Mitchell, William Barney, David Baker, Justin Lawrence.

1848—William C. Starbuck, William Barney, Joseph Mitchell.

1849—William Barney, Joseph Mitchell, Reuben Meader, Edward W. Cobb.

1850—James H. Briggs, Reuben Meader.

1851—Henry C. Worth, James H. Briggs, William Barney.

1852—George H. Folger, Josiah Swain, William B. Mitchell.

1853—David Wood, Josiah Swain, Edward Hammond.

1854—John B. King, Josiah Swain, James Thompson.

1855—John Morrissey, William Barney, Edward Hammond.

1856—John Morrissey, Edward Hammond, William W. Wood.

1857—Joseph Mitchell, Charles Wood.

1858—Peleg Ray, James F. Cobb.

1859—James Thompson, Charles Wood.

1860—Elisha Smith, Alfred Swain.

1861—Elisha Smith, Andrew J. Morton.

1862—Andrew J. Morton, Charles F. Brown.

1863—Elisha Smith, Reuben P. Folger.

1864—Joseph Mitchell, 2d, Reuben P. Folger.

1865—Joseph Mitchell, 2d, Isaac H. Folger.

1866—William P. Hiller, Reuben P. Folger.

1867—Reuben P. Folger, William H. Waitt.

1868—Isaiah F. Robinson.

1869—Reuben P. Folger.

1870—Edward M. Gardner.

1871—Robert F. Gardner.

1872-73—Edward McCleave.

1874-75—Joseph Mitchell, 2d.

1876—Charles B. Swain.

1877-80—Henry Paddock.

1881-82—Josiah Freeman.

1883-86—John W. Hallett.

1887—Henry Riddell.

1888-89—Anthony Smalley.

1890—Arthur H. Gardner.

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AN INTERESTING OLD DOCUMENT.—
The following list of names of Nan-
ucket Indians has recently come to
light. It was found in an old Bible
recently sold to a Cliff Cottager. This
Bible is bound in leather, and has two
brass clasps. It is King James's ver-
sion, with Royce's version of the
Psalms. Imprint: "Edinburgh. Prin-
ted by Alexander Kincaid, His
Majesty's Printers. 1762." On the
inside of the front cover the following
is written: "£ 6—10. O. T."

The sheet of paper containing the
names is a trifle over twelve inches long,
and nearly eight inches wide, ribbed
linen paper, yellow with age. The
names of the Indians cover completely
both sides of the paper in two columns
on each page. The copy is as exact
as it is possible to make it. One name
is uncertain owing to a fold in the
paper.

The meaning of the heading is un-
certain. Is it a list of Indians that
died at nearly the same date? Is it a
copy of an older record running
through a term of years? Some peculi-
arities look in this direction, as the
two ways of spelling certain names:
"Elisabeth" and "Elizabeth;" "Dor-
cas" and "Darcus". Possibly these
are two names. There is a tradition
of a fatal plague among the Indians.
Did this occur about the time of this
record?

The few elderly people to whom
this paper has been shown have recalled
anecdotes about some of these Indians.
Among these is one about the whipping
of one of the women at the public
whipping-post upon her body naked to
the waist. Very likely there is more
sentiment lavished upon the Indian of
to-day, out upon the Western Plains,
than the great grand-parents of the
present Islander bestowed upon his
dirty, thriftless and thieving Indian
neighbor. Another anecdote is told
about Ben Cheegin's unsavory remark
to one of the Island kings of his day.

Some of the names will be recognized
as now attached to certain localities,
as Tashma's Island in Gibbs's pond,
and Tom Neavers Head. The INQUIRER
AND MIRROR will open its columns to
any matter that will give light upon
this record.

AN ACCOUNT OF INDIANS DECEASED. . 1 OF
AUGUST, 1763.

Sarah Tashma	Oald Esors wife
Susanna Ease	Second Smug
Abigail Jehoop	Jo Poppomer
Hannah Easake	Sarah Wossey
Abigail Tittus	Abigail York
Hannah Robin	Easter Ease
Sarah Challenge	Darcus Homney
Ales Jude	Christian Tashma
John Tandy	Hannah Junkin
John Tandy's wife	Dorcas Levi
John Tandy's boy	John Titus
Jee Tittuss Wife	Eben Small
Saml. Panchamas wife	Richard Reape
Saml. Panchama	Marthar Junkin
James Panchamas	Hannah Spotso
wife	James Pock
Jee Tittus	John Arons wife
Benja Jobe	John Mooneys wife
Ticoma	Old Squah Rafe
Jemima Bright	Old Josiah
Betty Titus	Patience Dick Jacob
Betty Eager	Ben Cheegin
Patience Munke	James Netawar
Saml. Cheegin	James Panchamas Daug
Rose Toto	and wives daughter
Amsi	Jo Sampsons wife
Jonathan Smalls Wife	Jo Harcaluss wife
Jeremiah Netawar	Darcus Qual
Betty Sampson	Hannah Bonney
Betty Sampsons	Patience Bonny
Daughter	Sarah Josiah
Hagar Jusap	Darcus Jacob
Eave Poppomer	Patience Panchama
Betty Panchama and	Hannah Benja
wife	Hitta Aaron

Janathan Spotses	Abigail Ishena
Zachara Neavers boy	N———Is wife
Peleg Manus wife	Zacheus Hoop
John Sauls boy	Jo Quadys wife
Jonatham Pinkhams	Nortuna
boy	Abiah Quawk
Barney Spotsor's wid-	Saml. Poppoiners
ow	daughter
Oald Chance	Simon Peteray
Susanna Poppomer	Martha Potter
Jonathan Neaver	Daniel Cheegin
Abigail Smug	Jo Potters daughter
Jonathan Spotsors boy	Jo Bonney
Tom Fosters son	Betty Cordody
Oald Betty Sampson	Oald Titus
Margaret Junkin	Oald Taudy
Charity Jethrow	Eben Sandy
Zachara Neavers boy	Eben Sandys wife
Daniel Taudy	John Saul
Mary Sandy	Patience Pock
Peter Zacharas wife	Saml. Mykeys wife
Sarah Qual	Betty Neave
Simon Peterays wife	Simon Peterays wife
Oald Nonish	Rachel Foster
John Tory	Barney Foster
John Mordeca	Sarah, a stranger
James Poppomer	Shabael Pinkham Sandy
Jonathan Spotsers	Easter Spotser
wife	Mary, a stranger
Jonathan Spotsers	Zachara Neaver
child	Ruth Calep
Susanna Neaver	Jeremiah Netawars
Moll, a stranger	child
Peleg Wany	Smugs child
Jo Potter	O. H. Molatto
Elisabeth Ease	Dorcas Junkin
Betty Topsha	Abigail Netawar
Saml. Poppoiner	Margaret Saul
Elizabeth Eases	Oald Shubael Serpent
daughter	Isaac Apte
Zachara Neavers son	Oald Eben Cane
Jee Sauls wife	Boy Spotser
Ephraim Nacks boy	Tom Ichabod
Oald Taudys wife	Tom Jaspur
Titus Harcaluss wife	Jo Sampson
Barney Fosters	Oald Mordeca Easake
daughter	Jo Micha
Smug	Ephraim Nick
Hitte Arons daughter	Tom Ichabod
Eave Maca	Tom Arons wife
David Quail	Dinah Sponak
Josiah Spotser	Tom Aron
Boy Smug	John Esop
Mordeca Shai	John Dimons boy
Hitta Benja and child	Elias Echaraca
Saml. Micha	

NOTE—Excepting in two cases, the possessive
case is marked only by a final "s"

Below we publish a list of the deaths and marriages in Nantucket during the year 1887:

DEATHS.

January.

- 5.—Martha Gardner, 86 yrs.
- 6.—Nathan B. Gardner, 87 yrs.
- 8.—Fred'k M. Robinson, 60 y. 7 m. 15 d.
- 12.—Lydia Brown, 96 yrs. 5 mos.
- 17.—Isaac Gardner, 87 yrs. 4 mos.
- 24.—Mary F. Austin, 74 y. 6 m. 17 d.
- 28.—Thomas M. Gardner, 66 yrs. 5 mo.

February.

- 3.—Frank A. Mitchell, 1 y. 3 m. 7 d.
- 4.—Sarah G. Clark, 76 yrs. 7 mos.

March.

- 3.—Mary Allen, 90 yrs. 5 mos.
- 14.—Phebe Hussey Folger, 50 y. 8 m.
- 17.—Emily A. Allen, 48 y. 9 m. 23 d.
- 18.—Marion Stanly Turner, 3 yrs. 5 mo.
- 19.—Susan W. Barnard, 79 yrs.
- 22.—Betsy Fuller, 93 yrs. 7 mos.
- 23.—Anna F. Coggeshall, 71 yrs.
- 24.—Timothy S. Chase, 63 y. 1 m. 4 d.
- 29.—Thomas Mack, Jr., 32 y. 1 m. 24 d.

April.

- 2.—Lucinda Atkins, 72 yrs. 2 mos.
- 4.—Mary P. Swain, 2d., 58 yrs. 2 mos.
- 5 ds.; Lydia G. Gardner 66 yrs.
- 5.—Mary W. Winslow, 67 yrs.
- 6.—Sarah S. Paddock, 74 yrs. 9 mos.
- 19 ds.; Mary S. Folger, 71 yrs. 3 mos.
- 20.—Mary Hosier, 73 yrs. 6 mos.
- 23.—Caroline S. Skinner, 67 yrs.
- 25.—Lizzie Hoy, 22 yrs. 11 mos. 23 ds.

May.

- 12.—James Williams, 92 yrs.
- 13.—Charles A. Thomas, 16 yrs.
- 18.—Everett H. Swain, 26 yrs. 4 mos.
- 20.—Azulah Gould, 70 yrs.

June.

- 9.—Nathaniel C. Cary, 89 y. 5 m. 20 d.
- 10.—Mary Hussey Chase, 54 yrs. 8 mos.
- 11.—Hepsibeth S. Bunker, 41 yrs. 9 mo.
- 16.—Marietta Coffin, 26 yrs. 16 ds.
- 21.—Albert S. Mowry, 50 yrs.
- 29.—Joseph F. King, 50 yrs. 5 mo. 21 d.

July.

- 3.—James Collins.
- 9.—John S. Bagg, 39 yrs.
- 21.—Henry W. Davis, 76 yrs.; Theophilus Key, 82 yrs. 6 mos.
- 27.—Eliza Macy, 82 yrs.

August.

- 3.—Timothy H. Fisher, 64 yrs.
- 6.—Dexter S. Stone, 50 yrs.
- 18.—Hepsibeth Weeks, 82 yrs.
- 24.—Joseph S. Steingardt, 52 yrs.
- 25.—Daniel C. Ring, 32 yrs. 9 mos.
- 27.—Madeline Sylvia, 5 mos.
- 30.—Alexander Bunker, 75 yrs. 12 ds.

September.

- 6.—Sarah D. Mitchell, 69 yrs. 2 mos.
- 7.—Isaac Hussey Folger, 44 yrs. 2 mos.
- 18.—William Taylor, 71 yrs. 3 mos.
- 20.—Obed G. Coffin, 78 yrs. 9 mos. 10 ds.; John P. Barnard, 81 yrs. 4 mos.
- 21.—Sarah Paddock, 74 yrs. 18 mos.

October.

- 2.—Mary Ann Raymond, 78 y. 6 m. 1 d.
- 7.—Prince W. Ewer, 78 y. 7 m. 23 d.
- 18.—Allen H. Gifford, 76 y. 11 m. 17 d.
- 23.—Frederick W. Oldrich, 53 y. 6 m.
- 24.—Hattie A. Barrett, 20 yrs. 18 ds.
- 27.—Lydia Case.

November.

- 2.—Sarah M. White, 57 yrs.
- 4.—George E. Thomas, 5 y. 6 m. 13 d.
- 7.—Viola B. Thomas, 2 y. 4 m. 24 d.
- 14.—Sarah M. Hallett, 67 yrs. 8 mos.
- 25.—Cora E. Gibbs, 23 yrs. 7 mo. 17 ds.

December.

- 1.—Alfred Scudder, 74 yrs; 2 mo.; Hepsibeth Osborne, 88 yrs.
- 3.—Sarah W. Hussey, 86 yrs. 5 mos.
- 19.—Friend Cain, 75 yrs. 9 mos. 6 ds.
- 23.—Albert P. Fisher, 43 yrs.

MARRIAGES.

January.

- 16.—Erastus Chapel and Marietta Smith.

February.

- 15.—James H. Luce and Mary J. Harding.
- 17.—Willie F. Gibbs and Cora E. Coleman.

April.

- 21.—John H. Foster and Mary E. Sinkenson.

June.

- 5.—Albert Coffin and Carrie Andrews; Edgar M. Cook and Annie McGowan.

- 8.—Nathaniel Nunn and Stella L. Chase.

- 15.—Ellen Wood B. Coleman and May Brayton.

October.

- 3.—John E. Thomas and Sarah L. Chase.

- 16.—Wallace C. Marden and Anna L. Cash.

- 23.—Walter N. Chase and Lydia B. Morris.

- 25.—Harry C. Mowry and Lizzie P. Murphey.

- 29.—Sylvester G. Whelden and Della Curran.

November.

- 1.—Thomas F. Sansbury and Edith A. Dunham.

- 6.—Albert P. Chase and Nallie Gallagher.

- 15.—George M. Spencer and Mary N. Orpin.

- 20.—Samuel B. Smith and Annie L. Ellis.

- 24.—Frank M. Jones and Lizzie A. Hussey.

- 26.—W. Fletcher Winslow and Helen F. Swain.

December.

- 11.—Walter S. Coleman and Cecelia A. McLaughlin.

- 21.—George C. Holmes and Mary A. Raymond; Charles W. Thurston and Florence Peterson.

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DURING 1888.

MARRIAGES.

January.

1.—Obed F. Mendell and Sarah J. Lane.

19.—Hiram Reed and Helen Francis.

February.

12.—Charles C. Thomas and Lillie R. Orpin.

April.

12.—William C. Ray and Amelia P. Morris.

July.

15.—Paul W. Clisby and Mrs. Susan B. Dunham.

August.

8.—Albert A. Crocker and Mary P. Nye.

September.

9.—Perry Winslow, Jr. and Florence Swain.

12.—Clarence Clough Buel and Mary Alice Snow.

24.—Joseph R. Lewis and Isabella Garrett; Austin H. Brown and Edith M. Rice.

27.—John Morissey and Charlotte E. Wyer.

October.

2.—Edward F. Coffin and Lydia Herting Belmont.

11.—William R. Morris and Clara A. Fisher.

24.—Frank H. Thurston and Clara J. Fish.

December.

2.—Arthur C. Folger and Ellen M. Hatch.

23.—Willis Higgins and Zetta Folger.

DEATHS.

January.

16.—Lydia, wife of Capt. Eben Coleman, 81.

21.—Joseph B. Macy, 66, 2.

27.—Florrie Hodge, 20, 2.

February.

4.—Lydia Hathaway, 75; Gertrude Ayers, 6 weeks.

8.—Mary Fosdick, 86, 5.

9.—Mary P. Macy, 69, 10, 22.

12.—Mary Hussey, 75, 3, 20.

13.—Elijah H. Alley, 68, 9, 8.

14.—George Starbuck, 76, 5, 9.

16.—William R. Perkins, 80, 3, 23.

21.—Lydia F. Cathcart, 87, 6, 1.

March.

16.—James S. Norcross, 72, 1, 11.

19.—Jerusha A. Gardner, 87, 8.

20.—Lizzie G. Holmes, 23 days.

24.—Deborah Ray, 90, 10, 24.

28.—Robert Williams, 21.

April.

2.—George H. Cash, 65, 3.

7.—Mary Coffin Brayton Holt, 79.

8.—William C. Marden, 52, 1, 20.

9.—Sarah W. Smith, 66, 3, 1.

11.—Sarah Swain, 87, 9, 8.

20.—Eunice Chase, 79, 8.

24.—Sarah Waterman, 73, 7.

May.

6.—Amelia Brown, 46, 3; Mary Stephens, 31, 11.

14.—Charles Brown, 73.

15.—Rebecca Folger, 87.

17.—Kate Crocker, 32.

22.—Mary A. Barnard, 82, 5.

27.—Joseph A. Sylvaro, 73.

28.—Oliver S. C. Barrett, 23, 7, 8.

June.

11.—Susan F. Worth, 69.

12.—Eliza B. Coffin, 83, 9.

13.—Sally Watson, 89, 9 days.

14.—Willie M. McNamara, 6, 11, 23.

17.—Joseph B. Swain, 73, 5, 17.

25.—Lucy Brown, 78, 8.

July.

1.—Nathan F. Fish, 47, 9 days.

16.—Eliza Lawrence, 84, 1, 27.

20.—Edward W. Brooks, 32, 1, 4.

24.—Edward P. Gardner, 83.

25.—Timothy W. Calder, 65, 4, 21.

28.—Susan F. Oldrich, 2, 3;

George A. Thomas, 57.

31.—Mary Sylvia, 67, 9, 5.

August.

4.—John Taylor, 23, 6, 3.

5.—Ellen Ayers, 57, 6, 15; Margaret

Ring, 60; Emily A. Bunker, 67, 5.

13.—Julia Brattle Burbank, 90, 10, 9.

19.—John Miller Gardner, 75, 8.

25.—Roby Gibbs, 89, 10.

27.—Maria Friend, 48, 5, 27; Nettie

Fogarty, 29, 10.

31.—William C. Macy, 61, 5.

September.

—Rachel McIntosh, 77, 26 days.

8.—Ethel S. Morey, 11 days.

5.—Susan G. Swain, 77, 9.

15.—Elizabeth Turner, 86, 9.

18.—Nathaniel G. Chase.

20.—Sarah Backus, 97, 25 days

Nancy Fisher, 59, 4.

22.—Elizabeth F. Brown, 85, 8.

10.—Hannah White, 80.

24.—Margaret B. Nickerson, 75, 7.

October.

2.—Henry D. Robinson, 63, 8, 7.

5.—Eliza Bump, 70.

18.—Eliza Marvin, 39.

20.—James E. Crawford, 77, 6, 16.

22.—Mary C. Glidden, 74, 3, 20.

30.—Susan S. Hamblin, 61.

November.

16.—Deborah Robinson, 78, 2.

22.—Eliza Sylvester, 85.

December.

10.—Lydia M. Wing, 64, 4.

17.—Charles G. Gardner, 81, 3.

COASTERS.

We give below another corrected list of the "coasters" of Nantucket, which has received several additions since last week. We would request any person who can give us further additions to do so, as it is our desire to make the list complete, if possible:

NAME.	PORT.	MASTER.
Sloop Abel Hoyt.....	Boston.....	Charles Myrick.
Sch. Amazon.....	".....	Reuben G. Pinkham.
Sloop Alpha.....	".....	".....
" Ann.....	".....	".....
Sch. Aerial.....	Boston.....	Arvin Baker.
Sloop Argue Not.....	Barnstable.....	Nathan Coleman.
" Barclay.....	New York.....	Samuel B. Swain.
" Betsey.....	".....	Z. Cathcart.
" Comet.....	Lighter.....	Jonathan Colesworthy.
" Copy.....	New York.....	Thomas A. Gardner.
" Clarissa.....	".....	Calvin Bunker.
" Conveyance.....	Boston.....	Alexander Paddock.
" Clio.....	".....	".....
Sch. Champion.....	New York.....	Edward H. Swain.
Sloop Crusade.....	Lighter.....	John Riddell.
" David.....	".....	".....
" Delight.....	N. Bedford.....	Barzillai Burdett.
Brig Dromo.....	General Merchant.....	Benjamin Lawrence.
Sch. Eliza Jane.....	Baltimore.....	James H. Barnard.
Sloop Edna.....	Lighter.....	Jethro Coffin.
Sch. Elizabeth.....	Philadelphia.....	Bounce.
" Enterprise.....	Boston.....	Z. Hamblen.
Sloop Experiment.....	".....	Charles Hayden.
" Expense.....	Falmouth.....	Thomas Swain.
Sch. Exact.....	Providence.....	Isaiah Folger.
Sloop Elect.....	Albany and Troy.....	Charles B. Macy.
Sch. Eunice H. Adams.....	Baltimore.....	Freeman E. Adams.
" Eagle.....	".....	Obed B. Swain.
" Elisha Brooks.....	Baltimore.....	Thomas Potter.
" Emeline Potter.....	Philadelphia.....	Bounce.
" Edward W. Gardner.....	".....	".....
" Perry.....	".....	Paul B. Macy.
" Factor.....	Providence.....	Shubael Allen.
Sloop Fame.....	New Bedford.....	John Luce.
" Fenwick.....	".....	".....
" Frolic.....	Falmouth.....	Joseph Hamblin.
" Franklin.....	Boston.....	Daniel Whitney.
Sch. George Washington.....	New York.....	Alex. Robinson.
Sloop Glide.....	".....	Job Coleman.
" George.....	".....	Hiller.
" Galen.....	Boston.....	Benjamin C. Chase.
" Handscrabble.....	Lighter.....	David Starbuck.
" Hawk.....	".....	".....
" Hunter.....	".....	".....
" Hazzard.....	".....	".....
" Henry.....	Lighter.....	Lindzey Riddell.
Sch. Hope and Susan.....	Portland.....	Charles Folger.
" Imperial.....	New York.....	Chas. P. Swain.
Sloop Iris.....	Lighter.....	George Luce.
Sch. Jacob Raymond.....	Philadelphia.....	Bounce.
Sloop Julia Ann.....	Lighter.....	Zimri Cathcart.
" Leader.....	New York.....	Daniel Russell.
" Laura.....	Lighter.....	Moses Smith.
Sch. Louisa.....	Philadelphia.....	E. H. Morton.
Sloop Laurel.....	".....	".....
Sch. Lurana.....	Fishing.....	Francis Coffin.
Sloop LaGrange.....	Edgartown.....	Chas. B. Macy.
" Martha.....	Albany and Troy.....	Nichols.
" Mary Nichols.....	Providence.....	Manuel Enas.
Sch. Manuel.....	Lighter.....	Freeman E. Adams.
" Mariner.....	Baltimore.....	David G. Patterson.
" Mary and Emma.....	".....	Ariel Coffin.
Sloop Maria.....	New Bedford.....	Thomas V. McCleave.
" McDonough.....	Lighter.....	Thomas Swain.
" Mechanic.....	".....	Charles Myrick.
" Nantucket.....	Boston.....	John Riddell.
" Napoleon.....	Lighter.....	Zenas L. Adams.
" Nancy Finley.....	Albany and Troy.....	Kimball Starbuck.
" Omega.....	Providence.....	Baker.
Sch. Olympos.....	Portland.....	Matthew Crosby.
Sloop Patriot.....	New York.....	Joseph Nickerson.
" Prudent.....	Albany and Troy.....	John Luce.
" Portugal.....	New Bedford.....	W. Chadwick.
Sch. Penobscot.....	Portland.....	John Pinkham.
" Pilot.....	Baltimore.....	Myrick.
Sloop Rapid.....	Boston.....	Geo. Luce.
" Robert.....	Lighter.....	Owen Wier.
" Rose.....	New York.....	Bearse.
Sch. R. B. Smith.....	".....	".....
Sloop Sally.....	Boston.....	Alex. H. Robinson.
" Senator.....	New York.....	Daniel Russell, jr.
Sch. Susan.....	".....	".....
" Sukey.....	Fishing.....	Frederick Myrick.
" Superb.....	".....	Starbuck.
" Success.....	".....	Aaron Coffin.
" Silas Parker.....	New Bedford.....	Camet.
Sloop Tallant.....	".....	Thos. Hiller.
" Traveller.....	New York.....	John Rav.
" Tawtemeo.....	New Bedford.....	David Thain.
Sch. Telescope.....	Philadelphia.....	Andrew Mitchell.
Sloop Triumph.....	New York.....	Manuel Enas.
" Teazer.....	Lighter.....	Dillingham.
" Union.....	Albany and Troy.....	Jonathan Baker.
" Warren.....	Lighter.....	Henry C. Pinkham.
Sch. W. O. Nettleton.....	Boston.....	H. S. Snow.
Sch. Island City.....	".....	Joseph Gorham.
" Onward.....	".....	O. G. Coffin.
" Rainbow.....	".....	Latham Bunker.
Sloop Alonzo.....	".....	George Meader.
" Fair American.....	".....	Valentine Hussey.
Sch. Caroline.....	".....	Frederick.
" Ruby.....	".....	Peter Lewis.
" Mariner 1st.....	".....	David Cottle.
" Monthrope.....	".....	Reuben Starbuck.
Sloop Empress.....	".....	Cromwell Barnard.
" Hancock.....	".....	".....
Sloop Union 1st.....	".....	Thomas.
" Dispatch.....	".....	Tristram.
" Aurora.....	".....	Joseph Earl.
" Fame 1st.....	".....	Shubael Allen.
" Fame 2nd.....	".....	Laban Swain.
" Flora.....	".....	Wm. Perkins.
" Mason's Daughter.....	".....	Manuel Enas.
" Hero.....	".....	Collins.
" Juno.....	".....	".....

William Hiller.
Benjamin Cartwright.
Arthur Macy.
Bardick.
Christopher Mitche l.
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Valentine Swain.
Jethro Mitchell.
William Robinson.
Luther Gifford.
Samuel Cary.
Wm. Mooers.
Henry Tracy.
Thomas Hiller.
Ferris.
Gifford.
L. W. Gardner.
J. Thompson.
C. L. Ferris.
Alden Adams.
Wm. Hayden.
L. L. Adams.
Wm. Fitzgerald.
N. B. Kelley.
E. S. Clark.
Jos. Nickerson.
Wm. Patterson.

Elenora.....
" Charlotte.....
" Lorraine.....
" Christopher.....
" Warwick.....
" Happy Couple.....
" Seahorse.....
" John.....
" Saphronia.....
" Eliza.....
" Wm. and Nancy.....
" Betty Mooers.....
" Stren.....
" Sloop Regulator.....
" Sloop Lady Hope.....
" Sloop Alice.....
" Sloop Philadelphia.....
" Sloop Evelyn.....
" Sloop Hammon.....
" Sloop Church.....
" Sloop Lucy.....
" Sloop Mangum.....
" Sloop Trull.....
" Sloop Northern Belle.....
" Sloop Jersey Blue (Propeller).....
" Sloop Jersey Blue.....
" Sloop Prudent.....
" Sloop Gamme Cook.....

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1889.

Another year has rolled around, and we present, as usual, a list of marriages and deaths of resident Nantucketers, at home and abroad, furnished us by Lauriston Bunker, Esq., Town Clerk, to date. It appears from the records that the marriages have been more numerous than for twenty-three years, while the mortuary list is less than for any twelve months for fourteen years:

MARRIAGES.

January.

- 1.—Benjamin B. McCleave and Eunice F. Appleton.
- 3.—Arthur C. Easton and Phebe L. Coleman.
- 12.—William Nickerson and Sadie L. Francis.
- 14.—William W. Long and Lizzie D. Topham.
- 16.—Abner Hoxie and Eunice C. Marchant.
- 27.—William S. Clark and Ida L. Smith.

February.

- 6.—Philip Murray and Marianna Lewis.
- 28.—John Stockley Cary and Emily R. Coffin.

March.

- 24.—Benjamin H. Alley and Anna Taylor.

April.

- 11.—Henry Schneider and Clara E. Ames.

May.

- 3.—Charles B. Cathcart and Lulu M. Tompkins.
- 11.—Arthur Folger and Winnifred C. Ellis.
- 13.—Edgar F. Wyer and Lillie W. Chapel.
- 16.—Thomas B. Field and Mary E. Cary.
- 26.—William W. Burgess and Maggie Scanlan.
- 30.—James H. Lee and Harriet N. Crocker.

June.

- 13.—Charles A. Coon and Ellen H. Macy.

July.

- 8.—Harrison G. Gardner and Anna F. Boden.
- 24.—Frank F. Murdock and Alice M. Gardner.
- 28.—William A. Woodard and Caroline D. Swan.

August.

- 8.—Joseph W. Smith and Nancy C. Sylvia.
- 9.—William F. Whitbeck and Jennie Barnes.
- 12.—Charles P. Whipple and Annie M. Allen.
- 15.—Albert W. Ellis and Alma L. Worcester.
- 20.—Augustus Pitman and Elizabeth Mahoney.

September.

- 4.—Rollin M. Allen and Sarah L. Marchant.
- 9.—Stephen C. Burgess and Cora S. Burgess.
- 14.—Henry H. Miller and Helen Gray.
- 17.—John L. Coates and Julia Emery.
- 18.—Thomas C. Hovey and Evelyn C. Morris.
- 19.—Harrison Myrick and Katharine A. McQueen.
- 21.—Andrew E. Moore and Mary A. Cotter.
- 24.—Albert F. Thatcher and Lena A. Weymouth.
- 25.—Alfred L. Sylvaro and Catharine McBride.*
- 25.—Thomas B. Hoy and Minnie Hill.

October.

- 6.—Horace L. Gibbs and Susie S. Chadwick.
- 8.—Horace G. Norcross and Joanna W. Schuster.*
- 9.—John C. Emery and Jennie S. Chadwick.
- 17.—David W. Lewis and Mary E. Nickerson.
- 23.—Llewellyn E. Crowell and Mary E. Allen.
- 30.—Lincoln J. Ceely and Emma G. Drew.

November.

- 3.—Eben W. Francis and Sara B. Lowell.
- 9.—John Terry and Katie McDermott.*
- 14.—Arthur S. Allen and Ellen L. Way.
- 17.—Allen Smith and Lydia C. Folger.
- 20.—John H. Bartlett and Nannie A. Looney.*

December.

- 1.—Charles C. Morris and Etta Bartlett.
- 18.—James A. Backus and Linda B. Small.

* Married abroad.

DEATHS.

January.

- 5.—Harry C. Cathcart, 22, 4, 16.
- 6.—Lloyd R. Degen, 29, 8.
- 8.—Henry C. Pinham, 74, 4, 24.
- 15.—Uriah S. Manter, 79, 7.
- 18.—Henry F. Coffin, Rochester, N. Y., 75, 5.
- 22.—Alexander B. Pinkham, East Boston, 51, 5, 6.
- 26.—Anna G. Grant, Providence, R. I., 44, 4.

February.

- 4.—Sarah Clisby, 87, 5; John H. Chadwick, 46, 6, 4.
- 5.—Albert C. Macy, 69, 10, 17.
- 6.—David F. Chase, 92, 5, 21.
- 13.—Mary B. Hussey, 65, 11.
- 17.—Sarah Hamblin, 79, 10.
- 18.—George A. Chadwick, 64, 1.
- 21.—Rosanna Leonard, 68.
- 24.—Charlotte S. Lawrence, Brookline, 82, 4, 13.
- 28.—Martha A. Coffin, 76, 4, 15.

March.

- 8.—William H. Bennett, 76, 4, 4.
- 9.—Eliza B. Easton, 81, 0, 5.
- 10.—Eunice F. Pitman, 85, 3, 16.
- 11.—Marcus McNamara, 32, 5, 6.
- 18.—Mary L. Myrick, 38, 2, 6; Eliza Barney, 86, 11, 9.
- 21.—Charles E. Coffin, New York, 61, 1, 12.
- 22.—Andrew G. Hussey, 69, 3.
- 28.—Robert Sawyer, 79.

April.

- 3.—Chandler B. Gardner, 78, 9, 29.
- 6.—Eunice Coleman, 83.
- 7.—John H. Hosier, 78, 9, 20.
- 11.—George R. Coffin, 73.
- 19.—Mary E. Fuller, 31, 11.
- 28.—Joseph Winslow, 67, 8.

May.

- 1.—Alice Swain, 87, 0, 19.
- 2.—Jacob B. Gibbs, 69, 6.
- 3.—Sarah Linnell, 86, 3.
- 13.—Susan C. Harris, 46.
- 13.—William C. Hussey, 90, 8, 7.
- 15.—George W. Barrett, 28, 7.
- 18.—William B. Ray, 69, 6, 11.
- 26.—Sylvester Hodges, 81, 3, 17.
- 27.—Emeline E. Macy, Boston, 52, 5, 22.

June.

- 2.—Herbert L. Holmes, 0, 1, 5.
- 4.—Susan Gardner, South Boston, 67, 5.
- 11.—Oliver C. Bunker, 71.
- 13.—Harriet B. Kelley, 64; Fannie L. Smith, Waltham, 28, 10, 11.
- 15.—Nancy Perkins, Milford, 80, 4.
- 20.—Edward T. Kelley, New York, 59, 4.
- 21.—Eliza Gillespie, 89, 2.
- 24.—Moses Beekman, 38.

- 23.—Phebe B. Chace, New Bedford, 88, 8.
- 28.—Maria Mitchell, Lynn, 70, 10, 28.

July.

- 11.—Sa nuel R. Worth, Chelsea, 62, 5; Elbridge G. Thompson, 35.
- 21.—John S. Cathcart, 75, 5, 7; Edward Boden, 71.
- 22.—Oscar E. Dunham, 2, 0, 7.
- 23.—Edward G. Bartlett, 65.
- 26.—Ralph R. Dunham, 0, 5, 21.
- 27.—John B. King, 81, 2.

August.

- 7.—Lydia C. Davis, 74, 10, 15.
- 10.—George W. Coffin, 84, 10, 5.
- 18.—Jemima S. Rhodes, 39, 1, 26.
- 21.—Robert H. Finch, 7, 9, 10.
- 24.—Martha McCleave, 69, 10, 17; Charles D. Coffin, Brooklyn, 77.
- 26.—Annie L. Macy, 0, 0, 2.
- 28.—Ann Bailey, 78, 8.
- 29.—Katharine Mitchell, 38.

September.

- 2.—Benjamin F. Coffin, 75, 9, 1.
- 3.—John B. Thomas, Boston, 46, 5, 8.
- 7.—Ann Gardner, 85, 2.
- 8.—Melinda Hunter, 84, 10.
- 9.—Charles Starbuck, 83, 8; Althea Burgess, 0, 4, 0.
- 12.—Patrick Conway, 67.
- 20.—Edwin C. Ring, 0, 2, 20.
- 20.—Ann B. Raymond, 85, 0, 27.
- 22.—William Owen, 80.
- 26.—Edmond G. Gibbs, 47, 10, 2.
- 27.—Elizabeth Franklin, Boston, 40.

October.

- 4.—George C. Gardner, 2d, 80, 8, 15.
- 9.—Mary E. Horn, 72, 3, 24.
- 15.—George Bowen, 88, 10, 2.
- 16.—Unknown (washed ashore) about 35.
- 17.—Addie L. Harps, Brockton, 19, 8, 12.
- 18.—George F. Hosier, 76, 9, 5.

November.

- 3.—Hannah Finn, 90; Deborah Tenney, 69, 1, 7.
- 6.—William A. Hussey, 1, 3, 3; Emeline Chadwick, 77, 7.
- 10.—Harry L. Folger, 16, 2, 13.
- 13.—Mary P. Starbuck, 67, 2, 6.
- 15.—Love P. Jernegan, 68, 6, 18.
- 28.—Eliza Russell, 86, 3, 4.

December.

- 20.—Fannie M. Macy, Washington, D. C., 30.

ADDITIONAL MARRIAGES IN DEC., 1889, SINCE OUR LAST.—28.—Edward H. Clark and Mable Easton; Roland C. Easton and Clarissa Norcross.
29.—James A. Holmes, jr. and Susie P. Morey.

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1890.

Another year has rolled around, and we present as usual, a list of marriages and deaths of Nantucketers, at home and abroad, furnished us by Lauriston Bunker, Esq., Town Clerk.

MARRIAGES.

January.

1.—Samuel F. Coffin, Nantucket, and Harriet Coffin, Nantucket.

February.

11.—Arthur Williams, Nantucket, and Marion A. Crocker, Nantucket.

15.—John R. Hendricks and Johanna McCarthy, Nantucket.

23.—George W. Allen, Nantucket, and Jenny S. Derby, Fitchburg.

March.

22.—Frank W. Gardner, Jr., Nantucket, and Susan A. Small, Nantucket.

April.

20.—Herbert A. Tobey, Nantucket, and Lydia G. Hatch, Nantucket.

May.

9.—William H. Kimball, Wells, Me., and Mabel F. Cordes, Nantucket.

28.—Edmund W. Folger, Nantucket, and Sarah F. Smith, Nantucket.

June.

17.—Max Wagner, Nantucket, and Mary Jane Macy, Nantucket.

29.—Edwin Jenkins, Nantucket, and Hattie W. West, Nantucket.

July.

11.—Charles H. Goodell, Adams, and Grace G. Blossom, Nantucket.

6.—James H. Wood, Jr., Nantucket, and Etta C. Marden, Nantucket.

August.

25.—Lacious Black Eagle, Oklahoma, and Mary Ann Canoe, Quebec.

26.—Henry C. Coffin, Nantucket, and Evelyn F. Coon, New Bedford.

September.

1.—Maurice Coleman, West Newton, and Maria Cox, Nantucket.

October.

8.—James W. Westgate, Nantucket, and Annie A. Holmes, Nantucket.

16.—Albert E. Peck, Franklin, and Kittie F. Nichols, Horse Heads, N. Y.

21.—Everett James, Nantucket, and Leonora E. Roberts, Nantucket.

23.—George W. Drew, Nantucket, and Laura F. Degen, Nantucket.

December.

11.—Dr. Arthur E. Jenks, Nantucket, and Anna C. Starbuck, Rochester, N. Y.

11.—Charles L. Hunt, Boston, and Amelia Folger, Nantucket.

24.—Arthur A. Dexter, New Bedford, and Grac L. Gardner, Nantucket.

DEATHS.

December, 1889.

29.—Thomas H. Macy, 61, 11.

31.—*George P. Smith, 62, 5, 2.

January, 1890.

2.—Emeline Cash, 66, 6, 5.

11.—*Sarah A. Gifford, 49, 7.

13.—*Edwin Swain, 60, 10, 10.

15.—*Andrew Lawrence, 73, 10.

19.—*Justin Lawrence, 83, 5.

23.—Cromwell Barnard, 80, 11, 25.

26.—Henry Lewis, 16.

29.—William Clisby, 83, 4, 22.

29.—Keziah Allen, 94, 4, 12.

30.—Eunice Sayer, 86, 10.

February.

8.—Johanna Phinney, 89, 8.

11.—Eliza H. Hussey, 51, 5.

13.—Harriet A. Wood, 74, 5.

27.—Eliza A. Folger, 89, 5.

March.

2.—Thomas E. Gibbs, 65, 11, 2.

15.—William C. Gifford, 79, 7.

18.—Lydia S. Gifford, 80, 3, 2.

21.—Mary C. Davis, 82.

22.—Charles H. McCleave, 72.

23.—Thomas Ray, 73, 6, 9.

23.—Eliza B. Thomas, 1, 1, 13.

25.—William C. Folger, 3d, 59, 1, 20.

April.

7.—*Mary A. McMaken, 58, 11.

8.—Lydia J. Spencer, 71, 4.

9.—Benjamin Taber, 68, 7.

13.—John M. Orpin, 34, 10.

20.—Francis Mitchell, 81, 8.

22.—Josiah C. Gardner, 86, 8.

22.—Margaret C. Worth, 79, 6.

May.

2.—Louise C. Stratton, 85, 7, 22.

8.—Lydia W. Folger, 68, 5.

12.—John Gray, 60, 3.

14.—*Lydia B. Reynolds, 46, 3, 14.

19.—Eunice C. Coffin, 86, 3.

20.—*Elizabeth C. Ramsey, 34, 2.

26.—*Lydia Clark, 87, 0, 13.

June.

1.—Lydia B. Hussey, 51, 11, 25.

3.—Eliza B. Appleton, 69, 5, 3.

7.—Julia S. Macy, 69, 5.

13.—John P. Swain, 87, 2.

17.—Arthur T. Bearse, 19.

23.—*Mary A. Curtis, 48, 2.

July.

14.—Lucretia Trafton, 89, 3.

14.—Anna W. Brayton, 59, 6.

19.—Helen Swain, 51, 11.

31.—Lydia F. Potter, 69.

August.

2.—Brigdet Maken, 66, 1, 14.

2.—Susan Fisher, 65, 0, 14.

11.—Daniel T. Dunham, 67, 2, 25.

13.—Frederick C. Sanford, 81, 6, 10.

19.—*Edward W. Knevals, 33.

25.—*Marcus Starbuck, 50, 0, 10.

27.—George Wendell Macy, 75, 0, 6.

September.

1.—Blanche M. Turner, 0, 3, 23.

1.—*Elizabeth Gilbert, 77, 11, 0.

3.—Lydia S. Bunker, 75, 7, 0.

4.—Burnice D. McCleave, 0, 3, 0.

9.—Thomas McCleave, 80, 0, 0.

14.—Eunice Hunt, 83, 11, 0.

29.—Cromwell Morselander, 82, 0, 3.

30.—George Parlow, 64, 2, 8.

October.

13.—Catharine Killeen, 84, 0, 0.

14.—*Harriet P. Allen, 59, 8, 19.

17.—Perry Winslow, 74, 8, 0.

November.

8.—*Sarah Bunker, 60, 5, 0.

9.—*Henry Coffin, 18, 4, 29.

10.—*Mary P. Crocker, 25, 2, 0.

12.—Benjamin C. Clark, 84, 2, 0.

16.—Stephen G. Gibbs, 73, 0, 10.

18.—Henry A. McCann, 43, 9, 5.

21.—Louisa E. B. Nye, 23, 7, 0.

22.—David Bunker, 72, 6, 4.

25.—George Atwood, 79, 9, 19.

25.—Margaret B. Burns, 96, 8, 5.

December.

11.—Sophia M. G. Harris, 42, 9, 0.

12.—Oliver P. Smith, 20, 0, 16.

13.—Mary B. Thain, 87, 3, 0.

16.—George Barrett, 81, 11, 0.

18.—William Morton, 90, 7, 0.

20.—Mary Hurley, 90, 0, 0.

21.—Phebe C. Brooks, 75, 10, 0.

30.—Francis S. Worth, 61, 4.

30.—Jennie Sanborn, 28, 2, 16.

*Nantucketers who died abroad.

Record of 1891.

We present below, as has been our annual custom, a record of the marriages and births during 1891, compiled for us by Town Clerk Bunker, from which it may be seen that but seventeen couples courted Hymen—a very small matrimonial list.

Of deaths the number was 80, including 15 non residents, making the total 65 deaths occurring on the island during the year—just five less than in 1890. Of births there have been 27 registered, as against 50 in 1890.

MARRIAGES.

January.

12.—James O. Francis and Mary E. Danforth.

February.

24.—Benjamin W. Joy and Annie W. Dunham.

May.

13.—John W. Brady and Miriam F. Sandsbury.

24.—John R. McCormick and Mary S. Brown.

August.

18.—Elmer H. Hall and Mary F. Veeder.

September.

3.—Abbott H. Thayer and Emeline B. Beach.

20.—Roland F. Coffin and Elizabeth Crosby.

22.—Alfred B. Lefford and Beatrice T. Flynn.

October.

5.—William M. Hendricks and Flora C. Orpin.

11.—Everett N. Long and Maugerita B. Scharpf.

11.—Charles H. Killeen and Jennie Forster.

18.—Engene S. Burgess and Florence Manter.

—Henry Maine and Jennie May

—William H. Barrett and Emma Harps.

November.

22.—George W. Hatch and Bridget Theresa Mahon.

December.

3.—Caleb F. Allen and Lydia R. Galvan.

24.—Manuel Sylvia and Mary C. Lewis.

DEATHS.

[Names preceded by an asterisk (*) are those of non residents, or residents who died abroad]

January.

3.—Lavinia W. Castro, 75.

5.—Edward G. Orpin, 79, 11.

6.—Elizabeth G. Coggeshall, 49, 9.

8.—Augustus Morse, 83.

11.—Eliza M. Easton, 59, 9, 17.

16.—Louisa Fisher, 80, 10, 14.

27.—Charles C. Swain, 72, 1, 15.

February.

3.—George A. Coffin, 75, 2.

6.—*Harriet A. Worth, 64, 1, 4; Peter G. Smith, 85, 6.

8.—Martha G. Sylvia, 28, 16 days.

14.—Susan Thompson, 75, 11, 23.

March.

4.—Sarah B. Crocker, 57, 26 days.

11.—William H. Macy, 64, 9, 21.

14.—Rebecca Morse, 76, 4, 3.

15.—Rebecca P. Norcross, 72, 11, 6.

26.—Eliza W. Burgess, 57, 2, 19.

27.—Charles C. Mooers, 72, 5, 14.

31.—*Kate Putnam, 27, 9, 2.

April.

4.—John W. Hallett, 64, 1, 27.

5.—Sylvanus B. Howes, 55, 9, 21.

6.—Mary H. Tracy, 82, 20 days.

9.—*Mary L. Paddock, 81, 3, 15.

17.—Nancy B. Cary, 77, 10, 4.

26.—*Robert F. Gardner, 76, 2, 15.

29.—Stephen Bailey, 74, 11.

May.

3.—Harriet T. Ellis, 56, 10.

4.—*Ansel T. Vaughn, 56, 1.

7.—Henry Schneider, 27, 9.

18.—Sarah M. Richardson, 83, 3.

26.—George S. Brown, 55.

27.—Clarissa Ames, 91, 9; Mary G. Clark, 79, 4, 23.

31.—*Eugenie Fabens, 60, 28 days.

June.

6.—Sarah W. Folger, 75, 7, 10.

18.—Thomas Coleman, 90, 11;

Adeline H. Brown, 57, 4, 15; Alfred

Folger, 71, 2, 1.

21.—Robert F. Macy, 68, 6, 8.

23.—Adelia Bodfish, 72, 6.

July.

1.—Susan A. Luscomb, 77, 4, 17.

2.—*George W. Ray, 77, 6, 5.

4.—Sarah Ellis, 77, 9, 14.

10.—David G. Hussey, 78, 8, 5.

16.—*Charles C. Liverpool, 20, 1, 15,

21.—Ann Burgess, 59,

27.—William J. Burgess, 55, 3, 8

August.

3.—*Frank M. Mitchell, 68.

4.—Ernest P. Taber, 1, 11, 2.

8.—William H. Little, 85, 1, 10.

10.—*Lizzie G. Wooding, 5 months,

3 days.

16.—Elizabeth S. Soule, 53, 7, 9.

20.—Leroy Folger, 8 months.

25.—Herbert Lewis, 8 mos., 9 days.

30.—Harriet Josephs, 75, 1, 12.

September.

1.—Sarah R. Grew, 88, 23 days.

7.—Patrick Maroney, 81.

12.—Lewis E. Thomas, 31.

25.—Eliza Myrick, 96, 10, 10.

26.—Lillian W. Gibbs, 24, 1, 20.

October.

8.—Sophronia B. Jenkins, 73, 5, 8.

13.—Alice E. Coffin, 1 month, 15

days.

14.—George B. Coffin, 78, 9, 10.

23.—Mary M. Bunker, 67.

24.—John Alban Kite, 36, 1, 11.

28.—*Frederick G. Coffin, 64.

31.—William G. Chadwick, 71, 7, 11.

November.

5.—*Nathaniel Burgess, 79, 9.

10.—William C. Folger, 85, 10, 4.

20.—Judith C. Sheffield, 78, 28 days.

26.—*Frances C. Mathews, 63, 2, 23.

December.

1.—Sarah B. Devlan, 68, 8, 11.

4.—Lydia F. Long, 64, 7, 21.

6.—Eliza Austin, 82.

7.—Annie L. Francis, 10, 7, 19;

Reuben Waldron, 85.

16.—Sarah D. Bennett, 65, 4, 6;

*Ellen Mitchell, 59, 6.

20.—*William H. Caswell, 79, 6.

26.—*Bridget E. Kelley, 72.

27.—Cora L. Mitchell, 2, 8, 11.

31.—Robert Mitchell, 75, 3, 28.

HE WANTED TO RIDE.

A heavily built man wearing a gray ulster and a slouch hat, walked into a Harlem drug store last Saturday evening, and said:

"Do you handle plasters?"

"Yes, sir, we carry a fine line this season," answered the clerk.

"I want a plaster six feet by four."

"A what?" gasped the astonished pillmaker.

The man in the ulster took a flyer to the nearest cuspidor, leaned on the toothbrush case, and said:

"Young man, I've got the grip. I ache in every square inch of my body. My hair aches, my teeth ache. I want a plaster as big as a bed quilt, and when I'm wrapped up and tucked in, I reckon me or the grip will get drawn out. Are you with me?"

"We only carry plasters in regular sizes," said the clerk apprehensively.

"What are they?"

"Well, about seven inches by ten."

"Reckon you're thinkin' of postage stamps?"

"No, plasters."

"Court plaster, perhaps," suggested the customer incredulously.

"Certainly not," said the clerk.

"Take me for an idiot, don't you?" inquired the other angrily. "Perhaps you think a sick man like me can spend time coverin' his shape with gummed labels and election pasters. Young man, I don't want no jokes and no foolishness. I mean business."

"Sorry, sir; plasters only come in regular sizes."

"People buy those 7x10s?"

"Certainly, sir."

The man in the ulster took another flyer at the cuspidor and meditated.

"There's about thirty square feet on my body," he said at length. "I reckon I need about four dozen plasters, young man. Any reduction on 'em by the dozen?"

The clerk retired behind the desk and consulted.

"Ten per cent.," he said on reappearing; "but I find we've only got forty-one altogether, including five red pepper plasters."

"Red pepper, hey," said the customer, brightening up; "that sounds like business. I'll take the whole lot, young fellow. Taint just the way I expected to do it, and I hate to sit up nights pasting on plasters, but when a man's got the grip there ain't no attention too good for his."

"I am left and young, but the row will lay."

"From my soft young cheek one day—"

"Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves,"

"As you did 'mong the blooms of May?"

"Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep"

"I may launch my all on its tide?"

"A loving woman finds heaven or hell"

"On the day she is made a bride."

"I require all things that are good and true,

"All things that a man should be;

"If you give this all, I would stake my life"

"To be all you demand of me."

"If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook"

"You can hire, and little to pay;

"But a woman's heart and a woman's life"

"Are not to be won that way."

TWO QUAIN EPITAPHS.

It is perhaps because humor largely consists in incongruity that tombstone inscriptions so often evoke a smile. One such, for which the writer can personally vouch, but which he has never seen in print, stands in the churchyard of

ment was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory and a specimen of his work. Monuments of this same style, \$250."

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C	26.—Henry C. Coffin, Nantucket, and Evelyn F. Coon, New Bedford.	2
	September.	
C	1.—Maurice Coleman, West Newton, and Maria Cox, Nantucket.	1
S	October.	
C	8.—James W. Westgate, Nantucket, and Annie A. Holmes, Nantucket.	1
	16.—Albert E. Peck, Franklin, and Kittie F. Nichols, Horse Heads, N. Y.	3
M	21.—Everett James, Nantucket, and Leonora E. Roberts, Nantucket.	13
	23.—George W. Drew, Nantucket, and Laura F. Degen, Nantucket.	14
	December.	
	11.—Dr. Arthur E. Jenks, Nantuck- et, and Anna C. Starbuck, Rochester,	8
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Besides our annual subscription of one hundred dollars from a benevolent lady, formerly of Nantucket, known to us all, we gratefully acknowledge the receipt of \$25 from Mr. Otis E. Weld, of Boston.

We have helped relieve the wants of eighteen persons the past year, one of whom has been called home. It is now twenty years since this society was organized, and it is very gratifying to feel that we have been enabled to do something toward making more comfortable and pleasant the end of life's journey to many of the unfortunate among us.

OLIVE B. MEADER.

Treasurer's Report.

Cash in Treasury Jan. 1st, 1892	\$214.04
Cash rec'd from interest and donations	366.39
Cash received from members	231.67
	\$812.10

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Cash paid for expenses	\$ 2.90
Cash paid for old people	746.00
	\$748.90

Leaving balance Jan. 1, 1892 \$ 63.20

List of Investments.

Cincinnati 7 per cent. bond.	\$1,000.00
Boston City 4 per cent. bond	200.00
N. B. Five Cent Savings Bank	1,000.00
N. B. Institution for Savings	1,000.00
Roxbury Savings Bank	1,500.00
Charlestown Five Cent Savings	1,000.00
Eliot Five Cent Savings	1,000.00
Nantucket Institution for Savings	1,207.67

Total of permanent fund \$7,907.67

President's Address.

Friends and co laborers in the blessed mission of caring for the destitute aged people of both sexes in our goodly town of Nantucket, we most cordially greet you this evening, and cheer each other in that we are enabled, by the faithful adherence of our members to this cause, to carry on with renewed energy, its noble Christian work. We believe it to be purely Christian. It has no sectarian prejudices. All are welcome to its benefits without distinction of color, race or sex. Relief Association. How suggestive is the name! Its ministering is true worship, while the good acts done are in themselves fit offerings of duty to both God and humanity. This society is not only a source of much comfort to some of our people now, but we have the faith to believe its benefits will reach many, in time to come. It is like a tree planted, whose foliage shall grow and flourish. Let it be watered and nourished, until its branches extending, shall afford shelter and shade for many generations of all who may need. Its ministrations, so grateful to the unfortunate, aged people, are also very satisfactory to ourselves, in the thought we have helped smooth the rough way of their declining days.

That has been most characteristic in our position together in this modest work, that the experience which has been ours while ministering to these worn hearts tasting the acid and gall of life has not after all been a bitter medicine to us, but, "there have been honey drops too for the taste." As we have become one in spirit, we have had the deep satisfaction after listening to their sorrows and trials that a dependent age ever brings, they make us feel as they bow down and lean upon us, that life is indeed more than an empty dream; and that our responsibilities as they come upon us, uplift us higher and higher in the scale of being, and make us feel that our Father placed us here to live for others more than for ourselves, to help each other bear the burdens of life, and to be sharers of each other's sorrows as well as sharers of each other's joys. We have many calls for assistance that we cannot answer, from the means in our treasury, but we live in the hope that the time will come when we may not be obliged to deny aid to a single individual who needs. Our funds are strained to the utmost with our present demands. Yet there are many willing hearts that have liberally responded to our calls, they have stood by us all these years; and with a godly spirit, have given often times unasked. In this little island home it is the few who are called upon to bear most of the expense of charitable work. This relief association has had a most benign influence upon all our people. It carries a blessing in each act that helps ameliorate the condition of a single in-

dividual. It has been a healthy stimulant to a large hearted public. This evening is the anniversary of its birth. The winter sun has coursed twenty cycles since it came into being. The good it has done cannot be counted. In the winter of 1873, a few ladies met to see what could be done to assist respectable, aged persons who were needy, in enabling them to spend their last days in their own quiet homes. A few dollars were subscribed in five dollar pieces. Noble people then came to the front, and the means increased, until now our treasury numbers several thousands. Yet the interest is not near enough to relieve the many who seek assistance. The question is often asked "Why do you not, in your needs, use some of your principal?" I answer, "We have been very provident and kept the faith, that we should never encroach upon our principal." Had we done so, there would be now no such institution as the Nantucket Relief Association, excepting as it might be mentioned in history. In the beginning a few of the committee struggled to divide what means it could command into two portions; a usable fund, and a permanent interest fund, and to keep the latter intact. By perseverance and argument we managed to carry points, and this society stands now as one of the most respected, healthy, charitable organizations in this community. I am well aware that this is a worn-out subject as a whole, to most of you, yet as we hold our annual meeting we feel assured that you will try to have patience, even if we do reiterate the same old story of age and want, and suffering, and heart-ache. We have met this evening, not to laud the merits of what has been accomplished by this most humane of all the societies of our time, but to encourage those of our number who ply the laboring oar, and by whose faithfulness and devotion to its best interests, have brought them forward to their present issue.

There are many worthy persons in our midst who need assistance. To make bright the declining years of some of our best citizens; to smooth the bed of sickness of such who have seen better days, and to scatter rays of sunshine into the homes of these who have fought the battle of life with faithfulness and fidelity, and who are now nearing its end with slight worldly success or compensation, save the blessed one of doing the best they could, and making the best of circumstances; this is a truly noble work, and Heaven must, and has, smiled upon it, in the generous responses with which its call has been answered. This is indeed a holy charity, and as Portia said of mercy, to the Jew.

"It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed; It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes; It is an attribute to God himself."

As we strive to educate the divine element in our nature, human weal is the all-absorbing thought. It is our work; we are all especially called to take hold of everything in human life and character and society, to make it healthful and helpful and better. It is not only the generous thought, but the generous act, that has wings strong enough to reach Heaven; and there is no religion but that which finds its way out of the hand in good deeds, and out of the lips in good words. It devolves upon us to find our work in every thing that is human. It is human to listen to human needs and sorrows, and it is divine to respond to these calls. The true object in life is to care for others, to try and live for them. Our own trials and sorrows are lightened when we give of our sympathy to those about us. We go astray when we care too much for ourselves. Money, culture, light, strength and happiness are not given us for ourselves or our own use, but for the help of each other. I rejoice that we live in this glorious age; for the world is full of benevolent, large-hearted souls,

"Whose primal duties shine aloft like stars, And charities that bless, and soothe, and heal, Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers."

My friends who have gathered here To make arrangements for another year, To hear reports, and these to duly scan, The good results of your true generous plan; Show how you have bestowed with kindly hand The little means to aid, you can command;

The gathered mites that faithful love may give,
To aid the sufferer, help the feeble live;
Cheer the sad heart, bring joy, and banish fears,
Soothe the poor widow's woe and stay her tears:
Where once were clouds, bring sunshine to a home,
Staying the wanderer's feet, no more to roam,
Repressed some jarring thought, and hasty speech;
So in true charity a lesson teach.
The quiet generous sympathy, so freely given
To wounded souls seems as a ray from Heaven.
If in love's spirit generous deeds are done,
They as a tribute to our Lord do run;
So said our great exemplar once in Galilee:
Done to the least of these, is done to me.
If loving faith and charity accord,
His promise was, that it should have reward.
Then my good friends, in faith keep on your way,
"Sure of His blessing, who is staff and stay."

A WOMAN'S ANSWER TO A MAN'S QUESTION.

BY LENA LATHROP.

Do you know you asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above?
A woman's heart and a woman's life—
And a woman's wondrous love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out—
Man like you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall be always hot,
Your socks and shirts be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,
I require a far greater thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for socks and for shirts,
I look for a man and a king—

A king for the beautiful realm called home,
And a man that he did on the first,
Shall look upon as he did on the first,
And say "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day—
Will you love me then 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mong the blooms of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are good and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all your demand of me.

If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook
You can hire, and little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

TWO QUAIN EPITAPHS.

It is perhaps because humor largely consists in incongruity that tombstone inscriptions so often evoke a smile. One such, for which the writer can personally vouch, but which he has never seen in print, stands in the churchyard of the old Cathedral of Winchester in England and records the death of a soldier who died of a fever "contracted by drinking cold beer when hot." This touching stanza follows:

"Here lies in peace a Hampshire grenadier,
Who met his death by drinking cold small beer,
Comrades, be warned by his untimely fall,
And when you're hot drink strong, or none at all."

The following epitaph is reported from another English graveyard:

"Sacred to the memory of the Reverend ———, who, after thirty years' unremitting labor as a missionary, was accidentally shot by his native attendant. Well done, thou good and faithful servant."—Munsey's Magazine.

The Rev. Dr. A. G. Lawson of Philadelphia, when once sitting next to Dr. Edward Everett Hale at a banquet, asked the great Boston divine why Boston is called the Hub. With one of his subtle flashes of wit Dr. Hale replied: "Boston is the Hub because out of it go spokesmen of the wheel of mankind who never tire of doing good to their fellows."

JUST FOR FUN.

If an S and I and an O and a U,
With an X at the end, spell Sur;
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray what is a speller to do?
Then if also an S and an I and a G
And an H E D spell side,
There is nothing much left for a speller to do
But to go and commit sinuxescribed.
—Winnipeg Review.

During 1893.

We present as usual the record of births, marriages and deaths for 1893, compiled from official records to date:

BIRTHS

January.

3. Barbara, daughter of Clinton and Ida A. Parker.
4. Lewis R., son of Andrew T. and Elizabeth A. Backus.
10. Elliot E., son of Edward H. and Elizabeth R. Whelden.
14. Charles H., son of Charles S. and Mary A. Vincent.
19. Cora Ella, daughter of Willie F. and Alice Gibbs.
31. †Andrew S., son of John P. and Teresa E. Conway.

February.

1. Reginald F., son of Oliver C. and Mattie M. Hussey.
28. Alanson W., son of Israel M. and Mary E. Swain.
28. Walter C., son of George W. and Bridget T. Hatch.

March.

1. William A., son of Henry and Jennie M. Main.
9. Viola B., daughter of Reuben H. and Martha S. Folger.
25. Foster L., son of Edward B. and Helen M. Lewis.
31. Amy, daughter of Joseph M. jr. and Elizabeth Folger.

April.

2. Lillian E., daughter of Clinton C. and Emma Macy.
10. Harold, son of Charles L. and Alice M. Marks.

May.

7. Edna May, daughter of Herbert and Alena M. Parker.
15. Grace E., daughter of Benjamin R. and Nellie M. Shaw.
20. Julia A., daughter of Lawrence and Maggie E. Ayers.
28. Stephen A., son of Edward and Annie E. Ryan.

June.

6. Elizabeth M., daughter of Ethan and Christina C. Allen.
25. Worthington, son of Thomas W. and Gertrude King.

July.

6. George H., son of George W. and Mary Rogers.
15. Louise, daughter of Herbert A. and Lydia G. Tobey.
17. A son to Frederick and Fanny Campbell.
18. Chester LeRoy, son of Edward F. and Frances J. Holmes.
29. Frances A., daughter of George A. and Augusta C. Dunham.

August.

12. *A daughter to George W. and Laura F. Drew.
18. Charles B., son of Thomas B. and Emma E. Bickerstaff.
26. Anna S., daughter of Antone S. and Louisa F. Sylvia.

September.

6. Agnes, daughter of John J. and Sarah Shelton.
7. Blanche H., daughter of Henry C. and Evelyn F. Coffin.

October.

18. Clifford R., son of Obed A. and Mary J. Morris.
18. Frank, son of Philip and Marianra A. Murray.
23. Etta M., daughter of Charles S. and Emma F. Norcross.
25. *Eliza F., daughter of William and Jennie F. Owens.

November.

7. Mary E., daughter of Andrew and Margaret Duffy.
7. Horace R., son of Horace G. and Joanna W. Norcross.
27. Jose, son of Jose and Rose J. Brown.

December.

8. Frances R., daughter of Benjamin W. and Anne W. Joy.
10. Amy F., daughter of Joseph L. and Annie A. Sylvia.
11. Mary F., daughter of John C. and Mary Ring.
15. Ellenwood, son of Edmund W. and Sarah Folger.
15. Erla Crosby, daughter of Willard B. and Annie M. Marden.
19. A daughter to James A. and Linda B. Backus.
20. A son to Frank P. and Helen L. Chadwick.
22. Stephen F., son of Frank A. and Emily F. Mitchell.
26. Ellison H., son of Benjamin E. and Emma C. Pease.

* Non resident parents.

† Born in Sydney, Australia.

MARRIAGES.

January.

18. Louis S. Ray and Marietta Hamblin.
19. *Horatio S. Haines and Mary O'Connell.
25. †Daniel W. Folger and Amanda M. F. Kelley.

February.

7. Harrison F. Fisher and Elizabeth G. Beekman.
12. Edwin B. Robinson and Mary A. Jones.

March.

29. Arthur J. Barrett and Lizzie D. Smith.
30. *Wilmot H. Hersey and Adelaide Harps.

April.

3. Benjamin E. Pease and Emma C. Harps.

May.

18. Willard B. Marden and Annie M. Greyer.

June.

4. *Arthur A. Norcross and Annie M. Backus.
7. Wallace Gardner and Marion Oberempt.
20. Frank Nickerson and Grace L. King.

August.

20. Warren B. Chase and Annie B. Coffin.
26. *David Ives Mackie and Isabel Turley.
26. Lauriston B. Fisher and Susan P. Sandsbury.
29. John C. Smith and Evelyn James.

September.

6. *William M. Black and Ellonise Eldredge.

October.

8. William I. Sandsbury and Gertrude Clisby.
14. Obed A. Wright and Sarah J. Mooney.
16. George W. Burgess and Lizzie A. McLaughlin.
16. Clinton S. Folger and Eva Gardner.
18. Ernest G. Elliott and Florence B. Knighton.

November.

25. Alfred Starbuck and Elizabeth Maroney.

*Reside abroad.

†Married abroad.

DEATHS.

January.

4. Charles A. Burgess, 85, 2, 11.
7. Elizabeth A. Ames, 58, 2.
12. Louisa Michael, 50; Fidelia Quinell, 76, 1.
18. Phebe Pitman, 91, 8, 10.
19. Delia M. Gardner, 84, 6, 16.
20. Asa P. Jones, 78, 0, 6.
23. Joseph O. Bodfish, 75, 5, 4.
24. Lucretia Folger, 79, 6.
26. Margaret Lawrence, 66, 10, 18.

February.

1. Florence M. Holway, 20, 7, 25.
5. Sarah J. Sandsbury, 52, 1, 5.
25. Oliver C. Hatch, 63, 5, 26.

March.

2. Charles D. Marsh, 64, 7, 3.
4. Lydia M. Smith, 3 mos.
5. John G. Orpin, 70, 8, 14.
10. Harry A. Dyer, 1, 7.
13. Mary A. Starbuck, 67, 1.
18. *Delia M. Arthur, 82, 0, 21.
21. Elizabeth Coffin, 78, 8.
24. *Charles M. Gardner, 56, 11, 13.

April.

1. William H. Chadwick, 46, 0, 2.
4. Bethia Gibson, 86, 8, 24.
5. Edward S. Folger, 73, 6, 17; Lillian E. Macy, 2 days.
7. John H. Hoeg, 78, 2.
10. Filomena Medina, 42, 4, 4.
14. Allen W. Creasy, 3, 2, 20.
18. George M. Swain, 85, 8.
23. *Charles B. Swain, 83, 11, 19.

May.

4. Moses P. Ellis, 85, 3, 24.
5. *Lucretia F. Bunker, 60, 8.
7. Elisha S. Phinney, 69, 9.
8. Arthur E. Dunham, 1, 3, 9.
12. Edward W. Perry, 81, 9; Mary P. Alexander, 65, 8, 8; *Thomas B. Wade, 49, 1, 27.
15. Ralph Gardner, 8, 6, 22; Mary A. Miller, 77, 8.

18. Isaac S. Riddell, 78, 4.
21. Michael Nevins, 75.
26. *Elizabeth A. Starbuck, 71.
27. Amy Folger, 2 mos.
31. *Eva Smith, 22, 8, 11.

June.

3. Josephine Fisher, 52, 7.
9. Charles F. Joy, 81, 11.
10. Mary Swain, 89, 4, 26.

July.

5. *Emeline B. Sayer, 86, 2.
7. Edward A. Turner, 23, 3, 7.
17. *Mary A. Pinkham, 75.
25. Oliver B. Fish, 65, 5.
27. Walter S. Coleman, 2, 4, 26.

August.

12. *William S. French, 87.
17. Manuel A. Lema, 1, 1, 5.
20. Ann C. Lovell, 73, 8.
23. Jane Manter, 78.
23. Sarah Swain, 85.
25. *Reginald Gazlay, 27.

September.

10. Louise Tobey, 2 mos.
10. Charles E. Starbuck, 48, 9.
16. Barbara Parker, 0, 8, 13.
24. Louisa Mitchell, 83, 11.

October.

2. Charlotte Coleman, 86.
3. John M. Colesworthy, 67, 5, 18.
5. *Charles F. Gibbs, 21, 9.
7. *Thomas B. Meader, 78.
8. Timothy Coleman, 83, 8.
8. Elbert M. Dunham, 27, 6.
9. *Charles H. Orr, 45.
13. Olive F. Scott, 77, 6, 20.
17. Lincoln Swain, 0, 9, 5.
20. Elizabeth M. Morey, 83, 8, 13.
21. Charles Swain, 67.
26. George P. Whippey, 72; Bar-
zillai Nickerson, 72, 2.
30. Alfred G. Cary, 48, 9, 4.

November.

3. Julia A. Mooney, 63, 4, 14.
6. Lewis R. Backus, 0, 10, 2.
7. Henry R. Plaskett, 80, 10, 23.
22. William Henry, 85.

December.

3. Mary B. Winslow, 62, 8.
13. *Robert B. Gardner, 52.
16. Emily G. Wright, 67, 6, 27.
17. *William B. Foley, 33; *Judith
P. Kelley, 76.
20. ——— Backus, 1 day.
23. Mary J. Hooper, 67, 2, 1.
25. Ann Eliza Sylvia, 7, 3, 20; Fran-
cis S. Wiederhold, 72, 7.

*Resident who died abroad, or non-resident
who died here.

Robert B. Gardner
In Memoriam.

R. B. G.

Bring home your dead;
Leave fulsome praise unsaid;
No need of choir or solemn passing bell
To sound his funeral knell;
But lay him gently down to rest
As on a mother's breast!
No more for him are mortal toil and strife,
The stress of this world's life;
Unutterable calm,
As from the touch of wondrous healing balm
Hath fallen upon him. Care and sorrow now
Vex not that placid brow.
Oft in past years the sad, fond task he knew—
This steadfast soul—this brother staunch and
true—
To bring the loved ones back to childhood's
home;
Now homeward fares he o'er the lulled sea
wave
Unto his quiet grave.
Leave eulogy unsaid;
He sleepeth whom we named as dead;
Tire long shall be a spotless mantle spread,
As by an angel's hand,
O'er hill and vale in all our seagirt land,
Fit covering for his head.
Hushed now the gale, that late with angry
roar,
Lashed sullen waves along the echoing shore,
And gently falling rain
Welcomes the tired wand'rer home again.
When in the wakening spring
Shall earliest birds their joyous matins sing,
And all earth's pulses leap,
He, too, shall rouse him from his winter sleep,
And, with new quick'ning breath,
Press onward, through the ever-open gate,
Into that realm where all our lost ones wait;
For love shall conquer death.

Chronological.

We present below a list of the births, marriages and deaths recorded with the town records during 1894, which have been kindly furnished us by Clerk Bunker:

BIRTHS.

January.

9. Chester F., son of Arthur C. and Mary A. Dunham.
11. Albert M., son of Elbert M. and Sarah J. Dunham.
19. Alta M., daughter of John C. and Evelyn Smith.
26. Chester S., son of Arthur J. and Lizzie D. Barrett.

February.

2. Celinda C., daughter of William W. and Lizzie D. Long.
3. Annie G., daughter of William W. and Margaret T. Burgess.
26. Charles W., son of Charles W. and Mary A. Lawrence.

March.

8. Elizabeth M., daughter of Andrew J. and Phebe A. Swain.
10. Emma L., daughter of Edgar F. and Lillie W. Wyer.
12. Herbert F., son of Leon A. and Annie F. Royal.
24. Lizzie E., daughter of William M. and Lizzie A. Bartlett.
27. Annie F., daughter of Charles W. and Jennie S. Sylvia.

April.

1. George H., son of George W. and Margaret Norcross.
11. Max, son of Max and Mary Jennie Wagner.
18. Ernest R., son of John and Katie Terry.
23. Irving E., son of William I. and Gertrude Sandbury.

May.

4. Helen M., daughter of John H. and Annie Bartlett.
6. Martha, daughter of Frank W., jr., and Susan A. Gardner.
15. Benjamin F., son of Benjamin F. and Susan Burdick.
18. Herbert C., son of George E. and Stella W. Orpin.
20. Malcolm, son of John W. and Miriam F. Brady.
24. Martha E., daughter of George E. and Esther Coffin.

June.

21. Edward H., son of Arthur C. and Phebe L. Easton.

July.

5. Walter, son of John R. and Johanna Hendricks.
21. Mary E., daughter of Frank C. and Margaret E. Lamb.
21. Ethel C., daughter of William S. and Ida L. Clark.

August.

10. Lois B., daughter of James R. and Barbara E. Patterson.
15. Ruth P., daughter of Benjamin F. and Susan C. Williams.
16. Elizabeth A., daughter of William A. and Carrie T. Smith.
18. Grace K., daughter of Ernest G. and Florence B. Elliott.
23. Marion W., daughter of Arthur A. and Annie M. Norcross.

September.

15. Arthur B., son of George A. and Madeline A. Grant.
18. Edith M., daughter of John R. and Elizabeth C. West.
28. Edward O., son of Wallace and Marion O. Gardner.

October.

3. Mary Ellen, daughter of Charles W. and Mary A. Cash.
5. Clarence E., son of Stephen, jr., and Nellie Hussey.
9. Edith C., daughter of George H. and Clarissa E. Chadwick.
16. John A., son of John E. and Sarah L. Thomas.
17. Prince, son of Charles W. and Mary A. Gardner.
19. Mulford A., son of Asa W. and Mary T. Small.
25. Annie H., daughter of Albert P. and Nellie Chase.
25. Helen M., daughter of Lauriston B. and Susan P. Fisher.

November.

4. Walter S., son of Walter S. and Cecilia A. Coleman.
9. Elroy G., son of Clinton S. and Eva Folger.
17. Agnes L., daughter of Leander and Annie W. Small.
18. Beatrice R., daughter of Samuel B. and Annie L. Smith.

December.

5. John Cunningham, son of John C. and Mary Ring.
12. A son to William H. and Maggie Huddleston.
22. Edgar Inott, son of Warren B. and Annie B. Chase.

A LIFE SAVER.

What it Means to be a Surfin'-Hard-ship and Injury His Chief Reward.

From the Woonsocket (R. I.) Reporter.
One midwinter night, in a blinding snow storm Captain Arthur L. Nickerson, in command of the gallant little schooner Allen Green, ran out from Vineyard Sound before the northeast gale and made for the open sea. The storm was at its height when the wind shifted so suddenly that before the skipper realized his situation his ears caught the sound of the breakers booming on Point Judith's treacherous shore.

Fifteen minutes after the Allen Green struck, Captain Herbert M. Knowles' crew of hardy life savers had begun the work of rescue. Captain Nickerson, when brought ashore, was in a pitiable condition. As he later stated in his official report of the disaster (see Government Report) made to Superintendent Kimball of the Life Saving Service, "I suffered much from cramps and pains caused by the bruises I received before I went ashore, having been at the wheel fifteen hours continuously."

The life savers wrapped the brave young sailor in warm blankets and gave him Pain-Killer freely. The famous old remedy accomplished an immediate relief, and Captain Nickerson slept as peacefully as a child that night and awoke next morning in a condition to face another tempest, if necessary. He feels that the prompt use of Pain-Killer after his fearful experience rescued him from unutterable suffering and even saved his life.

Brave Captain Knowles is now assistant superintendent of the life saving district. He says the life savers all use Pain-Killer, and consider it the best and most reliable "all-around" remedy they can have by them. Captains Asa Church, of Point Judith station; Albert Church, of Narragansett Pier; Davis at Watch Hill; Saunders at Quonochontaug—and their gallant crews, endorse Captain Knowles in his unstinted praise of Pain-Killer as an invaluable remedy for emergencies encountered in daily life.

MARRIAGES.

January.

7. John P. Coffin and Lizzie F. Tilton.
22. Asa W. Small and Mary T. Holland.

March.

3. Ferdinand Sylvaro and Althea Macy.
7. Nelson H. Crocker and Annie May Shaw.

April.

1. Arthur B. Collins and Catherine Gildea.

May.

28. Antonio De Souza Medina and Maria Magdalena.

June.

21. Warren E. Parker and Emily M. Pitman.

July.

26. Charles Ross and Harriet S. Wright.

August.

8. Horace Folger and Rebecca M. Taber.

September.

6. Lemuel C. Shepherd and Emma L. Cartwright.
15. Frank Thomas Estivo and Mary Gloria Costa.

October.

2. At Boston, John C. Ayers and Harriet Agnes Feeley.
4. Eugene Wyer and Edith F. Fisher.
7. Arthur Coffin and Catherine Brennan.

November.

6. Albert S. Chadwick and Elizabeth F. Clark.
18. Horace C. Orpin and Mary A. Scanlan.
26. George Friend and Jennie Rowley.
28. Albert P. Gibbs and Annie M. Small.

December.

1. Thomas P. Ray and Elizabeth F. Joseph.
11. James Y. Deacon and Emily Frances Smith.

DEATHS.

January.

6. *Eliza R. Macy, 54.
6. *Ann C. Colesworth, 64, 9.
10. Mary Barnard, 74, 5.
12. Hepsabeth C. Barney, 86, 7, 27.
13. Lucretia Brooks, 78, 11.
16. James Small, 78, 3, 15.
20. Hannah M. Chase, 57, 6.
20. Jeanette W. Congdon, 42.
25. *Mark T. Worcester, 65, 3.
26. Evelyn S. Tobey, 2, 10, 20.
28. John S. Sanborn, 60, 7.
30. Leon E. Thurston, 1, 6, 14.

February.

2. Joseph P. Nye, 79, 4, 14.
5. Herbert C. Orpin, 10, 2, 17.
5. *Benjamin R. Gardner, 50, 9, 3.
6. *Lydia S. Gardner, 84, 6, 25.
6. *Thomas A. Gardner, 89, 11.
7. Josiah G. Macy, 53, 5, 5.
18. Lizzie D. Barrett, 23, 8.
22. Edward P. Norcross, jr., 8, 5.
27. James M. Coffin, 85, 0, 20.
28. Martha J. Manter, 53, 0, 2.
28. *Francis J. Easton, 74, 0, 8.

March.

6. Susan Smith, 68.
7. Mary F. Coleman, 64, 6.
8. *Joseph C. Thompson, 44, 8, 24.
15. Annie Bovey Coffin, 26, 7, 8.
18. John Sylvia, 37, 0, 7.
23. Elbert M. Dunham, jr., 0, 2, 14.
27. Annie Florina Sylvia, 0, 0, 1.

April.

5. Elizabeth M. Pitman, 75, 9.
8. Susan Hill, 76.
20. *Lina C. Thompson, 45, 0, 15.
29. William R. Easton, 91, 7.
30. Harriet Barker, 62, 3.

May.

5. Elizabeth B. Barker, 78, 7.
16. *Daniel Russell, 79, 11, 12.
17. *Mary A. Cobb, 50.
19. *Alfred Hussey, 77.
20. Benjamin F. Burdick, 0, 2, 5.
20. Susan S. Coffin, 53, 5.
24. *Eunice S. Gardner, 74, 2, 13.
27. Oliver C. Backus, 70, 0, 12.
28. Mary A. Hilliker, 51, 9.

June.

2. John N. V. Sweet, 73.
15. Willie M. Grant, 4, 8.
17. Henry Coleman, 79, 0, 21.
18. †Asa W. N. Small, 53, 10.
24. *Anthony Smalley, 58, 3.
26. Nancy Tobey, 87, 3.
28. *Eleanor G. Morse, 47, 2, 9.
29. Mary A. Green, 54, 0, 25.
30. Bailey F. Cornish, 44.

July.

2. Mary F. Ring, 0, 6, 21.
7. *Mary A. Morselander, 79.
15. *Lydia M. Colesworthy, 34, 11,
- 13.
20. Edward C. Joy, 88, 4.
22. *Charles K. Backus, 50.
25. †Sophronia P. Reynolds, 75, 0,
- 23.
28. Hiram Gardner, 76, 11, 4.
28. *Caleb F. Allen, 59.
31. William S. Chadwick, 86, 5.

August.

2. Angelina Jenkins, 70, 1, 5.
6. George W. Gifford, 35, 2, 7.
8. George W. Allen, 68, 7, 16.
10. William H. Weston, 62, 4, 4.
22. Mary Haley, 84.
25. Franklin B. Coffin, 70, 3.
26. *Ezra S. Dodge, 73.
27. *George W. Ashby, 58, 8.
31. *Asa T. Gifford, 60, 5, 27.
31. Lydia Macy, 82.

September.

2. Elthina Macy, 71, 6.
3. William H. Coffin, 78, 5.
4. Mary A. Weeden, 86.
7. George Michaels, 70.
14. Elizabeth K. Chase, 2, 10, 14.
14. Anna S. Sylvia, 1, 0, 19.
16. Rebecca C. Nickerson, 95, 10, 13.
17. Azubah B. Cash, 74, 2, 11.
17. Zoe Sylvario, 0, 0, 29.
22. Andrew Whitney, 71.
25. James H. Christian, 56, 8.

October.

3. Alexander D. Coffin, 79, 3.
3. Isadore Lewis, 16, 6, 2.
10. *Phely A. Coffin, 69, 11.
14. Mary A. Chase, 91, 7, 2.
14. Elizabeth B. Taylor, 75, 11.
18. Nathaniel W. Jenkins, 82, 4, 13.
25. Albert E. Lake, 44, 0, 25.
29. Catherine Fuller, 77.
29. Emeline Walker, 75, 6.
30. Samuel C. Coleman, 71, 8, 8.

November.

3. Robert F. Williams, 4, 0, 19.
5. Ralph Williams, 2, 3.
14. Elsie M. Borden, 19, 6, 14.
17. Ann Abbott, 70, 9, 17.
18. Gladys May Dunham, 4, 11, 19.
19. Laurana Gardner, 86, 1.
20. Roswell M. Williams, 9, 4, 20.
26. Merton H. Wilkes, 3, 2, 6.
28. George B. Starbuck, 54, 8.

December.

9. Elizabeth C. Parker, 74, 3.
11. *William R. Coffin, 67, 11.

*Resident who died abroad, or non-resident who died here.
†Interment abroad.

Is This the Ship Judith?

Workmen engaged in excavating for the Front street power house of the Broadway cable road, near the southeast corner of Front and Broad streets, New York, have just uncovered the remains of a three-masted, 90 foot ship.

The hull is buried almost 20 feet below the level of the street. The foundations of the old buildings did not go deep enough to reach the ship.

The oak ribs were as solid as if they had just been turned out of a ship yard. The ribs were 8x10 inches and fastened together with wooden pins. There was not an iron nail found about the vessel. Her ribs were covered over by, and the intervals between were filled with a black looking oil, which the old sailors who live in that neighborhood said was whale oil.

Old maps of the city show that just where the vessel was found was at one time a dock fenced in by a breakwater. It is thought that the vessel sunk there about 1760. It was about this period that the territory in the neighborhood was filled. It is not thought possible that this ship could have gone down here at a later period than 1775. A number of coins and other relics were found in and about the ship.

The ship Judith, a Nantucket whaler, was sunk "off the Battery" in July, 1740, when the Battery was not so big as it is now. The Judith sailed from Nantucket in April, 1738, Peter Swain, master, with a crew of 14 men, and after a two years' whaling voyage in the north Atlantic, cleared for New York, consigned to John Ludlam & Bros., East India merchants, on Garden street now Exchange place.

The story told by Peter Ludlam, son of John Ludlam, to his great grandson, now living, relates that the Judith lay to off the battery, in full view of the Ludlam residence, when she sunk suddenly without warning, carrying down all hands.

DECEMBER 28, 1895.

Chronological.

We present below a list of the births, marriages and deaths recorded with the town records during 1895, which have been kindly furnished us by Clerk Bunker:

BIRTHS.

January.

23. Frances, daughter of Ellenwood B. and May A. Coleman.
25. Grace G., daughter of Arthur B. and Catherine Collins.

February.

18. Charlotte, daughter of John J. and Sarah Shelton.
22. Hortense, daughter of Willie F. and Alice Gibbs.

March.

9. Harold C., son of Arthur C. and Lelia C. M. Barrett.
14. Mildred H., daughter of Abner and Susan E. Turner.

April.

1. George, son of Joseph L. and Flora Perry.
2. Evelyn Hazel, daughter of Henry C. and Emma C. Holmes.
8. Edith, daughter of Timothy M., 2d. and Maggie Dunham.
15. Linda H., daughter of Frank P. and Helen L. Chadwick.
19. Walter A., son of Edmund W. and Sarah F. Folger.
19. Benjamin F., son of Eugene and Edith F. Wyer.
22. Aldin, daughter of Joseph and Rose J. Brown.
25. Helen L., daughter of Alonzo M. and Etta M. Thomas.
27. Byron L., son of Charles R. and Nellie M. Sylvano.
29. Caroline M. P., daughter of John R. and Amelia E. Sylvia.

May.

6. Forrest, son of Charles C. and Lillie R. Thomas.
8. Elvira S., daughter of Andrew T. and Elizabeth A. Backus.
13. John Ernest and Clara Inez, twin children of George E. and Mary J. Thomas.
24. Roger S., son of Edgar W. and Emma F. Wilkes.
26. William M., son of James H. and Elizabeth Watts.
26. Mildred B., daughter of Charles C. and Etta Morris.
26. Sherburn C., son of William I. and Gertrude Sandsbury.
27. Eva M., daughter of Edgar L. and Florence B. Ellis.

June.

8. Eva M., daughter of Benjamin R. and Nellie M. Shaw.
18. Maurice, son of John and Mary A. Killen.

July.

3. Agnes B., daughter of Thomas B. and Emma E. Bickerstaff.
6. Alan S., son of Albert S. and Elizabeth F. Chadwick.
27. Harold, son of John C. and Harriet A. Ayers.
28. Edward C., son of Edward and Annie E. Ryan.

August.

1. Edgar F., son of Edgar F. and Lillie W. Wyer.
5. Marian S., daughter of Lewis S. and Marietta Ray.

September.

6. Alfred Byron, son of George E. and Mary A. Coffin.
18. Mary Louise, daughter of William M. and Ellouise Black.
27. Lillian A., daughter of James H., Jr., and Etta C. Wood.

October.

1. Mary E., daughter of Frank and Mary Gloria Thomas.
7. Caroline E., daughter of John R. and Clara Bacon.
9. Harriet A., daughter of Oliver C. and Mattie M. Hussey.

16. Marjorie, daughter of Reuben H. and Martha S. Folger.

November.

10. Elizabeth F., daughter of Benjamin and Eunice F. McCleave.

December.

5. Elmore, son of Andrew J. and Phebe A. Swain.

MARRIAGES.

January.

20. Thomas S. Whelden and Ethelinda A. Thomas.

February.

5. Everett Manter and Grace Fisher.

March.

8. Arthur C. Barrett and Lelia C. M. Crocker.
16. George A. Dunham and Augusta C. Dunham.
28. Edgar L. Ellis and Florence B. Lamb.

April.

2. John S. Grouard and Lena Angir Thacher.
22. Benjamin C. Pease and Ellen Grey Parker.
25. Arthur C. Cary and Cora F. Norcross.

June.

9. Harrison G. Stetson and Lillian Frances Taylor.
10. *Franklin P. Dunham and Flora B. Nickerson.
12. Edward P. Norcross and Hannah Ericson.
16. James P. Coffin and Bertha Holdgate.
23. Frederick W. Alley and Louisa B. Winslow.

July.

18. James Franklin Parlow and Minnie M. Danforth.

August.

4. Joseph K. Rogers and Aurilla F. C. Ray.
18. Orison V. Hull and Margaret E. Cooney.
18. John Condon and Nellie Nagle.
26. William L. Kelley and Charlotte R. Macy.

September.

9. George E. Grimes and Anna Kent Pitman.
28. Isaac Hills and Clara Allen.
29. George H. Coffin and Annie Menton.

October.

28. Aaron C. Barrett and Charlotte C. Alley.
28. Byron E. Pease and Lillian E. Murphey.

November.

6. Charles H. Furber and Mary C. Smith.
7. *Lauriston Bunker and Emily Joy.
16. Harry R. Brayton and Anne S. Chinery.
17. *John A. Scott and Mary A. Moore.
20. Andrew B. Brooks and Mary B. Paddock.

*Married away.

DEATHS.

January.

4. *James H. Beekman, 39.
13. Priscilla Beekman, 40, 6.
26. David Russell, 87, 2.
28. Marion Cathcart, 6, 9, 18.

February.

3. Ruth P. Williams, 0, 5, 19.
4. Christina F. Porte, 75, 4.
5. *Sarah Creasy, 76, 9.
8. Hannah Smith, 82, 10, 15.
8. *Joseph W. Crocker, 53, 1, 22.
9. William C. Myrick, 87.
11. Joseph M. Folger, 79, 4, 9.
18. Mary Swain, 82, 10, 3.

20. Gertrude B. Parker, 24, 11, 25.
23. Eunice F. Ross, 72.
25. Sarah B. Chadwick, 53, 8.
25. Mary B. Colburn, 83, 7.
27. Washington M. Chase, 48, 0, 18.
28. Lydia Hallett, 82, 10.

March.

3. Valentine C. Long, 75, 8.
6. Susan J. Gardner, 85, 11, 21.
8. *Andrew E. Moore, 43.
9. Henry C. Platt, 44, 7, 20.
9. Mary Dunham, 90, 5, 16.
16. Louisa T. Worth, 68, 8.
17. John B. Enas, 60.
21. *Alfred M. Coffin, 70.
24. Margaret J. Ramsdell, 8, 6.
28. William H. Wyer, 68.
29. George Nicholson, 85.

April.

4. *Francis E. Coffin, 66, 8, 19.
6. *Emily J. Hall, 36, 7, 27.
8. Sarah Murphey, 94, 9, 20.
19. Bridget Kiernan, 76, 8, 20.
23. Margaret A. Mooney, 33, 7.
24. Peggy Chase, 84, 10, 18.
24. John F. Ramsdell, 69, 7, 24.
27. Elizabeth Hathaway, 62.

May.

7. Horace R. Norcross, 1, 6.
16. Charles W. Oldrich, 18, 4.
28. *Ellen J. Doyle, 60.
30. Eva May Ellis, 0, 0, 4.

June.

17. *Rebecca Orpin, 74.
19. Moses Joy, 88, 4.
21. Harrison C. Chase, 32, 1, 1.
22. Emma Coleman, 90, 5, 15.

July.

8. John L. Paddock, 65, 10.
8. George C. Macy, 80, 7.
13. Joseph L. Meader, 28.
26. Ellen L. Smith, 53.
27. George W. Dunham, 74.
28. Harold C. Barrett, 0, 4, 19.

August.

21. *Eliza M. Brill, 68, 7.
26. Eva M. Manchester, 0, 0, 14.
27. Reuben C. Kenney, 78.
29. Helen M. Tilton, 9, 6.

September.

2. Mildred H. Turner, 0, 5, 18.
7. Susan A. Smith, 56, 11, 19.
10. *Edgar Derby, 42, 5, 27.
11. *John R. Caswell, 51, 5, 9.
18. Annie M. Franklin, 50, 8.
23. Eliza Ann McCleave, 82, 9, 16.
29. *Joseph Hamblin, 70, 2.
29. *Charles F. Harris, 52, 0, 14.

October.

1. Elroy Folger, 0, 10.
6. Susan Holmes, 71, 10, 21.
12. Thomas B. Field, 82, 3.
12. Elvira S. Backus, 0, 5, 4.
13. Benjamin F. Wyer, 0, 6.
14. *Caroline W. Spinney, 53, 5, 3.
15. Alexander Luce, 66.
17. Mary C. Barker, 81, 7.
17. George R. Rogers, 2, 3, 11.
23. Walter A. Folger, 0, 6, 3.

November.

3. *Charlotte J. Hussey, 63, 8, 13.
7. *John Sammis, 86, 11, 7.
19. Martha S. Eldredge, 68, 3.
22. George S. Wilber, 70, 7, 4.

December.

3. *Mary F. Swain, 62.
11. Amy F. Sylvia, 2, 0, 1.
14. William Henry Thomas, 10.
15. *Mary P. Tracy, 54.
26. Franklin Folger, 80, 0, 24.

*Died abroad. Interment in Nantucket.
†Interment abroad.

1695. Bi-Centennial. 1895.

The centennial week, anticipated for so long a time, with its fertile suggestions and comprehensive plans, has, like the two preceding centuries, become incorporated with the past. It has had its labors stupendous, its enjoyments sublime, and its disappointments few. It would have been unreasonable to suppose that so great an undertaking could have been brought to a conclusion without some mistakes, some omissions—the doing of things that might have been better left undone; and the leaving undone of many things that could well have been done—but, nevertheless, taking the celebration as a whole, it was a grand, a glorious success.

There were many pleasing features interwoven with the numerous exercises. And beside the public demonstrations which were most happily conceived and thoughtfully executed, was the gratification of old Nantucketers meeting upon their native soil, who had not met for years. Aged people who had not met since childhood's sportive days, were welcomed to the shrine of their nativity. Middle-aged ones who had long been separated by land and sea, were again made to feel the throbs of early associations rare. Kindred and loved ones, long sundered by mountain and wave, were reunited along the lines of the old homestead life, while the more youthful of life's young dream were rejoicing in the dear old isle of the sea, in its present holiday attire, fragrant with the memories of two centuries stretching back through the aisles of time.

It was a universal week of rejoicing, festivity, love and good will to all mankind, which ought to make every Nantucketer, whether still an island citizen or a self-appointed exile, sound the gladsome peans of Nantucket forever.

Nantucket Historical Association.

A pleasant and fitting prelude to the centennial was the informal meeting of the Nantucket Historical Association, held in the Athenaeum Hall on the afternoon of July 8th. The president, Dr. Mitchell, first addressed the meeting, —and by the way, won't some ingenious Nantucketer supply the want expressed by Dr. Mitchell for a gavel made of native scrub oak?

Dr. Mitchell's remarks were characteristically delightful, and at the close, he presented to the society a fine portrait of his cousin, Rev. Arthur Mitchell, a son of Nantucket, whose early death she deplores, but whose life she remembers with honor and affection.

Rev. M. S. Dudley then divulged to those present the secret—or part of it—the knowledge of whose existence he has kept some of us lately in a quiver of expectation. Some generous person, whose name is not to be known, has assumed all the legal obligations of the Historical Society, and has also wisely provided against our sinking into a morass of Neatific satisfaction by attaching as a condition to this liberal gift, the moral obligation of raising a like sum for a fund, to be applied at the proper time to the acquisition of

a certain property which is most desirable for the society to hold, but which at present is not obtainable.

Rev. Walter R. Gardner then put as a motion the following resolution, drawn up by Mr. W. H. McElroy, which, it is needless to say, was unanimously adopted:

The members of the Nantucket Historical Association desire to place on record their very grateful appreciation of the generosity of an unknown friend of their organization—a friend indeed. By his timely and liberal gift, he has relieved the society from debt, and since "Out of debt is out of danger," he has done much to ensure its permanent prosperity. We earnestly assure him that it shall be our aim to express our thanks for his benefaction in the best practical way—by rendering to the society whose interests he has so substantially advanced, good and faithful service. The Nantucket Historical Society, by linking the past of our historic island to its present and its future, by preserving and cherishing the things which keep vivid the memory of our ancestors, commends itself to the sympathetic support of all Nantucketers of genuine home feeling and public spirit. This consideration attests the value of the present, which we acknowledge with so much pride and pleasure.

Tendering our unknown benefactors renewed assurances of our gratitude, we direct that this minute be spread upon the records of our society, and that a copy thereof, attested by the President and Secretary, shall be transmitted to him as soon as he chooses to reveal himself.

After this came a well arranged and most interesting sketch, written and read by Miss Helen B. W. Worth, of the life and labors of Timothy White, the first pastor of the North Congregational Church, some of whose records and correspondence have just come into the hands of the Nantucket Historical Association through the efforts of Mr. Dudley.

Dr. Mitchell then called upon Dr. West, of Dorchester, formerly of Nantucket, who responded with a stirring tribute to the men and women of old Nantucket, calling them a race of heroes, as indeed they were, and assuring his hearers that their valor still exists in their children when the emergency demands it.

Rev. Walter R. Gardner, of Nashota, Wis., followed Dr. West with a charmingly reminiscent talk, which he began by saying that as he looked about he felt a bit timid lest from some one of his old teachers present he should hear the discouraging "Wrong!—next!—" "Why, Walter!" was whispered affectionately and deprecatingly, as if she had never used that appalling phrase. Dr. Gardner described graphically and touchingly the scenes of his boyhood, the home-coming and the outgoing of the ships, with all the attendant incidents so dear now to the memories of the Nantucketers, until all the air was redolent of tarred ropes and lacquered work and pickled limes, and the eyes and ears were busy with sights and sounds not on the official centennial programme.

Some silver spoons marked "R. G. & C. G." were shown by Mr. Dudley, which had been dug up on land belonging to Eben W. Francis, and were supposed to have belonged to Richard Gardner's family.

Mr. Henry B. Worth, of New Bedford, with a ready familiarity with the subject, rapidly outlined the history of the Gardner family, naming the habitation of the elders of each generation, and from the locality and the circumstances attending the finding of these spoons, pronounced them to have been undoubtedly the property of Richard Gardner.

Mr. Moses Joy described a spoon found at Great Point, an apparent duplicate of which he saw and bought in the Norwegian department of the Paris Exposition. It seemed plausible to some imaginations that this Great Point spoon might once have reflected the light of the midnight sun, and might even have touched the lips of Leif Ericsson himself. Who knows? And who knows that it did not?

After the meeting had adjourned, many took the opportunity to greet friends of long ago. One gentleman spoke of seeing a school-mate for the first time for thirty years, and of his pleasure in talking with him once more. So the paths diverge and meet again, and what is true waits for that meeting.

The Centennial is over, and as we gather up the fragments which shall not be lost, let us speak of the suggestion made by Mr. McElroy in his most enjoyable speech at the centennial supper, that all this concentration of reminiscence, of pride, of tenderness and good will ought to bear fruit, "concrete fruit of lasting qualities" as he happily put it. There have been several suggestions as to the proper variety of this fruit. We want one that shall be sound and of good flavor at the tri-centenary in 1959, 64 years hence, when the deft and graceful maidens who ministered to our wants at the tea-party last Tuesday shall sit in our places at the banquet, in the vigorous (Nantucket) prime of life, and shall speak of us with that appreciation which shall be our due. Now what shall be done, friends, relatives and other guests? Think it over and tell us the results of your cogitations. Shall it be an observatory, first, to perpetuate the memory of Maria Mitchell, and secondly to aid and inspire those who choose to follow her pursuits; this observatory to include also an efficient means of protection for the town against fire. Shall we have a public library, or a town hall with a floor that echoes rather than quivers to her tread, and a stairway where two voters of different opinions may securely walk abreast? Or shall these two latter be combined under one imposing plan? Or will someone, knowing the needs and ambitions of the town, suggest something else which shall appeal to the taste and sympathy of everybody. Let us have all possible ideas.

It may be well to state that already a fund is started for a public library, so that those who want to mark this centennial year by a gift to this town, and who have no special interest in any existing organization, might do well to increase this fund for a library. As to the Historical Society, it is to be always with us, and we believe it is one of the merits of a historical society to be continually in need. May there be ever "those who love us."

For The Inquirer and Mirror

Nantucket Centennial Celebration.

1795—1895.

In the mellow haze of the rising sun,
All the boats in the bay repose;
From a voyage fleet and a distant shore
They may pause in their restless cruise.

JANUARY 2, 1897

Record of Nantucket's Fires.

Recent fires have given rise to many arguments as to dates of previous conflagrations, and we have been importuned to print a record thereof, with which request we now comply. The record up to 1876 was compiled by the late Timothy S. Chase, and has been previously published, but is again presented with the additional mention of fires and alarms during the succeeding twenty-one years, made up from our files, and which is substantially correct. It is a record worthy of preservation, which may be added to if required:

- 1736.—Friends' Meeting House, just west of the Elihu Coleman farm house, now owned by the Hosier brothers. Totally consumed. Loss, \$400.
- 1759.—Light house on Brant Point.
- 1762.—Peter Barnard's house. Loss, \$400.
- 1765.—Mill. Loss, \$500.
- 1769.—Several buildings on South Wharf. Loss, \$11,000.
- Buildings on Brant Point. Loss, \$1000.
- 1774.—Enoch Gardner's barn. Loss, \$100.
- 1779.—Two barns. Loss, \$300.
- 1782.—Light house at Brant Point. Loss, \$1000.
- 1786.—Light house at Great Point. Loss, \$1000.
- Nicholas Meader's house at Sesachacha. Loss, \$100.
- 1799.—Isaac Folger's shop. Loss, \$1500.
- 1802.—Nathan Beebe's bake house. Loss, \$2000.
- 1810.—George Russell's shop. Loss, \$350.
- 1811.—Matthew Myrick's rope-walk. Loss, \$3000.
- 1812.—Samuel Swain's house at Philip's Run. Loss, \$200.
- Several buildings at South Wharf. Loss, \$6000.
- 1814.—George Myrick's farm house. Loss, \$300.
- 1816.—Light house at Great Point. Loss, \$500.
- 1820.—Jethro Dunham's house on Tuckernuck. Loss, \$400.
- 1822.—January 5th.—Building of Daniel Jones.
- November 30th.—Latham Gardner's house.
- 1823.—Thomas & Henry Starbuck's shop. Loss, \$100.
- March 15th.—House of Seth Russell.
- November 25th.—Store of Henry Starbuck.
- 1822 or 1823.—Slight fire at the house of Moses Harris, at Newtown.
- 1825.—May 5th.—House of Edward Clark.
- 1827.—House of Jedidah Lawrence, corner of Main and Howard streets, slightly damaged in the basement.
- 1828.—December.—Paint shop of Thomas Smith, corner of Water and Cambridge streets, damaged about \$1000.
- 1830.—January 30th.—An alarm of fire in the evening, caused by the burning out of a chimney. Mr. William Dunham was instantly killed by being caught between an engine and a post in front of the house now occupied by Mr. George W. Burdick.
- 1831.—December.—An alarm of fire caused by the burning out of the chimney of the house of Abijah Gardner.
- 1831.—Isaac Coffin's barn on Charter street, totally destroyed. Loss, \$900.
- 1834.—The carpenter's shop of Mr. John R. Macy, on Ash street, was burned during the summer. Loss, about \$800.
- 1833.—May 7th.—The house of Seth Pinkham, at Siasconset, was burned.
- House of Richard Mitchell. Incendiary.

1834.—January 20th.—The store attached to the dwelling house of Mrs. Elizabeth Chase, where the Coffin school house now stands, was badly damaged. Loss to store and goods, about \$1000.

1835.—July 28th.—The cooper's shop of Mr. Charles C. Morris, head of Pearl street, was slightly damaged on the roof. Loss, about \$100.

1836.—January 2d.—The house of James Athearn, Jr., Centre street, was slightly damaged in the basement.

May 10th.—Washington House, kept by Elisha Starbuck, the house of Francis F. Hussey, the large three story building on the corner of Main and Union streets, and the building of Francis F. Hussey, on Union street, were destroyed; the buildings covering the land east of the store now occupied by Mr. Asa C. Jones to the land of Dr. J. B. King, on Union street. The loss was estimated at \$15,000.

November 4th.—An alarm of fire from tar barrels burning on Brant Point.

1837.—March 13th.—The house of N. Ames was slightly injured.

October 8th.—The house of Edward B. Hussey, Centre street, was totally destroyed.

December 9th.—The house of Joseph P. Sylvia, on the Hensdale farm, was totally destroyed.

1838.—June 2d.—A fire broke out about 11 o'clock at night, in the lower end of the ropewalk of Joseph James, situated between Union and Washington streets, totally consuming that building, the candle factories of Daniel Jones, Philip H. Folger, Valentine Hussey, Matthew Crosby, James Athearn, and the dwellings of Harvey Crocker, James N. Bassett, Walter Folger, Jr., Thomas D. Morris, Samuel Dunham, Charles F. Gardner, William Hodges, Samuel Ames, Jabez Cushman, Jesse Crosby, the store of Gilbert Coffin, blacksmith shops of John Meader, Renel Rawson, the boatbuilders' shops of Thomas G. Barnard, Leonard Fisher, the twine factory of Reuben R. Bunker, cooper's shop of John Elkins, and in fact everything between Union street and the harbor; a locality which at that time was covered with oil factories and oil sheds. Those who are now living, whose memory reaches back to that night, will never forget the sight of the blazing oil that covered the waters of the harbor south of Commercial wharf; nor the long tiers of iron hoops left standing in the place of the sheds stored with thousands of barrels of oil. So intense was the heat that no charred remains of anything were left; but the whole district was burnt as bare as the shore beach. There were over one hundred sufferers by this fire, and the loss was estimated at from \$150,000 to \$300,000.

June 25th.—Blacksmith's shop occupied by Richard Swain. Partially destroyed.

November 21st.—Alarm of fire.

1839.—March 20th.—Cromwell Barnard's barn, and five other buildings rear of the block on Orange street.

1840.—January 12th.—James Sandbury's house at Newtown.

January 31st.—The shop of Henry Gardner, south part of the town. Slightly injured.

October 17th.—Dwelling house on Union street. Damage trifling.

October 19th.—Candle factory of James Athearn, Liberty street. Damaged slightly.

1841.—January 1th.—Alarm caused by the burning out of a chimney.

Oct. 12th.—Small building belonging to Mrs. Eunice Lawrence, New Mill street. Total loss.

1842.—January 29th.—Building in south part of the town called Guinea, occupied as a dance hall. Totally destroyed, but no loss to the community.

February 7th.—Cooper's shop of Coffin & Gardner, near the head of South wharf. Damage trifling.

February 22d.—Lawrence & Cobb's dry goods store, where the shop of Thomas B. Paddock now stands. Damage slight.

1844.—February 21st.—Burning of the Asylum at Quaise. The buildings were totally destroyed, and ten of the inmates perished in the flames, as follows: Paul Jenkins, Jonathan Cathcart, William Holmes, Thomas Hull, William Hutchins, Abial Grew, Wealthy Swain, Phebe Jones, Sophia Beebe, Lydia Bowen.

April.—The farm house of Charles A. Burgess.

1846.—July 13th.—About 11 o'clock this evening, commenced what has since been known as the "Great Fire." It originated in the hat store of Wil- H. Geary, where the tailor shop of G. F. Barreau now stands, and spreading up and down, burned all the buildings on the south side of Main street, between Orange street and the Straight and South wharves. Crossing Main street where the Citizens' Room is now located, it spread in all directions, consuming everything east of Centre street between Main and Broad streets, the buildings on the west side of Centre street between the house of Mrs. Upham and Quince street. Crossing Broad street, it burned the fine Episcopal Church, and all the buildings on the north side between that and the harbor, as also the buildings on the east side of North Water street, as far north as the new cottage of George K. Long, and several houses on the west side. Between three and four hundred buildings were burned, and property to the amount of nearly \$1,000,000 destroyed. Had the efforts to save the Methodist Church proved unavailing, the probability is that the whole north-west section of the town would have been burned.

July 15th.—An alarm of fire, caused by sparks falling on the roof of a dwelling house on Union street.

December 12.—Paint shop of John S. Thomas, on Federal street. Damage about \$1000 to building and stock.

1847.—January 9th.—An alarm caused by the burning of tar barrels on Brant Point.

February 19th.—Henry Coffin's barn, Cambridge farm. Total loss.

1848.—February 28th.—Burning out of chimneys in Miriam Prince's house, New Dollar Lane.

March 28th.—House of Thomas C. Hamblen, North shore. Partially destroyed.

September 7th.—The house of William Hadwen, now occupied by Joseph S. Barney. Damage very slight.

1849.—May 1st.—Levi Starbuck's barn, Fair street. Damage slight.

May 21.—Jonathan Moore's house, rear of the house of the late James Codd, Orange street. Damage slight.

May 10th.—Benjamin Ray's house, Pine street. Damage slight. Newbegins house, west of the town. Partially destroyed.

July 18th.—Mitchell & Coffin's candle factory. Very slight.

November 24th.—Peleg Macy's building head of South wharf. Damage small.

May 14th.—Shed rear of Reuben Meader's house, Orange street.

May 28th.—House of Zenas Coleman, Pearl street. Damage small.

June 20th.—Tin shop of Christopher C. Hussey, Federal street. Building and stock damaged by fire and water about \$500.

1851.—January 25th.—Alarm from burning tar barrels.

June 3d.—House of Daniel Moulton, head of Pearl street. Slight.

November 14th.—Cigar store of William M. Russell, Main street next east of the house now owned by Mrs. Sarah M. Hallett.

December 4th.—Porch of Dennis Mullen's house, near South beach.

1852.—July 8th.—West Grammar schoolhouse, west of the town. Totally destroyed.

1853.—May 31st.—A barn near the house of Thomas Barnard, 2d, head of Lily street, caused by some small boys setting fire to shavings.

1854.—July 5th.—Charles Starbuck's barn, Squam. Total loss.

1855.—May 13.—Hezekiah Paddock's paint shop, candle street. Damage about \$1000.

June 3d.—House of Justin Lawrence, Gay street. Slightly injured.

September 5th.—Alarm caused by a blacksmith setting fires.

1856.—February 19th.—Alarm caused by the moon shining in at the windows of the Fair street M. E. Church.

February 26th.—Frederick Arthur's barn, rear of his house, corner of Orange street and Plumb Lane. Slight damage.

1858.—October 11th.—Collection of soot taking fire in the chimney of South Grammar Schoolhouse.

1859.—June 30th.—Dwelling house occupied by George Barrett, head of Main street. Totally consumed.

July 16th.—Cooper's shop of Freeman Parker. Slight.

August 23d.—Alarm caused by burning out a chimney.

September 20th.—Burning of the shoe store of A. D. Towle, Centre Street Block. Store badly damaged, and the goods of George R. Folger, who occupied the adjoining building, greatly injured by smoke.

October 12th.—Seth Clark house, corner of Union and Flores streets. Totally destroyed.

October 28th.—Burning of ship Planter, on the railway at Brant Point.

1860.—February 13th.—False alarm.

February 17th.—Alarm from burning out of a chimney.

March 5th.—Incendiary fire in the barn of Isaiah Nickerson. Put out without damage.

March 9th.—Burning of a small building west of the town. Incendiary.

March 12.—David Folger's cooper's shop. Loss between \$3000 and \$4000. Incendiary.

March 16th.—Burning of John Winn's barn on Grove Lane, west of the town. Incendiary. Totally destroyed.

April 3d.—Building belonging to Joseph Starbuck. Incendiary. Damage trifling.

1860.—April 14th.—Barn of Charles H. Dunham, head of Old North wharf. Damage slight.

May 17th.—Alarm caused by the burning of some stubble near the Asylum.

July 29th.—Burning of beach grass, northwest of the town.

September 25th.—Alarm caused by the ringing of the bell at an unusual hour.

September 27th.—Burning of the Constant Randall house, west of the town. Incendiary.

November 1st.—Burning of the barn on the farm of Charles C. Folger, just west of the town. Totally destroyed, together with hay, farming implements, a horse and several cows. Incendiary.

December 3d.—House of David G. Hussey. Damage slight.

1861.—May 18th.—Alarm; cause unknown.

September 29th.—Barn belonging to Shubael Clark, rear of his house on Pearl street. Partially burned.

December 16th.—Burning out of a chimney.

1862.—January 31st.—Burning of a barn belonging to Allen Smith, in his lot just south of the town.

March 25th.—Barn belonging to Wesley Berry, south part of the town.

September 5th.—Burning of the barns of George Creasy and George Coffin, between York and Dover streets. Totally destroyed.

September 18th.—House rear of Union street, belonging to John Williams. Totally destroyed.

October 7th.—Burning of house on New street, belonging to Margaret Lewis. Partially destroyed.

October 14th.—Alarm from unknown cause.

1863.—February 6th.—Thomas Coffin's house corner of Milk and Vestal streets. Damage slight.

March 14th.—Burning of a house in the south part of the town, occupied by Julia Smith. Totally consumed.

March 18th.—False alarm.

March 20th.—Partial burning of a building on Broad street, now occupied by Dr. F. A. Ellis.

March 28th.—Burning of a portion of the jail. Slight.

March 29th.—False alarm.

August 27th.—Alarm; cause unknown.

September 5th.—Burning out of a chimney.

October 17th.—Alarm; cause unknown.

1864.—August.—Barn of Henry I. Defriez. Slightly injured.

1865.—April 9th.—Alarm from burning of stubble west of the town.

April 10th.—Alarm from burning out of a chimney.

April 19th.—Burning of beach grass, northwest of the town.

November 6th.—House belonging to Cyrus Cooper, southwest part of the town. Slightly injured.

November 12.—House belonging to Shubael Clark, Pearl street. Badly injured.

1866.—January 30th.—Alarm of fire caused by the burning of a bed in William Hussey's house, Quince street.

March 28th.—Farm house of William T. Swain, on what was known as the Albert C. Folger farm.

October 24th.—Henry P. Olin's boot and shoe store corner of Main and Orange streets.

November 9th.—Alarm from burning beds at house of Reuben M. Coffin, Liberty street.

1867.—October 15th.—Alarm from burning corn stalks on the farm of George C. Gardner.

November 10th.—Burning of George Clark's stable, with horses and carriages, water mill of Steamboat Company, &c.

November 16th.—Dwelling house on the farm formerly owned by David Joy Starbuck, in Squam.

1868.—March 7th.—House of Mr. Paul, at Siasconset. Slightly injured.

1070.—April 6th.—Try works on Commercial Wharf. Trifling damage.

April 17th.—Barn of John Winn, Grove Lane. Totally consumed.

1871.—January 13th.—House of Martin Terry, south part of town. Entirely consumed.

July 9th.—Barn on the estate of Uriah Gardner, northwest part of the town. A total loss.

1872.—February 22d.—Building of Benjamin W. Chase, rear of his house on Pearl street.

April 12th.—Barn of John M. Gardner, rear of his house on Liberty street.

April 24th.—House corner of Pleasant and Summer streets, occupied by Thomas W. Barrally. Slightly damaged.

1873.—August 3d.—Shoe factory of Mitchell & Hayden, just west of the town, entirely consumed, together with stock, machinery, &c. Loss estimated at \$18,000.

1874.—March 7th.—Alarm from bonfire at the head of Miacomet pond.

August 31st.—Try works of D. W. & R. E. Burgess, at their farm at Shimmo.

1875.—January 15th.—Alarm of fire from the North Church Vestry.

October 2d.—Paul Clisby's barn, at Shimmo. Total loss.

1876.—January 16th.—Dwelling house or the late Gilbert Coffin, corner of Main and Winter streets. Damage estimated about \$2000.

1877.—January 4.—Slight fire in shop of John Gray, Orange street. Defective flue. Damage slight. No alarm.

March 8.—Slight fire in house occupied by George Francis, Beaver street, 10 a. m., caused by matches. Damage about \$100.

March 26.—False alarm at 1.15 a. m. A light in house of George Winslow, West Centre street.

1878.—February 11.—Slight fire on the roof of John McNinney's house.

June 26.—Slight fire at Frederick Gardner's blacksmith shop, Old North wharf.

July 30.—An alarm caused by burning of a chimney flue in house occupied by John S. Cathcart, Beaver street.

October 10.—Fire in south part of town caused by burning soot in chimney. No general alarm.

1879.—April 13.—Alarm sounded at 8 a. m. House corner Dover and Union street occupied by Henry C. Holmes. Cause, children playing with matches. Damage small.

June 5.—Slight blaze in store of T. H. Soule, jr., Main street. No alarm.

August 4.—Slight fire in house of William P. Sandsbury, Union street.

August 30.—False alarm.

1880.—February 17.—A slight blaze at Sea Foam House, Wauwinet. Damage, \$50.

August 3.—A fire in cottage of Rev. W. H. Fish, at the Cliff. Loss slight.

November 3.—Railroad ties. No alarm.

1881.—January 18.—Polpis School House. Supposed incendiary. Value of building, \$1000.

1881.—January 28.—Carr house near asylum, totally destroyed.

1882.—February 19.—Slight fire in house of Charles O'Connor caused by defective flue. No alarm.

May 4.—Massachusetts Humane Society's building, Coskata. Took fire from burning beach grass. Totally destroyed. Loss \$500.

1882.—August 31.—Alarm sounded 2 a. m. Burned roof of Hall house, East Chestnut street. Damage about \$500. Hydrants used first time, with a direct pressure seven minutes after alarm was given. Defective chimney.

1883.—Alarm at midnight caused by bonfire outside town limits.

July 5.—Alarm 10.58 p. m. Barn of F. J. Crosby. Entirely destroyed.

November 28.—Simmons' blacksmith shop. Caused by spark from chimney.

1884.—January 25.—Fire in M. F. Coleman's store, Centre street. Loss slight.

March 31.—Alarm at 12.05 a. m. Scow at Straight wharf, loaded with lime for Nantucket Hotel.

August 9.—Walker house, 'Sconset, at 6.30 p. m. Inside considerably burned. Loss \$500. Baptism of this department.

1885.—June 22.—Hayden's Bath House. Defective chimney.

July 3.—1.30 a. m. Caused by bonfire at Brant point.

October 13.—9.30 a. m., W. H. H. Smith's stable. Caused by hot ashes being emptied into the street and spark blowing on to roof. Loss slight.

December 21.—12.55 p. m. Charles McCann's house. Defective chimney.

1886.—July 5.—12 m. Caused by firecrackers at Ann Swain's, Centre street. Roof burned slightly.

August 3.—A false alarm caused by blazing pine cones in a fireplace at George G. Fish's house, Broad street.

November 3.—Charles E. Hayden's bath house, Clean Shore. Incendiary.

November 6.—Fire in chimney on Sarah Swain's house, corner Centre and Hussey streets. No alarm.

1887.—February 28.—The alarm was occasioned by a slight blaze in a hen house belonging to M. F. Freeborn on Milk street. Small damage.

1888.—January 29.—Barn belonging to James Collins estate near Prospect Hill Cemetery. Totally destroyed. Incendiary.

February 23.—Mission School, Orange street. Slight blaze. Incendiary.

1889.—October 1.—Mary Spicer dwelling, North Liberty street. Incendiary. Damage \$275.

December 27.—U. S. Lifesaving Station at Muskeget. Defective chimney. Loss \$5000.

In our list of fires published last week, the following was accidentally omitted: Farm of Benjamin F. Worth, November 20, 1880. Cause, spark from outbuilding. Total loss.

Jacob Selwyn's Wife's Epitaph.

"Her name was Sarah — simply Sarah," said Jacob, as if the fact were a testimony to the modest nature of the departed. "She was of late years — 68," he continued, referring at the same time to an old pocket book; "but according to my reckoning we lost three years or so from not keeping a check upon her birthdays. But put her down at 68; she must have known her own age better than any one else." Mr Wycherly wrote "aged 68." "Would you say aged," asked Selwyn, "I don't think she would have liked that. Say in her 68th year, if you please." Mr Wycherly wrote as requested. "She was an excellent cook, Wycherly, and made ham better, I think than any woman in the country," said Selwyn with a pardonable feeling of pride. "I don't think we can put that in her epitaph," remarked Wycherly. "No, perhaps not; but it's a pity; it ought to go down, as it might have stimulated other young women to have as much said of them," said Selwyn, after a pause. "She was good at figures, and taught me to cipher when I was first married; but that can't go down either. I suppose?"

She was a very tidy woman, and made other tidy; broke in a lot of good servants, who never had a kind word to say of her, I dare say; that can't go down, I suppose?" "It would be difficult to express it," answered Wycherly. "Pickling and preserving, she was at great hand at both," said Selwyn with an enquiring look, but receiving no encouraging response from his amanuensis he took another sheet. "Always early morning her chickens and turkeys, and pretty night found herself in clothes. What do you say to that? That ought to go down."

Mr Wycherly replied: "Well I think all the good qualities you have enumerated, Silibyn, must be comprised in 'she was an excellent wife.'" "Ah! that she was," said the bereaved husband; "and it's I hard she can't have it put stronger than that. She was affectionate, Wycherly." "Yes, I'm sure of that." "Sometimes rather too affectionate, and showed me a little unnecessary anxiety about me. I used to vex her sometimes on purpose to try her temper." — "And how did you find it?" said Wycherly, sily. "Well, it varied — sometimes I smooth enough; at others warm, perhaps very warm; but as her good qualities can't be set out at length, I won't have her little infirmities advertised in the church yard."

1890.—February 20.—George W. Flagg house, Academy hill. Defective fire place. Slight damage.

March 20.—John Winn house. Defective chimney. Damage \$15.

July 12.—Nantucket Hotel. Defective chimney. Damage \$100.

December 30.—James A. Holmes' house, Mt. Vernon street. Defective chimney. Damage slight.

1891.—February 4.—Alarm caused by explosion of lamp in Dr. C. D. Marsh's house, Main street, at 8.15 p. m. No damage.

February 25.—Upper part of house of Mrs. A. M. Joy, near Prospect street. Damage \$300.

August 23.—Barn on O'Connel farm struck by lightning about midnight. Totally destroyed.

1892.—June 16.—Sea Cliff Inn. Caused by a pot of fat igniting in the kitchen. Damage slight.

August 10.—Grass in the house yard of Benjamin F. Taylor. Slight damage to house.

August 21.—House of John R. Sandbury on the north side of Tuckernuck, burned to the ground.

1893.—May 31.—John Harps' grocery store. Cause unknown. Loss, \$100.

September 5.—House of Madeline C. Mixer. Accidental. Damage, \$25.

1894.—February 23.—Sparks from chimney of North Church vestry. Quickly subdued. No general alarm.

March 31.—Two gunning houses on the island of Muskeget. Totally destroyed. Supposed incendiary.

May 17.—Pump house connected to house of Mrs. Jane Starbuck, New Mill street. No alarm.

1896.—January 9.—Fire in the stable of Herbert C. Smith, Steamboat wharf. One horse perished. Loss, \$1800.

June 5.—False alarm caused by burning stubble.

August 31.—Grain warehouse of Capt. W. T. Swain, Straight wharf. About 350 bushels of corn damaged. Spark from steam fire engine set fire to W. F. Codd's building, but was put out without any damage.

September 2.—Springfield House Annex, North Water street. Damage, \$500.

September 11.—Blaze on roof of house occupied by Frank Nickerson, near railroad crossing, Orange street. Damage slight.

December 22.—Alarm caused by fire in store occupied by E. H. Swan, Centre street. Cause, defective flue. Loss on stock, \$600. Building, \$250.

Directions for Restoring Persons Apparently Dead from Brownism.

- I. Lose no time. Carry out these directions on the spot.
- II. Remove the froth and mucus from the mouth and nostrils.
- III. Hold the body, for a few seconds only, with the head hanging down, so that the water may run out of the lungs and windpipe.
- IV. Loosen all tight articles of clothing about the neck and chest.
- V. See that the tongue is pulled forward if it falls back into the throat. By taking hold of it with a handkerchief it will not slip.
- VI. If the breathing has ceased, or nearly so, it must be stimulated by pressure of the chest with the hands, in imitation of the natural breathing; forcibly expelling the air from the lungs, and allowing it to re-enter and expand them by the elasticity of the ribs. Remember that THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT STEP OF ALL.
- To do it readily, lay the person on his back, with a cushion, pillow, or some firm substance, under the shoulders; then press with the flat of the hands over the lower part of the breast-bone and the upper part of the abdomen, keeping up a regular repetition and relaxation of pressure twenty or thirty times a minute. A pressure of thirty pounds may be applied with safety to a grown person.
- VII. Rub the limbs with the hands, or with dry cloths, constantly, to aid the circulation and keep the body warm.
- VIII. As soon as the person can swallow, give a table-spoonful of spirits in hot water, or some warm tea or coffee.
- IX. Work deliberately. Do not give up too quickly. Success has rewarded the efforts of hours.

Hay Fever.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: The writer of this communication has been a sufferer from the hay fever periodically for the past twelve years—during half of which period she could get no satisfactory relief. The intolerable itching of the eyelids and almost constant sneezing, which characterize the complaint in its worst form, she had to endure until six years ago, when the following remedy was brought to her notice in the columns of a newspaper.

Into a four-ounce wide-mouth bottle half filled with cotton, and having a close stopper, put the following mixture:

- 2½ drachms carbolic acid.
- 3 drachms aqua ammoniac (specific gravity 0.960).
- 5 drachms distilled water.
- 7½ drachms alcohol.

Insert through the nostrils. This mixture, being of a volatile nature, must be kept as much as possible from exposure, in order to preserve its strength and prevent too deep discoloration. It does not purport to be a specific, for that has not yet been discovered; but it has proved itself a ready relief in the case of the writer and of many who have suffered in the same way.

SANARITAN.

Dr. Henry MacCormac, of Belfast, Ireland, writes that it is not at all necessary or inevitable that a person knowing nothing of the art of swimming should be drowned if he depends simply and entirely on the powers for self-preservation with which nature has endowed him. The pith of the Doctor's remarks is contained in the following paragraph: "When one of the inferior animals takes the water, falls, or is thrown in, it instantly begins to walk as it does when out of the water. But when a man who cannot 'swim' falls into the water, he makes a few spasmodic struggles, throws up his arms, and drowns. The brute, on the other hand, treads water, remains on the surface, and is virtually insubmergeable. In order, then, to escape drowning it is only necessary to do as the brute does, and that is to tread or walk the water. The brute has no advantage in regard of his relative weight, in respect of the water, over man; and yet the man perishes while the brute lives. Nevertheless, any man, any woman, any child, who can walk on the land may also walk in the water just as readily as the animal does, and that without any prior instructions or drilling whatever. Throw a dog into the water, and he treads or walks the water instantly, and there is no imaginable reason why a human being under like circumstances should not do as the dog does. The brute, indeed, walks in the water instinctively, whereas man has to be told."

Mustard and Pneumonia.

Writing to the New York World a gentleman says: Pneumonia can be cured if the person will apply promptly over the lungs a poultice or draught made of mustard and flaxseed meal, keeping quiet and warm in bed. Prompt action is of vital importance, and there is no occasion for an "old-fashioned" or "new-fashioned" practitioner when so simple a remedy may be applied by any one, and if taken in season will, I think, always be effective. In my first personal experience my determination not to give up business, even for a day, came near costing me my life. The case was neglected till an eminent physician said that my right lung would be of just as much use to me out on the table as in the condition it then was, a fact of which I was already pretty well aware, but the mustard and flaxseed poultice mastered the disease and restored my lung to its normal condition, as good as new. In the second attack, a year later, the case was taken in hand promptly, the poultice applied, quiet and warmth maintained, and speedy recovery ensued without a physician being called. Mustard is an old-fashioned cure, and its healing virtues can hardly be over-estimated. It has saved our household many a doctor's bill.

TO CURE SUNSTROKE.—I. Rub powerfully on the back, head and neck, making horizontal and downward movements. This draws blood away from the front brain, and vitalizes the involuntary nerves.

2. While rubbing call for cold water immediately, which apply to the face, and to the hair on top and side head.

3. Call for a bucket of water as hot as can be borne, and pour it by dipperfuls on the back, head and neck for several minutes. The effect will be wonderful for vitalizing the medulla oblongata; it vitalizes the whole body, and the patient will generally start up into full conscious life in a very short time.

CROUP can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. Take a knife or grater, and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum, mix it with twice its quantity of sugar to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

THE best statesmanship—self-government.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.—An eminent physician says he cures ninety-nine out of every hundred cases of scarlet fever by giving the patient warm lemonade with gum arabic dissolved in it. A cloth wrung out in hot water and laid upon the stomach, should be removed as rapidly as it becomes cool.

LEMONS FOR SMALL-POX.—Now that the dreaded disease of small-pox is abroad in the land, the following experience of Dr. James Moore, of Ironton, Ohio, may be of interest:—

"I squeezed all the juice I possibly could out of one lemon into the glass, to which I added about two table-spoonfuls of water and drank it. I then opened the rind and sucked the balance of the juice. In about twenty minutes I took another lemon and used it in the same manner. In a short time I felt very cold, as if I were lying in close proximity to a large mass of snow or ice. My pulse had dropped to sixty. I shut my eyes to see if the unpleasant visions were gone, but by placing my hand upon my head, I found the pox on my head had gone also. My head was bathed in a gumous-like fluid, which had exuded from the pox. It stained the napkin I had applied to wipe it off. It seemed as if each had given up its contents and wilted to a level with the surface. My beard was glued together with the same kind of fluid. Those upon my neck had not burst, but had shrunk away and diminished in size considerably. I lay down and slept two hours comfortably. I awoke, I presume, from cold, although I had plenty of cover over me, and the fire was still burning in the grate. I felt so well pleased that I took a little more lemon juice. I kept my pulse at from sixty to sixty-seven for thirty-six hours, when all eruptions and elevation had disappeared from my skin. I then bid good-bye to lemon-juice and small-pox. So strongly am I convinced of the power of lemon juice to abate any and every case of small pox, if administered as I administered it to myself, that I look upon it with as much certainty and power in small-pox as quinine is in intermittent fever. I therefore publish my experiment, hoping every physician having a case of small-pox will give it a fair trial."

Remedy for Nicotining

Nitrate of Amyle.

A few drops to be
inhaled from a hand-
kerchief.

Lines on the Willey Monument
North Conway, N.H.

We gaze around, We ~~read~~
their monument, we sigh
and when we sigh we sink

Samuel Willey	aged	38
Polly	"	35
Eliza	"	12
Jeremiah	"	11
Martha	"	10
Elbridge	"	7
Sally	"	3

Preparation for removing spots from glasses

1 pt Alcohol
4 oz Ammonia
1/2 pt Aqua Ammonia

Cough Medicine

Spirits Nitre.
Syrup Squills.
Balsam.
Antimonial Wine.
Paregon

1/2 teaspoon
3 times a day

For Neuralgia

Capsicum
Sandalum
Sweet Oil
Chloroform

1/2 the
part affected

For Diarrhea

Equal parts of vinegar, Sweet oil
and molasses boil thick.

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DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN INVENTORS.



CELEBRATED AMERICAN INVENTIONS.

MEASUREMENT OF AN ACRE.

To aid farmers in arriving at accuracy in estimating the amount of land in different fields under cultivation, the following table is given:

5 yards wide by 968 yards long, 1 acre.
10 yards wide by 484 yards long, 1 acre.
20 yards wide by 252 yards long, 1 acre.
40 yards wide by 121 yards long, 1 acre.
70 yards wide by 69 yards long, 1 acre.
80 yards wide by 60 yards long, 1 acre.
60 feet wide by 726 feet long, 1 acre.
110 feet wide by 363 feet long, 1 acre.
120 feet wide by 363 feet long, 1 acre.
220 feet wide by 198 feet long, 1 acre.
240 feet wide by 181 feet long, 1 acre.
440 feet wide by 99 feet long, 1 acre.
A box 24x16 in. 22 in. deep, holds 1 barrel.
A box 16x16 in. 8 in. deep, holds 1 bushel.
A box 8½x8½ in. 8 in. deep, holds 1 peck.
A box 4x4 in. 4½ in. deep, holds ½ peck.

It was Sydney Smith who retorted upon some one who called him an every-day man, "Well, if I am an every-day man, you are a weak one."

INTEREST.—The following is the shortest and most accurate method of computing interest known, and is worth preserving. Multiply the principal by the number of days, and divide—

If at 5 per cent., by 7200.
If at 6 per cent., by 6000.
If at 7 per cent., by 5143.
If at 8 per cent., by 4500.
If at 9 per cent., by 4000.
If at 10 per cent., by 3600.
If at 11 per cent., by 3273.
If at 12 per cent., by 3000.
If at 13 per cent., by 2760.
If at 14 per cent., by 2571.
If at 15 per cent., by 2400.

TOMATO CATSUP.—One gallon ripe tomatoes, one table-spoon salt, four of ground pepper, three of mustard, one tea-spoon allspice, one of cloves, one of cinnamon, six little red peppers; simmer the whole slowly with a pint of vinegar, for three or four hours. Strain through a sieve; cork tight.

THE COINS OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

STANDARD VALUES AT HOME AND ABROAD—THE VALUES OF MONEY IN MANY COUNTRIES.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The following circular has been sent to the parties concerned by Secretary Sherman:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1, 1878.

The first section of the act of March 3, 1873, Statutes at Large, volume 17, page 602, reproduced

in section 3,564 of the Revised Statutes, provides "that the value of foreign coin, as expressed in the money of account of the United States, shall be that of the pure metal of such coin of standard value," and that "the values of the standard coins in circulation of the various nations of the world shall be estimated annually by the Director of the Mint, and be proclaimed on the 1st day of January by the Secretary of the Treasury." The estimate of values contained in the following table has been made by the Director of the Mint, and is hereby proclaimed in compliance with the above-stated provisions of law:

Country.	Monetary Unit.	Standard.	Value in U.S. Money.	Standard Coin.
Austria.....	Florin.....	Silver.....	45.3	Florin.
France.....	Peso.....	Gold and silver	19.3	5, 10, and 20 francs.
Belgium.....	Dollar.....	Gold and silver	96.5	Escudo, half bolivar, and bolivar.
Bolivia.....	Milreis of 1,000 reis.	Gold.....	54.5	None.
Brazil.....	Dollar.....	Gold.....	\$1 00	
British Possessions in N. America.....	Peso.....	Gold.....	96.5	Dollar.
Bogota.....	Dollar.....	Silver.....	91.8	Condor, doubloon, and escudo.
Chile.....	Peso.....	Gold.....	27.8	10 and 20 crowns.
Denmark.....	Crown.....	Gold.....	91.8	Doll r.
Ecuador.....	Dollar.....	Silver.....	97.4	5, 10, 25, and 50 piastres.
Egypt.....	Pound of 100 piastres.	Gold.....	19.3	5, 10, and 20 francs.
France.....	Franc.....	Gold and silver	4 86 4/12	Half sovereign and sovereign.
Great Britain.....	Pound sterling.....	Gold.....	19.3	5, 10, 20, 50, and 100 drachmas.
Greece.....	Drachma.....	Gold and silver	23.8	5, 10, and 20 marks.
German Empire.....	Mark.....	Gold.....	99.7	1, 2, 5, 10, and 20 yen.
Japan.....	Yen.....	Gold.....	43.6	
India.....	Rupce of 6 annas.	Silver.....	19.3	5, 10, 20, 50, and 100 lire.
Italy.....	Lira.....	Gold and Silver.	1 00.0	
Libe ia.....	Dollar.....	Gold.....	99.8	Peso or dollar, 5, 10, 25, and 50 centavos.
Mexico.....	Dollar.....	Silver.....	38.5	Florin; 10 guildens, gold (\$4 61.9.)
Netherlands.....	Florin.....	Gold and Silver.	26.8	10 and 20 crowns.
Norway.....	Crown.....	Gold.....	91.8	
Peru.....	Dollar.....	Silver.....	1 08.0	2, 5, and 10 milreis.
Portugal.....	Milreis of 1,000 reis.	Gold.....	73.4	Quarter rouble, half rouble, and rouble.
Russia.....	Rouble of 100 copecks.	Silver.....		
Sandwich Islands.....	Dollar.....	Gold.....	1 00.0	
Spain.....	Peseta of 100 centimes.	Gold and Silver.	19.3	5, 10, 20, 50, and 100 pesetas.
Sweden.....	Crown.....	Gold.....	26.8	10 and 20 crowns.
Switzerland.....	Franc.....	Gold and Silver.	19.3	5, 10, and 20 francs.
Tripoli.....	Mahbub of 20 piastres.	Silver.....	82.9	
Tunis.....	Piastre of 16 caroubes.	Silver.....	11.8	
Turkey.....	Piastre.....	Gold.....	4.3	25, 50, 100, 250, and 500 piastres.
U. S. of Colombia.....	Peso.....	Silver.....	91.8	

The above rates will be taken in estimating the values of all foreign merchandise made out in any of said currencies, imported on or after Jan. 1, 1878. I am, very respectfully,
JOHN SHERMAN, Secretary of the Treasury.

Read Before Abiah Folger Franklin Chapter, D. A. R.

The following incident connected with the war of 1812 will doubtless be of interest to Nantucket people. It is contributed by Mrs. Solon W. Stevens, of Lowell, Mass., who is now a visitor on the island. Mrs. Stevens is a granddaughter of the Edward Hussey mentioned in the story:

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR OF 1812.

During the height of the whaling business most of the vessels therein engaged were fitted out in the city of New Bedford, and in the islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. In the Autumn of the year 1812, Edward Hussey, a young Nantucketer, then about 18 years of age, who had learned the cooper's trade and had gone for a several years' voyage on the whaleship Mary Allen, was returning home. The vessel had been out about three years, and was filled with oil, as they had taken a great many whales, when one day while in the mid Atlantic, a sail was descried on the horizon. All on board participated in the pleasure usually experienced by the crew on such occasions, and many conjectures were interchanged as to the nationality of the approaching vessel and many hopes expressed that it might be another whaler lately started from home which would bring them news of their relatives and friends. Before long they were able to distinguish the British flag flying at the peak of the stranger, and a few minutes later perceived her to be a man of war. Even then their apprehensions were not aroused, for they were ignorant of the fact that war had been declared between England and the United States. Imagine their consternation when within speaking distance of the rapidly approaching craft they were summoned to surrender in the name of His Majesty, George the Third. They were without arms and helpless, unable to escape, as the British vessel could easily outsail them, and incapable of making any defence, so there was no alternative but to comply with the demand of their enemy. They were taken on board of the man of war and their own vessel was set on fire. As they sailed away the flames from the deserted ship rose high in the air, and as the fire reached the casks of oil stored in the hold, it burned fiercer and fiercer, until it seemed to illuminate the whole waste of waters. As it disappeared from their sight on the horizon, it had subsided into a red smouldering mass which cast a glow on the clouds like that of the setting sun. The crew of the whaler were solicited to join the British service; but as they refused to do so, they were taken as prisoners of war to England, and confined with a number of others in an old ship called the Kron Prinzen, formerly a Danish man of war, at a place a few miles below Chatham dock-yard and seventy miles from London. Here, although they could not complain of any especially bad treatment, their life was so unhappy that they resolved to try to escape. The keepers were in the habit of examining the inside of the prison ship every evening, before counting the prisoners, in order to see whether any attempt had been made at cutting a hole. The Americans noticed there was one place on the lower deck which was usually passed by with a very slight examination, and there they decided to begin their attempt, provided they could avoid detection by the guards who were placed on a staging outside the vessel, and who continually walked backwards and forwards watching everything that occurred. The hole which they began to cut there would terminate, they hoped, a few inches below this staging, and a short distance above the water line, both conditions being absolutely necessary for their escape. They had no tools to work with but a common table knife fitted with teeth. After some time they contrived to saw out a heavy oak plank, which they kept close at hand in order to insert it quickly in its place when they heard the keepers approaching. They then began to demolish a stout oak timber, splinter by splinter; but this had to be done with the greatest caution for fear of its being heard by the soldier on the outside.

They took turns, and while one worked several others watched so as to give warning whenever a keeper was approaching; and then the hole was instantly covered. Before the heavy timber was entirely splintered out, one of them obtained the cook's iron poker, and this was found of great assistance in prying off the small splinters around the iron bolts. After working for between thirty and forty days they reached the copper on the ship's bottom some two or three feet from where they began the hole, at a downward angle of about twenty-five degrees. By working the poker through the copper on the upper side of the hole they learned, to their great joy, that it came out beneath the staging on which the soldier stood. When they removed the copper on the lower side of the hole they found that some water entered, but not enough to sink

wind and weather she became more unsteady in her motion and rolled the hole under water. If that had happened, the poor prisoners would doubtless all have gone to the bottom, since their superiors would have left them to their fate, deeming it a proper punishment for their temerity. As soon as it was announced that the hole was entirely completed, the prisoners chose a committee to superintend the attempt at escape, and give all necessary directions which the others were bound to obey. This committee decided that those who had labored in cutting the hole should have the privilege of trying first to escape. They chose also four careful men, who could not swim, to take charge of the hole, and help out those who wished to leave.

Before making the attempt they, with a good deal of difficulty, got some tarred canvas, with which they made for themselves small bags just large enough to hold a pea-jacket, shirt and shoes, then they fastened a stout string about ten feet long to the bag by one end, and of the other end they made a loop to pass around the neck. Having everything ready they at last fixed upon an evening to make the bold strike for liberty. Every single man felt as if he took his life in his hand, yet he preferred to do so sooner than remain any longer in confinement. The attempt seemed well nigh desperate, for not only were there soldiers stationed musket in hand along the lower staging, but on an upper one as well, which ran all around the ship.

The landing place, if the prisoners succeeded in reaching it, was about a half a mile distant. Their plan was to distract the attention of the soldiers on guard as much as possible; and with this end in view, a company of good singers stationed themselves in the after part of the ship close to the guard that stood over the hole by which the prisoners were to escape, and the one next to him. By their songs they excited the attention of the two soldiers, who drew a little nearer in order to hear them. At ten o'clock all lights were extinguished, and this was the time that the committee chose for giving the order to put the men through the hole. Each one was already with his hat and pantaloons on, and his bag in his hand. They were put through one by one, feet foremost, a blanket having first been wrappd around the hole to keep them from being cut by the jagged edges of the copper; and then, as their bag strings began to draw, a sign that they had reached the water in safety, the bags also were thrown out. As each half hour struck, the soldier on guard above the hole would step to his post and cry, "All's well," and then the putting the prisoners through would cease; but as soon as he moved forward to listen to the singing it would begin again. Among the first to escape was Edward Hussey, of whom mention has been made, and just after him a young man named Silas Folger. These two were both members of the Society of Friends, and united by a strong friendship. As they touched the water, which was extremely cold, it being then the early Spring of 1813, they with difficulty repressed an exclamation and a shudder. Those following them were not all so fortunate, for presently it came the turn of one who, as he was dropped into the icy element, uttered an involuntary groan. The attention of the soldier above was immediately aroused, and a shower of bullets went whistling across the water. The two young men, Hussey and Folger, succeeded however, after a desperate swim, in effecting a landing on the coast, which, inhospit-

the man of war and their own vessel was set on fire. As they sailed away the flames from the deserted ship rose high in the air, and as the fire reached the casks of oil stored in the hold, it burned fiercer and fiercer, until it seemed to illuminate the whole waste of waters. As it disappeared from their sight on the horizon, it had subsided into a red smouldering mass which cast a glow on the clouds like that of the setting sun. The crew of the whaler were solicited to join the British service; but as they refused to do so, they were taken as prisoners of war to England, and confined with a number of others in an old ship called the Kron Prinzen, formerly a Danish man of war, at a place a few miles below Chatham dock-yard and seventy miles from London. Here, although they could not complain of any especially bad treatment, their life was so unhappy that they resolved to try to escape. The keepers were in the habit of examining the inside of the prison ship every evening, before counting the prisoners, in order to see whether any attempt had been made at cutting a hole. The Americans noticed there was one place on the lower deck which was usually passed by with a very slight examination, and there they decided to begin their attempt, provided they could avoid detection by the guards who were placed on a staging outside the vessel, and who continually walked backwards and forwards watching everything that occurred. The hole which they began to cut there would terminate, they hoped, a few inches below this staging, and a short distance above the water line, both conditions being absolutely necessary for their escape. They had no tools to work with but a common table knife fitted with teeth. After some time they contrived to saw out a heavy oak plank, which they kept close at hand in order to insert it quickly in its place when they heard the keepers approaching. They then began to demolish a stout oak timber, splinter by splinter; but this had to be done with the greatest caution for fear of its being heard by the soldier on the outside.

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They happened to arrive there on Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for church, and the people whom they met in the streets were mostly hastening to the different places of Divine worship. They were uncertain where to go to find any Quakers, but they suddenly saw coming towards them a man whom they instantly knew to be one, by his broad brimmed hat and plain dress. They did not hesitate a moment, but going up to him young Hussey addressed him, telling him their sorry plight, and their need of assistance. Their most sanguine expectations were realized, for he proved to be a true friend to them, not only furnishing them with lodgings and food and clothing while they remained in London, but giving them the money to enable them to return to their native country. No more prisoners ever escaped from the "Kron Prinzen," than the eighteen who left her that night. One of these was discovered the next day lying dead on the shore, wounded and having apparently bled to death.

Burdock Blood Bitters gives a man a clear head, an active brain, a strong, vigorous body--makes him fit for the battle of life.

A Chicago Choir.

The choir was singing a new arrangement of the beautiful anthem, "Consider the Lilies." The pure, sweet voice of the soprano rose clearly and distinctly in the solo:

They toi-oi-oil not,

They toil not,

Ny-y-y-ther do they spin.

She paused, and the tenor took up the strain:

Nee-ee-ee-ther do they spin,

They toi-oi-oi-oil not,

They toil not,

They toil not,

Nee-ee-ee-ther do they spin.

The tenor ceased, and the basso, a solemn, red-haired young man, with a somewhat worldly-looking eye and a voice like a fog horn, broke in:

Nay-ay-ay-ayther do they spin.

They toi-oi-oi-oil not,

They toil not,

They toil not,

Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin.

Then the voice of the three were lifted in semi-chorus:

Ny-y-y-ther,

Nee-ee-ee-ther,

Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin.

They toi-oi-oi-oil not,

They toil not,

They toil not,

Ny-y-y-ther,

Nee-ee-ee-ther

Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin.

"Brethren," said the gray-haired, old-fashioned pastor, when the choir had finished, "we will begin the service of the morning by singing the familiar hymn, 'And are we yet alive?'"

But the following from the "Golden Rule," has enough truth in it to be funny and to give point to its sarcasm.

It is almost impossible to enter many churches without hearing one of these caricatures of ancient psalmody, and this is about the style of its rendition:

The one-thousand dollar soprano warbles out a statement that she will wash. The alto astonishes the congregation by volunteering a like statement. The tenor (late of the "Boston Ideals," and so announced in the pap-

ers) loftily expresses his determination likewise to perform an ablution. The Swedish basso growls out defiantly his intention to wash, also.

All this requires much heaving, swelling of veins, contortions of visage, and vain repetition, to make quite clear to the congregation that a general wash is about to come off. But this does not by any means satisfy the quartette, who seem to have suddenly developed an intense longing after cleanliness. They take deep breath and a fresh start, after which, with many a suspension, quaver, slur, rest and variation, they repeat the words, "I will wash my hands,"—much to the relief of the scarcely breathing congregation. A heavy, long-drawn sigh testifies to their momentary ease.

But the next phrase, sung in a soul-harrowing *poco agitato*,—"I will wash my hands in,"—plunges the perspiring listeners into a fresh sea of distressing doubt. The minister's wife on the front seat—that little lady in the pearl silk robe, not the stout lady in black satin—uneasily shifts her position, the theological neophyte, fresh from the seminary, unconsciously blushes; the bald-headed deacon frowns ominously; it is a matter of universal and painful doubt as to what element the singers will use to wash their hands. Oh, such terrible suspense!

With sensibilities wrought up to a tremendous pitch, the people now listen to a vocal race, each incoherent artist vying with the others to be the first to announce the element to be used in their ablutions.

The soprano starts off at a gentle canter, but she impresses the congregation as possessing considerable reserve speed. The alto and tenor follow, neck and neck, good seconds, while the bass comes lumbering on behind, already breathing heavily. They soon begin in earnest, and in a short time are going at a lively pace. It needs an expert to predict who first will emerge from the intricacies of the snarl. "I will wash will my hands wash my wash will hands in my wash will I hands I will wash wash wash wash my hands hands hands hands hands my wash will I wash, my hands will I hands I will wash wash wash wash my wash in wash"—oh, it is maddening. But, wonderful to relate, they finally compromise, and all come in together, expressing a peaceable, respectable, and entirely harmless resolve to wash their hands "in innocency."

[Written for the Boston Journal.]

THE REPORTER'S STORY.

On the bridge which spans the Mystic, with a longing agonistic
Gazed I at the shaft memorial on the upper-land of Breed's,
Waiting some new revelation, some exclusive impartation,
Which might flash more light and glory on our sire's heroic deeds.
'Why,' thought I, "can't some old buffer, called upon that hill to suffer,
Step back here in ghostly presence and some mighty fact relate?
More about brave sturdy Prescott, in his linen banyan dress coat,
More of Putnam, Stark and Pomeroy—more of Warren and his fate."
Just then came along a dory, rowed by one antique and hoary,
Who unto a pier adjacent his small vessel snugly tied;
Then, though seeming old and weakly, hand o'er hand he climbed up, quickly,
To a station left for landing, and stood grimly by my side.
White his hair as wool or cotton, and his skin was dry and shotten,
But his eye was bright and cheery and brim full of subtle fun;
Said I: "So you've come, my hearty," as I saw the ancient party,
"Can you tell me aught of Bunker that is new beneath the sun?"
"My old father fit at Bunker!" said he, and he took a chunk o'
Fragrant nigger-head tabac from a pocket deep and wide,
And then he whet his whistle from a handy pocket pistol,
And kindly offered it to me, but I the draught denied.
"My father fit at Bunker, and, when I was but a youngker,
He used to tell me stories of that fierce and bloody day,
And, sir, it would delight you could I the half recite you
Of the many things he 'membered of that sanguinary fray!"
"Fit at Bunker!" I repeated; "my dear fellow pray be seated
Upon this pile of rotten planks, and tell me all you can."
Then he told me many a story of heroic deed and glory,
Of which I took full notes from the opportune old man.
Then I handed him a dollar, when he took another swallow,
And said he guessed he'd go, but I urged him still to stay;
"Don't you feel," said I, "elated at the pageant contemplated—
The grand centennial tribute to the glorious battle-day?"
"Oh no," said he, "not much on't; I've hardly got a touch on't;
For, do you see, it ain't to me so much a thing of pride,
But the reverse on't, rather, for my heroic father,
Although he fit at Bunker,—he was on the British side."
Then my gorge arose to hear it; cried I, "Vile, profaning spirit,
Off! vamoose to shades Tartarean on the dark Plutonian shore!"
Then the interview he ended, quickly to his boat descended,
And, soon lost in distance, I saw the chap no more.
SAW HIM.

AN epitaph in a Pennsylvania churchyard:
"Here lies the body of Amy Major, who departed this life March 20, 1792. Suffice it to say that she was an honest woman—the second noblest work of God."

A LITTLE boy in Springfield, after his customary evening prayer, a night or two ago, continued, "and bless mamma and Jenny, and Uncle Benny," adding after a moment's pause the explanatory remark, "his name is Hopkins."

DON'T CROWD.

Don't crowd, the world is large enough
For you as well as me;
The doors of all are open wide—
The realm of thought is free.
In all earth's place you are right
To chase the best you can—
Provided that you do not try
To crowd some other man.
Don't crowd the good from out your heart
By fostering all that's bad.
But give to every virtue room—
The best that may be had;
To each day's record such a one
That you may well be proud;
Give each his right—give each his room,
And never try to crowd.

—Charles Dickens.

A SUMMERLESS YEAR.

What an Old New Yorker's Diary Tells of Snow and Ice in 1816.

The year 1816 was known throughout the United States and Europe as the coldest ever experienced by any person then living. There are persons in northern New York, says the Sun, who have been in the habit of keeping diaries for years, and it is from the pages of an old diary, begun in 1810 and kept unbroken until 1840, that the following information regarding this year without a summer has been taken:

January was so mild that most persons allowed their fires to go out and did not burn wood except for cooking. There were a few cool days, but they were very few. Most of the time the air was warm and springlike. February was not cold. Some days were colder than any in January, but the weather was about the same. March, from the 1st to the 6th, was inclined to be windy. It came in like a small lion and went out like a very innocent sheep.

April came in warm, but, as the days grew longer, the air became colder, and by the first of May there was a temperature like that of winter, with plenty of snow and ice. In May the young buds were frozen dead, ice formed half an inch thick on ponds and rivers, corn was killed, and the corn fields were planted again and again, until it became too late to raise a crop. By the last of May in this climate the trees are usually in leaf and birds and flowers are plentiful. When the last of May arrived in 1816 everything had been killed by the cold.

June was the coldest month of roses ever experienced in this latitude. Frost and ice were as common as buttercups usually are. Almost every green thing was killed; all fruit was destroyed. Snow fell 10 inches deep in Vermont. There was a seven-inch snowfall in Maine, a three-inch fall in the interior of New York state, and the same in Massachusetts. There were only a few moderately warm days. Everybody looked, longed and waited for warm weather, but warm weather did not come. It was also dry; very little rain fell. All summer long the wind blew steadily from the north in blasts laden with snow and ice. Mothers knit socks of double thickness for their children, and made thick mittens. Planting and shivering were done together, and the farmers who roads were overcoats and mittens. On June 17 there was a heavy fall of snow. A Vermont farmer sent a flock of sheep to pasture on June 16. The morning of the 17th dawned with the thermometer below the freezing point. At about 9 o'clock in the morning the owner of the sheep started to look up his flock. Before leaving home he turned to his wife and said, jokingly: "Better start the neighbors soon; it's the middle of June, and I may get lost in the snow."

An hour after he left home a terrible snow storm came up. The snow fell thick and fast, and, as there was so much wind, the fleecy masses piled in great drifts along the windward side of the fences and outbuildings. Night came and the farmer had not been heard of. His wife became frightened and alarmed the neighborhood. All the neighbors joined the searching party. On the third day they found him. He was lying in a hollow on a side hill, with both feet frozen; he was half covered with snow, but alive. Most of the sheep were lost.

A farmer near Tewksbury, Vt., owned a large field of corn. He built fires around the field to keep off the frost. Nearly every night he and his men took turns in keeping up the fires and watching that the corn did not freeze. The farmer was rewarded for his tireless labors by having the only crop of corn in the region.

July came in with snow and ice. On the Fourth of July ice as thick as window glass formed throughout New England, New York, and in some parts of the state of Pennsylvania. Indian corn, which in some parts of the East had struggled through May and June, gave up, froze, and died.

To the surprise of everybody, August proved the worst month of all. Almost every green thing in this country and Europe was blasted with frost. Snow fell at Barnet, 30 miles from London, Eng., on Aug. 30. Newspapers received from England stated that 1816 would be remembered by the existing generation as the year in which there was no summer. Very little corn ripened in New England. There was great privation, and thousands of persons would have perished in this country had it not been for the abundance of fish and wild game.

In direct contrast with 1816 appears the year 1827-28, when there was no winter. Capt. Daniel Lyon, who died some years ago in Burlington, Vt., used to relate his experience in 1827-28. He was a walking encyclopedia of local events. He said: "I knew but one season when winter was almost like summer, the winter of 1827-28. I was running the steamboat Gen. Green between Burlington, Vt., and Port Kent and Plattsburg, N. Y., and during the year there was not a bit of ice in the whole lake from one end to the other. The old Lake Champlain Steamboat Company hauled out the steamboats Phoenix and Congress, and hardly a bit of ice appeared in Shelburne bay, near Burlington, during the winter."

"The Phoenix had a new engine built in Albany, and the whole outfit had to be carried from that city to Shelburne harbor by teams through the mud. At Middlebury, Vt., the mud was more than a foot deep. The Phoenix was rebuilt and ready to launch by Jan. 15, Jan. 18 was the day fixed for the launching, and I took over a large party from Burlington on the Gen. Green. The sun was shining with the warmth of a July day. The women who sat on deck raised their parasols."

Hugh D'Arcy, Famed for Poem 'Face on (Barroom) Floor,' Dies

Never Forgave Man Who Altered Title and Turned
His Verse Into Prohibition Song; Said He Would
Have Jumped Into River Rather Than Help Drys

Hugh Antoine D'Arcy, bard, actor and showman, who loved humanity and conquered the world with a poem, died yesterday at Lenox Hill Hospital, the victim of chronic heart disease and bronchitis.

D'Arcy was eighty-two years old and the composer of many poems and songs. He also wrote sketches and plays, but the poem which captured the heart and imagination of America and other countries was the one he wrote under the title "The Face Upon the Floor."

This poem, which was set to music and sung in many corners of the earth, brought him great renown but not unmixed with vexation and disappointment. Thanks to some self-appointed editor, whom D'Arcy always wanted to meet to settle the score, the poem came to be known as "The Face on the Barroom Floor," much to the disgust of the author, who saw in this arbitrary change of title a perversion of his original meaning and artistic aim.

"I am tormented," said Mr. D'Arcy one of his recent birthdays, "by this piece of literary vandalism. I shall devote the rest of my years to what may prove to be a vain effort to correct a great error." And he never grew tired reciting the lines of his famous poem, which began:

"Twas a balmy summer evening, and a goodly crowd was there,
Which well-nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of the square;
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor—

"Say, boys, if you'll give me another whisky I'll be glad,
And I'll draw right here a picture of the face that drove me mad.
Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the billiard score,
You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the barroom floor."

"An honest to goodness 'bum' came in," Mr. D'Arcy explained later. "He walked over to our table at Joe Smith's saloon at Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth Street with Frank O'Brien, then mayor of a town in Alabama; Jake Tannenbaum and others, all of whom were connected with the theatrical business, and began begging for drinks.

"He drew the picture of a woman's face on the floor. Just then Joe Smith's 'bouncer' spotted him and out he went, with Toby, a wire-haired terrier, owned by Smith, hanging on the beggar's coat-tails.

"We went outside to see what had become of him. I picked him up, gave him some money and asked him his occupation. He said he was an artist. And that's how I got the inspiration for my poem. The next morning I brought the poem down to Joe Smith's and he was all broken up over it."

Although the poem was intended to portray the sufferings of an artist, driven to drink and death by the loss of his sweetheart through the treachery of a friend, it became in the early days of prohibition one of the campaign songs of the drys, who saw in it a sermon against the evils of drink. It was thus that its title was perverted into "The Face on the Barroom Floor."

"If I thought that my poem had done anything to help prohibition I would jump in the Hudson," said Mr. D'Arcy on one occasion. "I have never been intoxicated. I wrote it as an admonition to all to be kind to the poor derelict. I have never been intoxicated, but I believe a man has a right drink like a gentleman."

The poem was first printed in the "New York Dispatch" in 1887. The poem read as follows:

THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR

"Twas a balmy summer's evening and a goodly crowd was there
Which well-nigh filled Joe's bar-room on the corner of the square;
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door
A vagabond came slowly in and posed upon the floor.

"Where did it come from?" some one cried. "The wind has blown it in."
"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whisky, rum or gin."
"Here, Toby, sit him, if your stomach's equal to the work—
I wouldn't touch him with a fork; he's as filthy as a Turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace;
In fact he smiled as though he thought he'd struck the proper place.
"Come, boys, I know there's burly hearts among so good a crowd,
To be in such good company would make a deacon proud.

"Give me a drink—that's what I want—I'm out of funds, you know,
When I had cash to treat the gang this hand was never slow.
What? You laugh as though you thought this pocket never held a soul!
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you.

"There, thanks! that's braced me nicely. God bless you one and all!
Next time I pass this good saloon I'll make another call.
Give you a song? No, I can't do that; my singing days are past;
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my lungs are going fast.

"Say! Give me another whisky, and I'll tell you what I'll do—
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise, too.
That I was ever a decent man not one of you would think;
But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give me another drink.

"Fill her up, Joe; I want to put some life into my frame—
Such little drinks to a-bum like me are miserably tame;
Five fingers—there, that's the scheme—and corking whisky, too!
Well, here's luck, boys! and, landlord, my best regards to you!

"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to tell you how
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now.
As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle, frame and health,
And but for a blunder ought to have considerable wealth.

I was a painter—not one that daubs on bricks and wood
But an artist, and for my age, was rated rather good.
I worked hard at my canvas and was bidding fair to rise,
For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called "The Chase of Fame,"
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and added to my name.
And then I met a woman—now comes the funny part—
With eyes that petrified my brain and sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond you see
Could ever love a woman and expect her love for me;
But 'twas so, and for a month or two her smiles were freely given,
And when her lovely lips touched mine it carried me to Heaven.

"Did you ever see a woman for whom your soul you'd give,
With a form like Milo Venus, too beautiful to live,
With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and a wealth of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

"I was working on a portrait one afternoon in May
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who lived across the way;
And Madeline admired it, and much to my surprise,
Said she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown,
My friend had stolen my darling and I was let alone;
And ere a year of misery had passed above my head
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead!

"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile!
I thought you'd be amused, and laughing all the while.
Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a teardrop in your eye!
Come, laugh, like me! 'tis only babes and women that should cry.

"Say, boys! if you give me just another whisky I'll be glad,
And I'll draw right here a picture of the face that drove me mad.
Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the baseball score,
You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the barroom floor."

Another drink, and with chalk in hand the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man;
Then as he placed another look upon the shapely head,
With a fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the picture—dead.

Mr. D'Arcy was a native of France. He was born, March 5, 1843, and went to England at an early age. After at-

tending Ipswich University, he was employed as call boy and "juvenile" at the Theatre Royal, in Bristol, England. He then made his way to London, where he played many character roles. In 1871 he came to the United States and turned his attention to the business end of the theater and managed Mary Anderson, Ada Grey, Frank Mayo, Robert Mantell, James O'Neill, De Wolf Hopper and others.

Until his illness Mr. D'Arcy lived at the Hotel America, Broadway and Forty-seventh Street.

Druggists Support Dry Drive Call Meeting to Stop Sale of Liquor

Druggists of New York City have called a meeting to support the dry drive and to call for a meeting to stop the sale of liquor.

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A WOMAN'S REPLY TO THE TEXANS.

Mayor Matthews received a letter from Texas the other day (as was duly reported in the Journal) asking that some of the women of New England consider application for marriage from the Texas men. The following quaint answer from a Lawrence lady has been received by the Journal and will be duly forwarded in print to the Texas Rangers:

Excellent, Sir:

(I hope that's the way

To begin, but I really couldn't say

With any exactness, not having to pay

My respects to great Magistrates every day.)

It seems to me there might be a ray

Of hope for a State not ashamed to pray

For the thing it needs, however astray

Its practical notions might be.

As to how the change must be brought about,

It looks quite simple when written out,

Of women your State has scarcely any,

While Massachusetts says she has many—

Ever so many to spare.

"Let's send up there

After our share."

Says Texas, "we'll drag 'em home by the hair.

We'll level our guns at their pretty eyes,

And marry 'em while they're dumbo with sur-

prise.

Any smart man can capture a prize."

But, sir, if your amorous rangers are wise

They'll carefully estimate the size

Of the contract, for verily danger lies

In grasping too much, and I surmise

That they would be doomed to see

Their happiness fly when morning came,

And the scornful eyes of each captured dame

Measured and gave them an accurate name,

While their owner talked of the isotherm

Of that latitude, and asked for what term

She must live on the flesh of a pachyderm

And cakes of diebeian maize,

Till in hopeless daze

At their Boston ways

Each raider prays

To escape the gaze

Of those cool, clear eyes for the rest of

his days.

But Texas is big. Do you want us to go

To the northwest corner to neighbor with Lo,

Or out on the plains, where nothing will grow

But sage brush and cactus, where hurricanes

blow

And cyclones their swarths are ready to mow?

Or, perhaps, with courtly grace you would

show

Us out to the border of Mexico,

Where rain comes once in a year or so

And Garza's wild bandits cavort

But wherever I try to fix the place

There rises the quite too dreadful race

Of the man that always stands between

My sight and peaceful Texan scene,

Which might be fair

If he were not there.

You have land to spare

And a climate rare,

Why cannot a splasher have a share?

I couldn't marry. It's quite too late.

I'm thirty-five—by the book—that's straight.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-eight

in the family Bible stands the date.

And I do not quarrel at all with fate,

For I've made the most of my single state

And never idly sat down to wait

For a knight who was slow to come.

But sometimes "I loathe the squares and

streets."

Yes, even "the faces that one meets,"

And long for silent country hours,

And one rod of earth to plant my flowers

Far out of this Babel's reach.

Your grace for spinsters I beseech.

I could preach,

I could teach

(At spiders and snakes I should certainly

screech).

I could coax black Dinah, never fear,

To cook like a chef, her soups would be clear,

Her fish a wonder far and near,

And things for gourmands to revere

Her roasts and birds, while a quivering sphere

Of pudding or jelly, for messes queer,

should grace the board every day in the year.

I could help in the dearest way

Hats to trim, or a gown to fit.

Or of some invalid's couch could sit,

And talk with unfeigned interest

Of the common things that are always best.

But could easily show

If you wish it so

That I happen to know

How the currents flow

In the thought world from Texas to Tokio.

By the latest census you may see

That there's just eight thousand and six of me,

But we're not looking around for men

To marry us. Just try again,

Think of something more to our mind,

For some definite work we might be inclined.

Open some avenue. Advertise

in the Boston Journal and offer a home

in exchange for our wares, and many would

come.

Glad to escape to softer skies,

Sufficient are ninety lines to the wise.

BUTLER'S BIG BRAIN.

General Butler's brain, as has been announced, weighed four ounces more than that of Daniel Webster. Daniel Webster's brain weighed 58 ounces, but physicians estimated

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The Official Paper of the City

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FIFTY YEARS.

When the 20th century came in, one year ago, the event loomed so large in the world of thought that any period of time smaller than 100 years seemed scarcely worth estimating. Indeed, every January 1, during at least a decade before that of one year ago this morning, seemed to demand retrospect and prospect measured on the century scale.

We have now had one full year of the 20th century. There is no longer special need to dwell on it, or on its predecessor, as a totality. But it is not easy, yet, to confine the mind, on New Year's day, within the narrow compass of 12 months. The leap from 100 years to one year is too great. Therefore this morning The Advertiser invites its readers to think a little while about the 50 years last past, with some attempt at glance of thought into the 50 years next to come. One advantage of this more limited scope is that half a century is not too long a time for conscious measurement. If the expression be not too familiar, we may say that we can take it in hand. A great many men and women are this morning in vigorous health, full of ardent hopes as well as of happy memories, who are able to recall the hopes and memories which were theirs on the morning of January 1, 1852. A great many men and women have already reached the age of thoughtfulness who reasonably anticipate for themselves the privilege of looking backward without remorse, and forward without despair, on the morning of January 1, 1952.

"The noon of the 19th century," is a noble phrase which came into use in the early 60's, in connection with critical estimates of the writings of John Stuart Mill, whose "Principles of Political Economy" was published in 1848, for the purpose of continuing the work done by Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" in the interval since the early years of the last quarter of the 18th century. Not only in political economy, but in philosophy, history, sociology, and theology, J. S. Mill represented, wonderfully, the prevailing trend of the world's thought, its ambitions, its discoveries and inventions, its social and religious ideals, 50 years ago.

One of Mr. Mill's great books is his "Essay on Liberty." That word "liberty" was at the "noon of the 19th century", and for several years afterward, in everybody's mouth. It was there scornfully in many cases, hypocritically in many more cases, but nothing less than worshipfully, as it was used with voice and pen by a great and growing multitude of men and women, in all the four quarters of the globe, but especially in the United States of America. Liberty was then the passion of great souls.

The Mexican war was fought in 1846-7 to gain more territory for American slavery. Gen. Taylor was elected by the whigs to the presidency in 1848, because of his success in the Mexican war. That self-subjection to the slave power killed the whig party. In 1852 it did not dare to nominate Millard Fillmore (who had succeeded to the presidency as vice-president on the death of President Taylor) because President Fillmore had signed the fugitive slave law, which was the logical outcome of the Mexican war. Gen. Scott, another victorious officer in that war, was nominated for the presidency by the whigs. He was defeated. The whig party did not live long enough to enter another presidential campaign, after 1852.

Whatever differences of opinion there are about the conquest of the Philippines, all Americans agree that liberty is not held so dear in American hearts as it was a half century ago. The Declaration of Independence was the Magna Charta of the republican party, rising to power 50 years ago on the ruins of the whig party. The Declaration of Independence was openly flouted, as to its central principle, at a republican banquet in Boston last Saturday; and the habit of treating it with scant respect has become too familiar, within the past three years, to cause surprise.

How will it be 50 years hence? Will the world by that time have outgrown all faith in the doctrine of human equality as to fundamental rights; or will the swing of the pendulum have brought the nations back to the tremendous belief which is stirring the noblest of mankind at "the noon of the 19th century?"

Fifty years ago Charles Darwin was known in England as a rising young man of science, who showed remarkable boldness of thought combined with equally remarkable patience and accuracy in the observation of nature. He was already gathering material for the book which startled the world seven years later, "The Origin of Species." On the purely scientific side, it is not too much to say that the progress of learning in the past half century has been the acceptance of the Darwinian philosophy, and its application, far and wide. As this second year of the new century opens, there are yet no signs of the coming of another scientific prophet to do, in some other part of the broad domain of nature, any such work as Darwin did. The outlook now is that

the triumphs in the half century to come are to be along the lines of practical rather than philosophical science. But, of course, we get as yet no more than a moment's glimpse behind the fringe of the curtain of even such near futurity.

Fifty years ago the world was in a turmoil of "reform." That word was in men's mouths almost as often as was the word "liberty"; and was there, likewise, in the three qualities of score, of hypocrisy, and of sincere devotion. There were societies for medical reform, for temperance reform, for dress reform, for health reform, for moral reform, and for educational reform. Isaac Pitman, who near the end of the last century became Sir Isaac Pitman, had invented phonography, and an alphabet for phonetic printing; and these inventions had gained such favor, after some 14 years, that in 1852, all England and all America, with some parts of continental Europe, were stirred up by "the writing and spelling reform."

How distant, how strange, all those "reform" movements seem now, to those who remember them, and to the younger generation that has learned them! Yet, with all their crudeness and eccentricities, and often excesses, the reformers of half a century ago were, in the main, men and women of high intelligence, of pure character, and of an unselfishness that might well make us blush for ourselves rather than laugh at them.

In 1852, Thomas Carlyle had revived by his "Life of John Sterling," published one year before, the enthusiasm of readers of both sides of the Atlantic which had been brought to furnace heat in 1845 by his "Life of Cromwell." Fifty years ago, Macaulay's first two volumes of the "History of England," published four years before, were enjoying that stupendous popularity which more than fulfilled his own expressed hope, when a youth, that history might be written in such a style as to be more in request at the circulating libraries than the latest novel. In 1852, he made his last public speech in Edinburgh, thanking his constituents for electing him to parliament without his having spoken a word, or written a line, or lifted a finger, or contributed a shilling, toward the result. Fifty years ago, Tennyson's "In Memoriam" had been published two years.

In our own country, Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" had been published four years; and the first edition of his "Biglow Papers" had been for one year, making the whole North laugh and weep and rage, obedient to the enchanter's wand, which was his pen. Longfellow was nationally famous as the writer of "Evangeline," published five years previously; and was within three years of giving to the world "Hiawatha."

Fifty years ago, Charles G. Finney was elected president of Oberlin College, the first American college to offer women a liberal education. What a world of meaning, of wonder, of mental and moral and social revolution; what possibilities of progress in half a century, outstripping all the advance of all the stagnant centuries dead and gone, that fact and date imply.

The discovery of gold in California, little more than half a century ago, was epoch-making in its influences upon the civilized world. It acted as a great stimulus in the development of the western half of this continent. It was due to the great rush of gold-seekers to California that it became a matter of national necessity to build the Pacific roads. The acquisition of Alaska would hardly have been considered seriously if it had not been for the settlement of California. But it was in finance that the great discovery of 1848 made itself felt. Not, indeed, in the way that many feared, but in more subtle fashion.

When the news of the richness and extent of the gold deposits in California was confirmed, there arose a fear in certain quarters that gold would be so plentiful that its use as a money metal might be discontinued. This fear was shared by some financiers who could boast of experience and wide knowledge of money markets. There were European bankers who thought it might be advisable to take measures to anticipate the time when gold might become too common to be used as one of the bimetallic bases of the coinage of the civilized world. Some bankers began to hoard silver, in the belief that in time it would become the more valuable of the coined metals of Europe.

It is in startling contrast to this fear that one notes today the relative position of the two metals in the financial systems of the civilized world. So far from it being the fact that gold has become too common for money purposes, it is silver that has been discarded as a basis for international exchanges. In the past 30 years silver's commercial value has fallen far below its face value in the world's coinage. In place of the bimetallic system, so commonly in use 50 years ago, the civilized world now regards silver coin largely as token money and the financial systems of the world (at least so far as regards international exchange) are based solely upon the gold unit.

If this result had been predicted in 1851 and the prediction had been universally accepted as correct, the result would have been a financial crash that would have surpassed anything previously recorded in the world's history. The change has come about so slowly that financial systems of different countries have been adjusted in turn to the new conditions, with some suffering and strain, it is true, but with no general and world-wide crash. Up to the very close of the century there were still statesmen in this country and in Europe who hoped to restore bi-metallicism to the currency systems of the civilized world.

That hope has now almost entirely disappeared. It is recognized that the finances of the future will be based solely and absolutely upon gold, with silver relegated to use only as "token money." There still remain some adjustments to be made in Oriental countries which yet use silver coin almost exclusively in the common transactions among the natives. Even there, the influence of the change has so far extended that the purchasing power of silver is calculated very closely on its commercial value. So, then, the expectation of 50 years ago that silver would be the basic metal has been followed by the exactly opposite results.

Yet the change has not been permanently disastrous to any interest except the silver-mining industry. Cheaper methods of mining and extracting gold

have served to produce that metal in such quantities that it easily takes the place that was formerly occupied by silver. As gold is more easily handled, exchange has been facilitated and simplified. There seems every reason to expect that the production of gold will be tremendously increased in the next 50 years. The experience of the past justifies the inference that this increase will be advantageous to commerce and to industry in general. There cannot be too much money in the civilized world. Especially in the development of new countries, credit money must be inferior to good coin. Hence the abundance of gold in the coming half century should facilitate the advance of civilization in opening up hitherto undeveloped sections of the world.

It seems rather curious that 50 years ago the civilized world expected soon to see a feasible and easy method of doing business and carrying on the world's commerce across the Isthmus of Panama. It is curious, because the hope of 1852 seems likely to reach its first definite fruition in 1902. The Nicaraguan canal will almost certainly be authorized by congress in the session of this year. For 50 years the civilized world has been discussing this great work. It is true that until the present generation it was commonly thought that the canal would cross Panama. When De Lesseps organized his company for the construction of that work, it was accepted as certain that the Panama route would be the route of the world's commerce.

Today the Panama canal represents mainly a gigantic tomb of industry and capital—a wreck of sanguine hope, a monument to astounding venality and rascality. It may be that the Panama canal will be covered in 10 years by the tropical vegetation which in those sections quickly wipes out the footprints of civilization. So far as present indications go, the Nicaraguan canal will be begun at once by the United States and will be carried out to completion. Instead of a European canal, which a former generation anticipated, there will be an American canal—in itself a signal monument to the financial independence of the United States achieved during the past 30 years.

It is fitting that the United States should build a great commercial canal because of the fact that within the past 50 years the rank of this nation among the great commercial nations of the world has advanced so rapidly. Fifty years ago it was thought that a great advance had been made in American commerce, because a total of nearly \$400,000,000 of imports and exports had just been recorded—a total at that time unprecedented in American history. It was felt that in course of time the United States might hope to some rank among the great commercial nations of the world. Now the total is nearly six times as great and the United States disputes with Great Britain the very first place in the world's commerce.

Especially was there a hope and an expectation in 1852 that the merchant marine of the United States would lead in the carrying trade of the civilized world. Fifty years ago, there seemed to be good reason for such a hope. Of the foreign trade of the United States but a small proportion was carried in foreign vessels. At that time the American merchant marine had reached almost the zenith of its glory. There was little expectation that the United States would furnish to other countries anything more than the products of field, farm and forest. There was no real hope that much more than raw materials and food products would be furnished to the rest of the world. There was, however, a confident expectation that the American merchant marine would dispute with European nations the carrying trade of the civilized world.

It is a curious contrast between prophecy and fulfillment that today the United States aspires to the first place among the commercial nations of the world but has abandoned any present hope of superiority in the carrying trade. The imports and exports of this country have reached figures which support the expectation, not merely that the United States will take high place, but that it will lead. No such thing was expected 50 years ago. On the other hand, the merchant marine of the United States, in which that generation placed so much confidence, has dwindled and dwindled until in that respect this country is a third-rate power.

Perhaps the pendulum is now to swing the other way, as regards the merchant marine. In coast-wise traffic the number and tonnage of American ships has increased tremendously. Efforts are to be made at Washington this year to bring about a revival of prosperity in the merchant marine also. Americans can build ships that will compare with the best foreign-built ships afloat. It is not unreasonable to expect that as the United States assumes the leading position in the world's commerce the demand will grow that American goods be shipped in American vessels.

Whether the United States will indeed take the leadership in the world's commerce may not be assuredly predicted, as yet. There is an inviting chance and the prospects seem bright. Yet the fact remains that certain interests at Washington threaten to block the way to new victories. President McKinley was clear-sighted enough to see the opportunities ahead and to urge upon his countrymen the absolute necessity for taking advantage of them at this time when so much is in favor of the United States. By reciprocal trade treaties new markets can be opened up to the United States. By inaction those markets can be closed, perhaps forever. The commercial history of this country may depend upon the history of the next six months at Washington. What has been gained in the last few decades may be lost by folly and stupidity in the next few years.

About 50 years ago, it was confidently expected that the new invention of the electric telegraph would revolutionize business methods. The expectation has not been entirely fulfilled. The telegraph has been very useful. It has not been employed to the extent which the earlier generation anticipated. To a large extent the telephone has taken the place which the telegraph was expected to fill. At least a great advance has been made over the business methods of 1852. It is safe to predict that equally important strides will be made during the next half century.

That electricity will be used more and more in transportation and in other conveniences of industry, commerce and general trade is reasonably certain. The last half century has been an epoch of the development of the steam railroads. It begins to look as if the coming 50 years would see a marvellous development of electrical engineering. Perhaps the present generation may ride in trains which make a speed of 100 or 150 miles an hour. The thing is not impracticable, although it is not yet certain. We know at least that some such result will come about if transportation methods develop as they have been developed since 1852.

At that date there were confident predictions that the coming generation would ride in the air with comfort and safety. Experiments with balloons had given some basis for these predictions. They did not prove correct. Similarly there are today scientists who prophesy that the next generation will use flying machines as generally as the people of this time have used bicycles and motor carriages. There is a chance that this prophecy will come true. Successful experiments have been made with flying machines within the past few years; but they are still merely experiments.

Science has brought to the use of mankind many famous inventions since 1852. There have been the telephone, the electric light, the X-ray, the development of the germ theory, liquid air, wireless telegraphy and many motors. The turbine screw promises high speed in marine navigation. There are many other inventions that promise to come. So there seemed to be, 50 years ago, that all of the promise was fulfilled. It has taken decades to improve, to remodel and to perfect. Yet a space of 50 years is long enough to bring about great changes. That such changes will come is proved beyond doubt by the marvellous contrast between conditions in 1902 and those of 1852. That the advance will be equally wonderful during the coming 50 years is beyond doubt. Yet it may be along lines still unexpected.

PERSONAL AND DOMESTIC

which jealousy has a part. Do you think be-
cause I love you I can see no good in others, have
care for others? No, Rebecca, unless you can
drive that demon from your heart and feel more

